









# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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## THE SAINT OF PATRIOTISM.

THEY were dark and dolorous days for the Church and France when Jeanne d'Arc, the poor shepherd girl of Domremy, a small village amid the hills and forests of Lorraine, lived her brief life, so tragically extinguished in the flames that mounted upwards from the pyre in the market place at Rouen. They were the days of the Great Schism when three Popes disputed the lawful possession of the tiara; a dispute only ended by the deposition of John XXIII. and Peter de Luna (Benedict XIII.) on July 26, 1417, and the elevation of Otto Colonna to the Papal throne as Martin V. By a strange anomaly, it was a schism without schismatics; for none of the faithful of the various obediences had any doubts as to the sacred character and prerogatives of the Papacy. It was not for them—nor were they required—to determine who was or was not canonically elected; and there were holy souls, even saints, under the immediate jurisdiction of each of the claimants. It involved no questions of dogma, morals, or rites. It bred, of course, scandals and confusion. The Hussite heresy that ravaged Bohemia was much worse; and in the ecclesiastical order there were many deplorable laxities.

But, evil as the days were, there were many earnest men and women bent on redeeming the time; for in all its long and chequered history, not even in its darkest days, did the Church fail to give evidence of that regenerative and recuperative force inherent within it,

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which enables it to recover its normal moral health and vigour. Gerard Groot had established at Deventer in Holland the Brethren and Sisters of the Common Life, who were to renew in the fifteenth century the faith and fervour of the Apostolic age, as Francis of Assisi and his gente poverella had done in the thirteenth; while the Augustinian Canons Regular at Windasheim, and the Canonesses, were diffusing throughout Holland and the countries bordering on the Rhine the spirit that animated that school of saints. One of the Brothers, Thomas Haemerken, of Kempen, a small town in the diocese of Cologne—known ever since as Thomas á Kempis—was writing his inimitable "Imitation," the all-but-inspired pages of which have preserved for all time the solid teaching, the wisdom and the philosophy, at once practical and profound, of that school; a booklet, small in size but great in its worth, which Leibnitz regarded as "one of the most excellent treatises ever composed" and Fontenella as "the most perfect work that has come from the hand of man." While canonists were disputing about the Papal succession; while heretics were striving to rend the Church's seamless garment; while States and cities were warring with one and other; while Burgundians and Armagnacs were fighting and freebooters, free lances and robber hordes swarmed over the highways and rendering traveling hazardous, this little book, a masterpiece of ascetical theology, was written by a comparatively unknown religious in a small priory in an obscure corner of a remote province.

In the same age and at the same time, Nicolette Boellet, the carpenter's daughter of Corbie—canonized as Saint Coletta—was reforming the three Orders of St. Francis under divine guidance; leading cloistered men and women back to the strict observance of their Rule. It is more than presumable that she and the Heroine of Orleans—both chosen instruments of Providence—met; for, on November 9, 1429, when Joan of Arc was engaged in a campaign that included the beleaguering of Saint Pierre-le-Moutier and La Charité-sur-Loire, she passed through Moulins, a neighboring town, when Colette was there in a convent of Poor Clares which she had founded.

France was a prey to civil war, arising out of the rivalry between the factions of the Armagnacs and Burgundians. The streets of Paris were reddened with the blood of the former, massacred in 1418. Along with civil war came foreign invasion. England, profiting by French divisions, as she has profited by divisions in other countries, was pursuing that expansionist policy which, a century or so later, was to find development in laying the foundation of its Colonial dependencies. The battle of Agincourt had been fought and won. In



1419 it captured Rouen. Pursuing its career of conquests, it aimed at the subjugation of the whole of France, the sovereignty of which was given in perpetuity to Henry V.—who ambitioned the conquest of Italy, the gateway of the East, after the annexation of France—and his heirs by the treaty of Troyes (May 21, 1420). The queen of France, Isabeau of Bavaria, disinherited her son to crown her daughter Margaret, given in marriage to the English King by that treaty.

It was not France, as we now know it; for powerful princes like the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany held sway over a large portion, and were only nominal vassals of the King of France. The country did not sanction the shameful surrender of its rights; and when the mad King Charles VI. was entombed at Saint Denis (November 10, 1422) and the French herald proclaimed Henry VI. "by the grace of God, King of France and England," some loyal and patriotic French Knights unfurled the royal banner at Berry and proclaimed Charles VII. The former, an infant of ten months, was a grandson, by his mother, of Charles VI. In his name his uncles governed the dual monarchy; the Duke of Bedford, France, and the Duke of Gloucester, England. The King proclaimed at Berry, a lad of nineteen, was the sole surviving son of Charles VI. His regal authority was only recognized in Touraine, Orleans, Berry, the Bourbonnais, Auvergne, Languedoc, Dauphiné and the country round Lyons. He was a weakling in every sense of the word, morally and physically and lived in constant dread of a violent death; for assassination was a weapon not unfrequently employed for dynastic or political purposes. The ferocious John the Fearless of Burgundy boasted of the murder of his cousin, the Duke of Orleans.

Two defeats inaugurated the reign of Charles VII. and destroyed all hopes of northern France. They called him derisively "the King of Bourges." But despite his weakness, he was a French prince; the English monarch was an intruding foreigner and his French "subjects" chafed against the hard yoke of England. The Duc d'Alençon, a prisoner of war in the hands of the English, refused to recover his liberty by subscribing to the stipulations of the Treaty of Troyes. Of all the country north of the Loire the English and their allies, the Burgundians were complete masters; while the provinces to the south only nominally adhered to the House of Valois. Charles VII., who was hated by his mother, was more a wandering fugitive than a real King, and was contemplating flight into Spain.

The Dauphin, as he was called, had almost given up the struggle, after making futile appeals for help to the King of Scotland, whose infant daughter was betrothed to his son Louis, afterwards Louis



XI., and to Naples. In despair he shut himself in a castle at Chinon. The cause of France seemed lost unless unforeseen aid came to his succour. The English arms met with no serious opposition after 1429; no French army kept the field; the King's authority was flouted; the Duke of Burgundy openly sided with the English and the Dukes of Brittany and Lorraine were wavering.

But all is not lost that is in danger. His marriage to Marie of Anjou had attached to his cause that powerful family, and, through it, the valiant house of Lorraine, whose brave princes, always French at heart, had fought at Crécy, Nicopolis and Agincourt, wherever France had to fight its foes. The Count de Foix, governor of Languedoc, felt bound in conscience to recognize Charles VII. as his legitimate sovereign. The Constable's sword given to Count Arthur de Richemont, had reconciled the Duke of Brittany, (John VI.) with France, and brought to the King's service seasoned and skillful soldiers. Castile lent the ships with which the Norman Braquemont had beaten an English fleet in 1419, and these ships had sailed to Scotland for the five or six thousand soldiers who had conquered the English at Beaugé. The towns revolted against their domination. La Ferté-Bernard in 1422 sustained a four months' siege and only surrendered to Salisbury in the last extremity. In 1427 the English, advancing towards the Loire, besieged Montargis, but after three months' resistance by its brave garrison, were forced to raise the siege. In the year following Bedford, resolving on a vigorous effort, after taking several towns and with reinforcements from the garrisons in Normandy, laid siege to Orleans, (October 12, 1428.)

It was a critical epoch for France. Orleans was the gateway to Berry, the Bourbonnais and Poitou; once taken, the "King of Bourges" would become simply the King of Languedoc and the Dauphiné. The situation became graver from day to day, and yet Charles VII. did not throw off his habitual indolence, preferring pleasure to patriotism. The nobility were no better. The Count of Clermont had caused the defeat at Rouvray, shamefully abandoning the besieged city with the two hundred men under his command. The French admiral, the Chancellor of France, the Archbishop of Reims, and the Bishop of Orleans would have done the same had not the pleadings of the people restrained them. Patriotism found its last refuge then, as in other countries in critical times, among the masses. The besieged were beginning to despair. They appealed to the Duke of Bedford, stating that their city was the appanage of the Duke Charles of Orleans, a prisoner in England since the battle of Agincourt, and that, as he had adhered to the treaty of Troyes, there was no ground



for depriving him of it. The English made no reply to this appeal to their generosity. The suppliants then turned to the Duke of Burgundy, begging him to take the city under his protection. Philip the Good, the successor of John Fearless, very willingly acceded to the proposal which he hastened to transmit to Bedford. The English regent sharply answered, that he did not understand beating the bushes in order that another might take the young birds.

It is proverbially said that when things come to the worst they mend. The humiliation of France by the English invaders had reached that point. But as oppression provokes resistance and resistance calls forth what is bravest and best in a people, the invasion revived and exalted the sentiment of nationality. "Before that," observes a French writer, "one was a citizen of his city, nothing more; in presence of the Englishman he felt he was a Frenchman. No one, in the previous century, troubled himself about Calais, besieged by Edward III. All France was interested in the fate of Orleans. It was a sentiment unknown to the middle ages and destined to play a noble part in modern society; it was patriotism which was being born. The dreadful miseries they had endured, in place of killing had quickened it. These miseries were due to many causes; the people only recognized one—the English; all the sufferings they had undergone they attributed to the English; all the accumulated resentments they fostered were centred on the English; to drive out the English was the thought ever present to their minds, and, in default of the help of man, they counted upon God. This opinion gradually traversed France from one end to the other, that the kingdom, betrayed, given over to strangers by a woman, by a queen, by the unworthy Isabeau of Bavaria, was to be saved, delivered by a daughter of the people, by a virgin. That heroic daughter of the people, that maiden-liberatrix, was Jeanne d'Arc.<sup>1</sup>

The war for the subjugation of France to a hated foreign power had lasted nearly a hundred years. Possessed of Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, Touraine, Maine, Anjou and Champagne, it seemed easy for England to acquire the remainder of France. It held Paris, the Parliament of which legislated or formulated decrees in the name of the English king. Nothing stood between it and the gratification of its ambition but Orleans, France's last stronghold.

Then a Deliverer arose, one destined to liberate France and to restore the kingdom of Clovis and St. Louis IX. to its former rank and prestige as one of the foremost of Christian nations. It was not a great sovereign, a great statesman, or a great warrior, but a

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<sup>1</sup> Victor Duruy, "*Hist. de France*," Vol. I., pp. 474-475.



young country girl from the small village or hamlet of Domremy, in the valley of the Meuse, of peasant parentage, the daughter of Jacques d'Arc, or Darc, and Isabelle Rommée, born on the feast of the Epiphany, 1412. But this village maiden was to conquer and humiliate the English; to pay them back in their own coin; to humiliate them even more than they had humiliated France by their half-conquest; to be, in the words of Count Louis de Carne, "the only being in humanity and history, but for whom France would have ceased to reckon among nations." Pious with the simple, trustful, unquestioning faith of the unlettered—perhaps the best faith after all—who could neither read nor write, but was devout, guileless, obedient, helpful, charitable; who was so compassionate as to spare from her scanty store wherewithal to succour the needy; pure as an angel and loving to pour out her soul in prayers as simple as they were sincere, praying at home, or in the fields, or before the modest altar in the village church, the good Curé called her "the best child in the parish." Joyous with the joyfulness that comes from a pure heart unstained with sin, she played and danced with her playmates, to whom she was known as Jeanette or Jenny, under what was known as the fairy tree; hanging chaplets of our Lady of Domremy on its spreading branches. "If angels ever conversed with mortals," said Archbishop Ireland in the eloquent panegyric he preached at the celebration in the cathedral of Orleans in 1899, "Joan was fit to see and hear them." The supernatural environed her from the beginning to the end. Merlin the warlock had prophesied that a wonderful maid should come from the region of the oak wood for the healing of nations; and during the reign of the mad king, Charles VI., a woman, Marie of Avignon, came to him from the south, who, like Pilate's wife, had suffered many things in a dream, telling how in her visions of the night she had beheld armies and armour, but knew that this portended nothing for her, but for a maid yet unborn who should come to restore France. This was noised abroad far and wide and had its effect upon an imaginative and emotional people, whom it made hopeful and expectant. The oak wood was identified with the Bois Chesnu on the Marches of Lorraine, a forest near Domremy, about half a league from the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc. It was said that France, ruined by a woman, would be saved by a maid from the Marches of Lorraine. Whatever credence may be given to these mystical or misty foreshadowings, there is no doubt about the hand of God being distinctly visible in what eventuated.

It was on a summer's day in her father's garden, when she was only thirteen, that she first heard those mysterious "voices," which summoned her to the execution of an arduous task that might have



dismayed the strongest and most adventurous man. They filled her with "great fear." They sounded again in her ears in the wood. Afterwards St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret in the midst of a bright light announced to her that she was marked out for a special mission by heaven; and so familiar did her intercourse with them become, that she regarded them as her daily companions. This mission was to compel the English to raise the siege of Orleans, to drive them out of France, and to lead the Dauphin to Reims to be there anointed king according to the antique rite and crowned. These visions continued for four years, during which she never spoke to any one about them. At first she naturally drew back, protesting that she was but a poor maiden who could neither read nor write nor command in war. She was told to communicate with Sir Robert de Baudricourt, captain of the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, who would give her an escort to conduct her to the king, then at Chinon. She opened her mind first to her uncle, Durand Lacart, whom she implored to speak to Baudricourt. Her father dreamed that he had seen her leave her home, accompanied by men-at-arms, and declared that if he thought such a thing possible he would drown her with his own hands.<sup>2</sup> They did everything to keep her at home; they tried to get her married; she was handsome and suitors sought her hand, but in vain, for she had made a vow of virginity.

Her "voices" became urgent, imperative. Once her resolution to obey the heavenly mandate was taken, she never faltered or wavered. When the news was broken to De Baudricourt, he burst into laughter; his first thought was to have her exorcised; but he ultimately favoured the project. At length Jean de Metz, who told how he was overcome and won over to her by her appealing earnestness and faith, and Bertrand de Poulengy led her by night to Chinon, fearing the Burgundians. In obedience to her "voices" she abandoned female for male attire; destined never again to see the valley of the Meuse. When present at Court, this village maiden was as self-possessed and as graceful in manner as the most high-born countess; surprising statesmen and men skilled in warfare with her plans for the deliverance of Orleans and the liberation of France. Charles was at first reluctant to receive her, and, when he did, hid himself purposely among a number of courtiers. But she walked direct to him and paid him homage. To test her, he said he was not the king. "Ah, gentle Dauphin," she said, "my name is Joan the Maid. The King of Heaven has sent to you, by me, that you will be crowned and consecrated in the city of Reims, and that you will be Lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is King of France." The doubting monarch

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<sup>2</sup> He afterwards forgave her and was reconciled to her leaving home.



still regarded her coldly, until his doubts were dispelled by her telling him in a low voice what was known only to him. He had been uncertain about his own legitimacy and in secret prayed God to make known to him if he was really of the blood royal and, if so, to preserve his crown, or, if not, that he might be able to escape into Spain or Scotland. She said: "I come to tell you, on the part of my Lord, that you are true heir of France and son of the King and I will lead you to Reims to be consecrated." Before accepting her help he sent her to Poitiers to be examined by ecclesiastics to ascertain if the supernatural in her case was to be attributed to a divine or diabolical source: the result of a three weeks' searching examination was in her favour, and the King was assured that he might lawfully avail of her services.

There is no more extraordinary feat of arms recorded in history than that of which she was the guiding intelligence and central figure. When it was objected that if God willed to deliver France, He could do it without soldiers. "Ah! mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "men-at-arms will fight and God will give them victory!" How her words were fulfilled; how she mounted her black war horse, sword in hand—the rusty sword with three crosses on the blade buried near the altar in the church of St. Catherine at Fierbois, whence, by her directions, it was disinterred—and with her banner, made according to the instructions of her heavenly visitants, emblazoned with images of the Saviour and His Virgin-Mother, the holy names Jesus and Mary, and the golden lilies of France; how this young maiden of seventeen, as the Duke d'Alençon said, "bore her harness as knightly as if she had done no other thing in all her life;" how her first act was to banish from the camp all women of evil life, how she drove vice, abashed, from her presence, in which men were ashamed to be base; how she brought under her control the rude warriors of those rough freebooting days and made the soldiers go to confession and Communion before engaging in battle; how she told Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, that she brought the best succour that had ever been given to any city, since it was the succour of the King of Heaven, that it came not from her but was sent "at the prayers of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne;" how, after an eight months' siege, she relieved Orleans (April 12, 1429) compelling Talbot and Suffolk to break up their camp and retire northwards: how she never struck with the sword, though she was ever foremost in the fray; how she was wounded by an arrow which she plucked out and flung aside, though she screamed at the sharp and sudden pain it caused; how she had a great altar erected in the plain before the city and a Mass of thanksgiving for their deliverance celebrated in the sight of all



the people; how she captured Jargeau, in which the Earl of Suffolk had thrown his men, and then Patay and Troyes, and, on July 16, 1429, entered Reims, where Charles VII. was crowned by the Archbishop and anointed with the sacred oil Saint Remigius or Remy was traditionally believed to have brought from heaven, nine centuries before that, for the coronation of Clovis, the first Christian King of France—all that and more has been chronicled and fills the proudest page in the history of France and of French chivalry.

During the function in the cathedral of Reims she shed copious tears. Were they tears of joy at the accomplishment of her work or tears of sadness at the thought of what she was doomed to undergo? Alain Bouchard stated that in 1488 he heard from two aged men of Compiègne, who had themselves been present, that a few days before her capture, the Maid was hearing Mass in the church of St. Jacques. After receiving Holy Communion and spending some time in thanksgiving, she turned to the congregation and, leaning against a pillar, uttered this prediction: "My good friends, my dear little children, I am sold and betrayed. Soon I shall be given up to death. Pray to God for me, for I can no longer serve the King and the Kingdom of France."<sup>3</sup>

Less courageous than the Maid and moved by human prudence, the Archbishop of Reims, Regnault de Chartres, and others counselled effecting a reconciliation between Henry VI. and Charles VII. But Joan, who had written to the English King, "Body for body, you will be driven out of France," opposed this, urging them to strike quickly at Paris. Charles, who was weary of war, wavered, but at length reluctantly consented. An army was placed at her disposal; but just as victory seemed sure, she was ordered to desist. The Duke of Burgundy was allowed to pass through the French lines into Paris, ostensibly to treat for peace, but in reality, as the event proved, to place himself under Bedford's orders and to hold Paris as lieutenant of the Regent and ally of the English.

If the liberatrix had retired, as well she might, after the anointing at Reims, in the splendour of her triumphs, her exploits would have been relegated to the domain of fable, as unworthy of any credence; they would have been pointed to as a monument of the credulity of former ages.<sup>4</sup> After the ceremony, she said to the Archbishop of Reims: "Behold a good people; nor have I known or seen any people rejoice so much at the return of so noble a King. Would I could be so happy, when I finish my days, to be buried in this land!" "O Joan," said the Archbishop, "in what place have

<sup>3</sup> "Grandes annales de Bretagne" and "Miroir de Femmes Vertueuses," quoted by T. Douglas Murray, *op. cit.*

<sup>4</sup> Ayrolles, "La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc."



you a hope of dying?" "Where it pleases God," she answered simply, "for of the place or day I know no more than you. And would that it pleased God, my Creator, that I should now depart, laying aside my arms and return to serve my father and mother in keeping their sheep, with my sisters and brothers who would much rejoice to see me."

But the end was not yet. Her triumph was not complete. She was not to have the happiness she desired in this world but in the next. She was sent to drive the last of the English out of France, she told the Archbishop. Paris, then in the hands of the English, was besieged by the French. It is said that the French soldiers did not like being led by a woman, and when, during the siege, an assault, undertaken contrary to her advice, was repelled, and she told them if it was renewed they would win the city, they put her, then wounded, forcibly upon her horse and sent her back to the camp, while a retreat was sounded. Then they cast the entire responsibility of the failure upon her. But she fought again. When the Burgundians laid siege to the town of Compiègne on the Oise, she headed a sally against the besiegers. Her followers retiring, she was left alone, and was unhorsed, wounded and taken prisoner by the Bastard of Vendôme, a knight in the service of John of Luxembourg, who sold the Maid to the Duke of Bedford for ten thousand crowns, computed to be equivalent to £20,000 of present British currency. While she was in custody of the Burgundians, who treated her humanely, fearing to fall into the hands of the English, she sprang from the top of a high tower at the castle of Beaufort, but was carried back insensible. Once in the enemy's power, her doom was sealed. More than one was self-interested in her capture. John of Luxembourg, to secure possession of Ligny and Saint Pol, to the prejudice of his eldest brother, needed the aid of the Duke of Burgundy; and the latter, who was appropriating Brabant, Brussels and Louvain, despite the superior rights of his aunt Margaret, needed the English alliance. England was disposed to connive at anything, provided Joan of Arc was given up to them. Cauchon, its chief instrument of vengeance—when Flavy, the governor of Compiègne, after Joan's night ride to relieve it, closed the gates and drawbridge against her and she was made prisoner—went to the Burgundian camp and paid the mediæval Judas the blood money, the price of her who had been betrayed, claiming his victim in the name of the Regent Bedford, who called her "a limb of the Fiend." According to the feudal jurisprudence of France the King, as chief suzerain, was entitled to have the prisoners, as vassals, delivered up to him, upon paying to the captor the value of their ransom, according to a graduated



scale. The highest ransom was ten thousand crowns. As Henry VI. of England was also titular King of France in virtue of the treaty of Troyes, a formal demand for the surrender of Joan was made in his name according to this law, and to make sure of securing their prey the English paid the full ransom. In addition an annuity for life was promised to the knight who actually took her. "My King has bought her dear and holds her dear," said the Earl of Warwick. "He wishes that on no account she should die a natural death or otherwise than by the hands of justice and that she be burned."<sup>5</sup> The Bishop of Beauvais ambitioned the Archbishopric of Rouen, then vacant, and hoped to gain it by his complaisance, playing up to England.

The last scene in the tragedy, to which her capture and sale was the prologue, was enacted at Rouen, whither she was brought in chains and put into a cell, where she was pinioned to the wall by iron fetters on her hands and feet; three hundred men-at-arms guarding her by day and night. She was spared no ignominy, no cruelty that vindictive malignity could inflict. Thrown into prison, she was manacled, mocked, threatened, insulted and assaulted. When her womanly feelings were outraged by the vile dishonouring names she was called by some brutal English soldiers, she burst into tears. Everything was done to intimidate and terrorize her. When the Earl of Stafford visited her during her imprisonment, pretending he was about to ransom her, she said: "Ah! mon Dieu, you are mocking me. You have neither the will nor the power to ransom me. I know well that the English have resolved upon my death, thinking that after my death, they will win the Kingdom of France. But I tell them that even were they a hundred thousand soldiers more than they are, they shall never have this Kingdom."

There is nothing more piteous or pathetic in human annals than the appealing picture, drawn by contemporaries and eye-witnesses, of this gentle country maiden on the verge of womanhood confronting her pitiless judges at her "trial," a mockery of justice. Her judges, assisted by fifty-one assessors, assembled in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace of Rouen. The proceedings were invested with all the pride, pomp and circumstance of a great state trial. This poor illiterate girl stood alone before astute men of keen intellects, learned in canon and civil law and skilled in dialectics, who strove to entrap

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<sup>5</sup> "Quia pro nulla rex volebat quod sua morte naturali moreretur, rex enim eam habebat caram, et cara emerat, nec volebat quod obiret nisi cum iustitia, et quod esset combusta." These words were spoken to, and testified by the physician, De Camera, who was summoned by the Earl of Warwick to attend her when she became exceedingly ill during the course of the trial.



her in her speech. But God gave her "a mouth and wisdom" to confound her accusers. "You put down everything that appears to tell against me, and take no note of what is in my favour," she interposed pitifully. There was no one to plead for her, and she pleaded in vain for herself. Justice was denied her. She got no chance of clearing herself of any charge, and there was no formal indictment specifying what she was put upon her trial for. They picked out of her answers such fragments as were supposed to compromise her and these they elaborated into twelve articles which were submitted to the University of Paris and were adjudged by that sapient body as "blasphemous and heretical." That university then posed as the compeer of the Holy See: her judges make mention of it in their official record as "our Mother the University of Paris," "that light of all the sciences, that extirpator of all errors." She had asked that ecclesiastics on the side of France as well as of England should adjudicate and that she might be permitted to hear Mass, but both requests were refused. A preliminary commission had been sent into Lorraine to gather information about her early life, but as the result of their inquiries was favourable to her, it was suppressed. They put the university in the place of the Church, as if the Holy See had no existence or pre-eminent prerogatives, and called upon her to submit to its decisions, as if it represented the whole Church Militant. Maitre Pierre Maurice, Canon of the Church of Rouen, said: "Obey the Church, consent to its judgment; know well that if you do not, if you persevere in your errors, your soul will be condemned to eternal punishment, and for your body I fear much that it will come to perdition."<sup>6</sup> She replied: "I will answer you. As to my submission to the Church, I have answered the clergy on this point. I have answered them also on the subject of all the things I have said and done. Let them be sent to Rome, to our Holy Father the Pope, to whom, after God, I refer me as to my words and deeds. I did them by God's order; I charge no one with them, neither my King nor any one else. If there be any fault found in them, the blame is on me and no one else." Asked if she would revoke her words and deeds, disapproved by the clergy, she repeated: "I refer me to God and to our Holy Father the Pope." She was told that this answer would not suffice; that it was not possible to refer to the Pope at such a distance; and that the ordinaries were judges in their own dioceses. This shut out all hope. They stood between her and the only earthly being who could right her and be relied upon to deliver a just judgment. She looked around and there was none to com-

<sup>6</sup> *Anima vestra damnabitur supplicio perpetuo crucianda, et de corpore plurimum dubito ne in perditionem veniat.*



fort her. She was completely at their mercy ; like a sparrow caught in the snare of the fowler, soon to be led like a lamb to the slaughter. On the morrow of the Pentecost of 1431 she was formally condemned and led out to receive the doom of the sorceress and the apostate.

To frighten her into submission, every preparation was made to give immediate effect to what resulted from her condemnation. The scaffold was got ready. A double-topped pyramid of stone was erected in retreating courses forming steps. Out of this rose the stake. At the base stood the crimson-clad executioner and his assistants, while soldiers, fully armed, formed a cordon around it. A vast crowd assembled, a level plain of human heads extending far on every side, and every house-top covered with people. There was no noise, no stir, the *Sieur de Conte*, who was present, relates ; he says it was as if the world was dead. The impressiveness of this silence and solemnity was deepened by a leaden twilight, for the sky was hidden by a pall of low-hanging storm-clouds.

She had been lying chained and imprisoned for months and her feet had lost their power of motion ; but, weak as she was, they made her walk. Worn to the bone and exhausted, she dragged herself along in the midst of the oppressive summer heat after leaving her damp dungeon. *Loyseleur* tried all the arts of persuasion to get her to recant, but she reiterated her appeal to God and the Pope. *Erard* showed her the written formula which had been prepared beforehand and urged her to abjure. She did not know the meaning of the word until it was explained to her. She said : "I appeal to the Church Universal whether I ought to abjure or not." He replied : "You shall abjure instantly or instantly be burned." She had closed her eyes and allowed her chin to fall ; but now she glanced up for the first time, and saw the stake and the mass of red coals. She gasped and staggered up out of her seat, muttered something incoherently, and gazed upon the people like one dazed. Priests crowded about her, imploring her to sign. "Ah !" she said, "you do it well to seduce me." *Cauchon* read the death sentence. *Joan's* strength was spent. She stood looking about her in a bewildered way. Then slowly she sank to her knees, bowed her head, and said : "I submit." *Massieu* read the abjuration and she repeated it after him mechanically and unconsciously and, *De Conte* adds, "smiling." Then, in place of a paper of six lines was substituted one of many pages, to which she put her mark ; but the secretary of the English King, guiding her hand, made her sign her name "*Jehanne*." She had thus, by a ruse, been got to sign a document in which she renounced male attire and was made to declare herself a sorceress, a dealer



with demons, a blasphemer of God and His angels, a lover of blood, a promoter of sedition, cruel, wicked and commissioned by Satan. She never rightly knew what she had done, until she was told of it afterwards. She closed this painful scene with these words: "I would rather do my penance all at once. Let me die. I cannot endure captivity any longer."

The Earl of Warwick and other Englishmen were waiting in the castle for the news. As soon as Cauchon saw them, he shouted laughingly: "Make your minds easy. It is all over with her." The document she signed, far from saving, ruined her. She had fallen into a trap set for her by that crafty man who had extorted her "abjuration" for that purpose.

Sentenced to perpetual imprisonment on bread and water as "salutary penance," she was given up again to the English jailers by the Bishop of Beauvais, although legally she should have been relegated to an ecclesiastical not a civil prison. According to Massieu, her female dress, which she had reassumed, was taken away from her while she was asleep. The English soldiers, who guarded her, refused to give it back to her, offering her, in its stead, the male dress she had previously worn, which they emptied from a sack. She refused to wear it, reminding them that it was forbidden. At last, finding them deaf to her remonstrances, she was obliged to arise and attire herself in the prohibited garments. Dominican friars declared that she had been assaulted by an English lord, as she told them, and that she, therefore, considered it necessary to return to the protection of her male costume, first suggested to her by Jean de Metz and De Poulengey. At Poitiers she had said she adopted it as the most suitable to her work and the company she must share.

For this she was re-arraigned and condemned as a relapsed heretic, she who had declared that, after ridding France of its enemies, she would "chastise the Hussites." She then repented and recalled her abjuration. When the Bishop of Beauvais and some officials visited her in prison, she declared openly that she had sinned in denying her revelations and re-asserted that her voices were from God. "God," she said, "has sent me word by St. Catherine and St. Mary of the great pity it is—this present act. I have sinned to abjure and recant in order to save my life. I have damned myself to save my life. If I said that God had not sent me, I should damn myself; for it is true that God has sent me. My voices have said to me since last Thursday, 'Thou hast done a great evil in declaring that what thou hast done was wrong.' All I said and revoked, I said for fear of the fire."<sup>7</sup> She was asked: "Do you believe that your voices are St.

<sup>7</sup> The Latin record says: "Ante finem sententiæ, Johanna, timens ignem, dixit se velle obedire Ecclesie."



Catherine and St. Mary?" "Yes," she replied, "I believe it and that they come from God."

The court which condemned her presumed to separate her from the unity of the Church, from its body, and to abandon her to the secular power—a power then and there controlled by England—was not a court of the Holy Office or Inquisition nor a statutable court of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, on whose decision, certified by the Bishop, the sheriff was bound to act, but a composite tribunal. Beauvais, as has been said, claimed and exercised jurisdiction, *proprio motu*, as ordinary. If she was a prisoner of the Holy Office she would have been entitled to have counsel assigned to plead her cause, but this would have rendered her death, upon which they had resolved, uncertain.

"The tribunal which condemned Joan," says Father Ayrolles,<sup>8</sup> "enjoyed immense authority. It was the University of Paris. The proud corporation not only posed as a rival of the Papacy, but wanted to be its inspirer and regulator. Now, in the drama at Rouen, everything was done in the name of the University of Paris. Luxembourg and Philip of Burgundy only gave up their prisoner at the reiterated summons of the university. The university complained of the slow procedure in judging the captive; it proposed to conduct (*instruire*) the case; the most eminent of its members dictated the questions at Rouen; to its judgment was deferred the pretended confession of the accused. The judgment of the executioners rests only on the qualifications and doctrinal opinion of the University of Paris. The University of Paris was constantly kept informed (*mise en avant*) of the lying account of the scenes at Rouen, with which the Court of England inundated the Courts of Europe." Besides, things on the Continent were going from bad to worse for the English, who were the driving force behind the university. Compiègne was delivered, an expedition against Dauphiné had failed; Xaintrailles, Bousac Vendôme, and Barbasan beat the Burgundians and their allies in Champagne and Picardy. As there were then more blows to be received than booty to be captured, English reinforcements were not in a hurry to cross the Channel.

The detailed and authentic accounts of the martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans which have come down to us are tear-compelling in their pathos and cannot be read unmoved by any one in whom there is a spark of human feeling. No time was lost in doing this dark deed of shame and dishonour, which has gained for its perpetrators an

<sup>8</sup> "La Vraie Jenne d'Arc. Documents nouveaux. Par Jean Baptiste Joseph Ayrolles de Compagnie de Jesus." Paris: 1890.

immortality of infamy and for their victim an everlasting remembrance in the minds of all who revere holiness, heroism and patriotism. On Tuesday the Bishop of Beauvais summoned the judges; on Wednesday she was burned at the stake. They were probably afraid that Rome might intervene at the last moment. When the friar, Martin l'Advenu, came to prepare her for death, he found her seated in her cell with her hands in her lap, her head bowed, in deep thought, and with a very sad face. It was nine o'clock in the morning when he announced to her that she was to die. A faint shudder and trembling passed through her wasted frame. "When will it be?" she asked, as the muffled notes of a tolling bell were heard. "Now, the time is at hand," he said. Again she shuddered. "It is so soon! Oh! it is so soon!" she pleaded; adding, "What death is it?" "By fire,"<sup>9</sup> was the answer. "Oh! I knew it, I knew it," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, and, winding her hands in her hair, began to writhe and sob; turning first to one and then to another, looking into their eyes beseechingly, as if she would seek some faint ray of hope therein. "Oh! cruel, cruel to treat me so," she said, "and must my body, that has never been defiled, be consumed to-day and burnt to ashes! Ah! sooner would I that my head was cut off seven times than suffer this woeful death. I had the promise of the Church's prison when I submitted; and if I had been put there and not left here in the hands of my enemies, this miserable fate had not befallen me. Oh! I appeal to God, the great Judge, against the injustice which has been done me." After this outburst of grief and wailing, she became calmer, made her confession humbly, and received Holy Communion.

Again dressed as a woman they put her in a cart. De Conte says that in the cart she looked girlishly fair and sweet and saintly in her long white robe; and when a gush of sunlight flooded her, as she emerged from the gloom of the prison and was for a moment framed in the arch of the sombre gate, the vast multitude of poor folk murmured, "A vision! a vision!" and sank on their knees, praying; many of the women weeping. Thousands, in fact, knelt. But there were

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<sup>9</sup> Burning at the stake as the punishment of proved heresy was originated by Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, and was incorporated in the criminal law of Europe. An ecclesiastical tribunal was, of course, the only competent authority to decide what was or was not heresy, and when the decision was adverse, the lay power claimed and executed the jurisdiction which then devolved to it under this law. Christians of all denominations recognized it. Calvin had Michael Servetus burned, and Protestant as well as Catholic executioners lit the Smithfield fires in London. As an extenuation of the action of the lay state it should in fairness be noted that heresy in the Middle Ages was not unfrequently linked with movements which gravely threatened the stability of the state, the disturbance of social order, and led to crime. In any case it was an atrocity repugnant alike to the dictates of humanity and the spirit of the Gospel, and has, happily, been long since expunged from the criminal code.



some that did not; they were the English soldiers. By and by a frantic man in priestly garb came wailing and lamenting and tore through the dense crowd and the barriers of soldiers, and flinging himself on his knees alongside the cart, putting up his hands in supplication, cried out, "Oh! forgive, forgive!" It was Loyseleur, one of those who had persuaded her to abjure. And Joan forgave him. Up to that time she had never quite despaired. While there is life there is hope. Though she said: "These English will have me put to death," she had a lingering hope that it might not come to that; that at the judgment or during her imprisonment there might be some commotion and possible rescue. Her voices had promised her deliverance from her enemies, but in what way she knew not. They said it would be through a great victory, telling her: "Take all patiently; neither be solicitous concerning thy death, for thou shalt come finally into the Kingdom of Paradise." When in the cart, the trembling girl, guarded by eight hundred English soldiers, fully armed, passed through the crowds, she wept and lamented her cruel fate, but accused neither the king nor her saints; only exclaiming: "O Rouen, Rouen! must I then die here?"

Three platforms had been erected in the old market place. Upon one were seated the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and the three other prelates; upon another the preacher, the judges and official functionaries; and finally the victim, made ready for the sacrifice. Apart was the scaffold, piled high with wood, traversed in every direction with hollow spaces for the creation of air currents, the better to ensure that the whole mass would be consumed. Nothing was spared to inspire terror. The stake was placed at a prodigious elevation, so that the unhappy victim, bound fast to it, could see the flames and the surging smoke from the burning pyre slowly creeping upwards, her agony being thus prolonged. Nothing was done to shorten her sufferings by hastening her death, to give to the flames a dead body; they wished that she should be really burned *alive*. On the summit of this mountain of wood, dominating the market place and the cordon of armed soldiers, she could be seen by everybody, a sad spectacle for the eyes of the curious crowd to gaze upon; some moved by pity but powerless to relieve her, others moved by hatred and racial jealousy and eager to satiate their revenge by her death. Her enemies hoped, perhaps, that as her last moments drew near, yielding to another momentary weakness, she might utter something that they could construe into a disavowal. But her mind was occupied with other thoughts. Before Nicholas Midi, one of the "lights" of the University of Paris, had concluded his homily about the Church cutting off "a rotten member" for its healing, ending

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with the formula, "Joan, go in peace, the Church can no longer defend you," and the Bishop of Beauvais finished his exhortation to "contrition," she was already on her knees, invoking God, the Blessed Virgin, St. Michael and St. Catherine, forgiving everyone and asking forgiveness, saying to the assistants, "Pray for me!" particularly petitioning each of the priests to say Mass for her soul; and all that in such a devout, humble and touching way that none could repress their emotions. Even Cauchon<sup>10</sup> and the Cardinal of Winchester<sup>11</sup> burst into tears, the Bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the English bystanders wept.

The Bishop of Beauvais, however, drying his eyes, read the condemnation in which he excommunicated her and finally handed her over to the secular power. Thus bereft of human help and putting all her confidence in God, she asked for a crucifix. An Englishman made one of two pieces of stick and handed it to her; she received it none the less devoutly, kissed it, and put it under her garments and next to her skin. Wishing to have a proper crucifix, they brought her one from the parish of Saint Sauveur, which she embraced. The English thought it was lasting too long, it being about noon. The soldiers grumbled and their captains said: "How is this, priests, are you going to have us dine here?" Then, losing patience, and without waiting any longer for the orders of the *bailli*, who alone had authority to send her to death, they sent two sergeants to drag her away from the priests to the executioner to whom they said: "Do your office." Horrified at this roughness of the soldiers, several of those present, including some of the judges, fled, so as not to witness anything further.

Pale and trembling she again exclaimed: "O Rouen, thou wilt then be my last dwelling place!" When she reached the top of the pile, seeing beneath her the great city and the motionless and silent crowd, she could not refrain from saying: "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, I am much afraid thou wilt have to suffer for my death!" When bound to the stake, with a mitre on her head on which were inscribed the words, "heretic, relapsed, apostate and idolatress," the executioner set fire to the faggots at the base. She saw it from her elevated post and gave utterance to a cry. The last act of her life was to beseech the Dominican friar, who remained with her with the flames mounted

<sup>10</sup> Pierre Cauchon, member of a bourgeois family of Reims recently ennobled, acquired political influence through his university honors, was rector of the University of Paris and tenacious of its privileges, and counsellor of the King of England. He was made Bishop of Beauvais through the intermediary of Philip the Good, hoped to become Archbishop of Rouen by his complaisance in the case of La Pucelle, but failed. He was translated to the Bishopric of Lisieux and died suddenly on October 18, 1442.

<sup>11</sup> Henry Beaufort, granduncle of Henry VI. The Cardinal who, according to Shakespeare, "died and made no sign."



upward, to take care of himself and leave her to God; more concerned for his safety than for her own existence, now past recall. Cauchon came to the foot of the burning pile, confronting his victim, to try and draw some word from her. What she said proves that she had not expressly retracted anything. "Bishop," she said meekly, "I am dying on your account. If you had sent me to the prisons of the Church, this would not have occurred." Cauchon had hoped that, seeing herself abandoned by her sovereign, she would accuse him;<sup>12</sup> on the contrary, she defended him, though he was unworthy of such a defense, having made no effort, by exchange of prisoners, ransom or otherwise, to release her. "My king had nothing to do with what good or ill I may have done," she said; "it was not he who counseled me." At the moment when the fire touched her, she screamed and asked for holy water. Terror seized her, but quickly recovering herself, she invoked God, His angels and saints, of whom she said, "Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me!" Eye-witnesses have borne testimony to this; the Dominican who went up to the stake with her, whom she made descend, who spoke to her from below it, who listened to her and who held up the crucifix to her; and the Augustinian friar, Isambart de la Pierre. Twenty years afterwards these two friars deposed: "We heard her in the fire invoke her saints, her archangel; she repeated the Saviour's name. Finally, letting her head fall, she uttered a great cry 'Jesus!'"

This, then, was the "great victory" foretold by her voices, the victory of self-immolation which was to win for her the martyr's palm; this the "deliverance," the release of her pure spirit from the prison of the body, that it might take its flight heavenwards to join the saints in Paradise; to leave the weeping and wailing crowd beneath the scaffold to enter into the joy of the Lord among the rejoicing *turba magna* above, the great multitude whom no man could number visioned to the Evangelist at Patmos.

The sight drew tears even from her enemies, who had been led to regard her as a witch, a sorceress. Michelet says ten thousand men wept. "What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness," asks De Quincey, "that drove the fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold as his tribute of abhorrence, who did so, after fulfilling his vow, suddenly to turn away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood?"

<sup>12</sup> Cauchon entertained feelings of resentment against Charles VII. The House of Lancaster profited by this and his ambition to secure promotion through their influence.

What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon for his share in the tragedy?" Surely that dove was a fitting emblem of one of the purest souls that ever inhabited a human body. Others said that they read in the flames the word, "Jesus"—the last word her lips uttered. That very night the executioner went to confession to Father Isambart, hardly hoping that God would pardon him. The English king's secretary said out loud as he returned: "We are lost! We have burned a saint!"

Guizot says that it is from this period we are to date the downfall of feudalism and the awakening of the national spirit in France. "Joan of Arc," he says, "sprang from the people. It was by the sentiments, creed and passions of the people that she was inspired and sustained. She was looked upon with distrust, scorn, and even enmity by the people of the court and the chiefs of the army, but she had the soldiers and the people at her side. It was the peasants of Lorraine who, under her, would succour the burghers of Orleans. Then began the formation of French nationality. Up to the reign of the Valois, it was the feudal character which dominated in France; the French nation, French mind, French patriotism did not exist. With the Valois commenced France properly so-called."<sup>13</sup> She opened the way for Louis XI., that astute if unscrupulous and cruel monarch, to break the power of the great feudal nobles who exercised sovereign authority, although nominally vassals, and for the great Cardinal and statesman, Armand de Richelieu to consolidate and exalt the monarchy. "The position of Joan of Arc is unique in history," says Cardinal Moran. "Neither profane nor sacred history presents to us a heroine cast in the same mould."<sup>14</sup> Another writer of a different school of thought gives expression to the same view. "To arrive at a just estimate of a renowned man's character," he says, "we must judge it by the standards of his time, not ours. Judged by the standards of one century, the noblest characters of an earlier one lost much of their lustre. By the standards of to-day—there is probably no illustrious man of four or five centuries ago whose character could meet the test at all points. The character of Joan of Arc is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension as to the result. Judged by any of them, judged by all of them, it is still flawless, it is still ideally perfect, it still occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment, a loftier one than has been reached by any other mere mortal."<sup>15</sup>

<sup>13</sup> "Hist. de France."

<sup>14</sup> Occasional Papers.

<sup>15</sup> Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc by the Sieur Louis de Conte (her page and secretary), freely translated out of the ancient French into



Yet she was long misjudged, misrepresented, and maligned. The greatest master of language that English literature can boast of did not hesitate to prostitute his genius to defame the Maid of Orleans. In one of his historical dramas,<sup>16</sup> Shakespeare calls her "sorceress," "ugly witch," "fell banning hag," "enchantress," "miscreant," "strumpet" (pourtraying her as a self-confessed wanton) and "foul accursed minister of hell;" thus voicing or pandering to the passions and prejudices of his epoch. English writers have long since learned to estimate her at her true worth. De Quincey, who from his earliest youth ever believed in this "pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl, who gave up all for her country—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in a sense more obvious," who maintained, in opposition to Michelet, that she did not recant either with her lips or in her heart, says: "La Pucelle d'Orleans, the victorious enemy of England, has been destined to receive her deepest commemoration from the magnanimous justice of Englishmen."<sup>17</sup>

Justice was not done her until long after her death. The chronicler Monstrelet, almost her contemporary, put forth a false view of the Maid, whose personality was under a cloud; people being left in doubt as to whether she was a fanatic or a political tool, or a combination of both. Jean Graverent, the Dominican Grand Inquisitor of France, though absent from the "trial," preached against her in the church of Saint Martin des Champs. Her chief detractor in modern times was Voltaire, who left nothing unsaid in order to asperse her character; but vilification from such a source carried with it its own refutation. "No one succoured France so timely and so happily as the Maid," says Pasquier, "and no woman's memory has been so disfigured."<sup>18</sup> For more than two centuries after her death she was generally regarded as an impostor.

But her defenders far outnumber her detractors. The wise, the worldly-wise, were again caught in their own craftiness; her accusers became the accused; her judges, culprits, arraigned at the bar of history and condemned. Her English enemies thought if they could secure her conviction and execution, they would wipe out the disgrace of their defeat by a woman; pose as defenders of the faith against heresy and sorcery; and that the Maid once removed, nothing would stand between them and the complete conquest of France.

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modern English from the original unpublished manuscript in the National Archives of France by Jean François Alden. By Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"). London: Chatto and Windus, 1907. De Conte, who was her page and secretary, an eye-witness of all the events of her life which he relates, addressed his narrative, written in 1492, when he was 82, to his great great grandnephews.

<sup>16</sup> See "Henry VI." *passim*.

<sup>17</sup> "Works of Thomas De Quincey." Edition of 1863, Vol. III.

<sup>18</sup> "Recherches sur la France." Book II.

Cauchon had nominated her judges—bought with English gold—a packed jury, composed of adherents of the English interest, empanelled in the castle of Rouen, the seat of Bedford's government. They had to cover their proceedings with the semblance of legality. She had been already examined and acquitted by an ecclesiastical tribunal over which the Archbishop of Reims—the Bishop of Beauvais' metropolitan—presided, when the king sent her to Poitiers; so that it was like an appeal from a higher to a lower court, a thing unknown in legal procedure. Captured in one diocese as an ecclesiastical prisoner, she was tried in another; and no assent of the Chapter of Rouen could give jurisdiction in such a case. They could not, however, exclude canonists like Lohier, who, as members of a great international bar, were independent of any king or Bishop; and the notaries, being apostolic and imperial officers, were not amenable to the Bishop of Beauvais.<sup>19</sup> Every word spoken in court, every question and answer, was duly and faithfully put on record. This, in the event, was damaging to her judges.

In 1450 Charles VII. did some tardy justice to his champion and France's deliverer by empowering Guillaume Bouillé, rector of the University of Paris, to enquire into the circumstances of Joan's trial, condemnation and death, and to report the result of the investigation. Great lawyers gave their opinions and declared the trial void as having been bad in substance as well as in form. But nothing further was done. Later on Joan's family were ennobled under the name of Du Lys.

In 1452 Pope Nicholas V., on an appeal by the Maid's mother, Isabel d'Arc, ordered an enquiry, which duly took place, but was likewise without formal issue. It was reserved to Pope Calixtus III., in 1455, to take the first really important step towards her rehabilitation by ordering a revision of the proceedings at the trial, which resulted in an appellate court, composed of eminent churchmen and lawyers, declaring her condemnation, which they solemnly annulled, "wicked and unjust;" that in the twelve articles which her judges pretended to have extracted from her "confessions," or evidence, certain words had been altered in such a manner as to change the substance; that they were "falsely, calumniously and deceitfully ex-

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<sup>19</sup> Domremy being in the diocese of Beauvais partly accounts for Cauchon claiming jurisdiction in her case. An incident in its history sheds an interesting and suggestive sidelight upon the temperament of the people in that part of the country. In 1443 they resisted the English and in 1472, the Burgundians under Charles the Bold. On that occasion the women of Beauvais, led by another Jeanne—Jeanne Forquet, surnamed Hachette—joined the garrison and fought with such extraordinary valor that the enemy was compelled to withdraw. To commemorate this achievement, there is, every year, a religious procession through the streets of Beauvais in which the women march first. The see, suppressed by the Concordat of 1801, was restored in 1822.



tracted" and were "contrary to the confession of the accused;" "pronounced, decreed and declared the said process and sentence full of cozenage, iniquity, inconsequences and errors in fact as well as in law;" and that they as well as the abjuration, execution and all that followed were "null, non-existent, without value or effect." It was a most searching enquiry, a large number of witnesses being examined.

"By this re-trial," says a recent writer, "posterity has been allowed to see the whole life of the village maiden of Domremy. The evidence given is unique in its minute and faithful narration of a great and noble life; as, indeed, that life is itself unique in all human history."<sup>20</sup> The delegates of Calixtus III. have not only given us the facts, they have preserved, framed the only explanations—the only ones admissable—theological explanations.<sup>21</sup>

Drawing near our own times, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, a renewed impetus to the effort to put Joan of Arc in her rightful position in the historical retrospect was given, when, about 1840, the *Société de l'Histoire de France* conceived the idea of making reparation for the forgetfulness into which the memory of the Maid of Orleans had been allowed to lapse. They confided to one of their members, Jules Quicherat, the task of publishing the two trials, that of her condemnation and of her rehabilitation, from the manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale. There are copies of a great portion of the original minutes, of the questions and answers at the first trial, which lasted four months, in French, quite sufficient to verify the general fidelity of the Latin version. Several copies of this record under the hands and seals of the notaries and the seal of the Bishop of Beauvais are still in existence. O'Hagan says there are few historical personages of an epoch but little removed from our own of whom there are materials to judge so abundant and trustworthy.<sup>22</sup>

Quicherat, who was director of the Ecole des Chartes, set to work and published successively from 1840 to 1849 five volumes under the title *Procès de Condamnation et de rahabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc*. The three first volumes are devoted to the double trials; in the two others are collected all the documents which Quicherat regarded as forming the sources of the history of the Maid. They are enriched with very valuable notes. To this epoch-making work he added an essay of his own, *Aperçus nouveaux*. Father Ayrolles, in whose

<sup>20</sup> Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France, being the story of her life, her achievements and death, as attested by oath and set forth in the Original Documents. Edited by T. Douglas Murray, Heinemann: 1902.

<sup>21</sup> Ayrolles, "La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc."

<sup>22</sup> "Joan of Arc." By John O'Hagan, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature (Ireland). Kegan Paul and Co., 1893.

valuable volumes<sup>23</sup> will be found the most exhaustive treatment of the subject, finds fault with Quicherat—who simply reproduced the documents in the original Latin and quaint, obsolete fifteenth century French—for suppressing, for the sake of condensation, the theological features of the case discussed in certain *memoires* by churchmen of great eminence who took an active part in the memorable events of their time, treatises indispensable to any one who studies the history of the Liberatrix. The learned Jesuit who gives the documents in modern French considers the Maid in her relation to the Church of her time, and as the inspired peasant girl. He had previously published *Jeanne d'Arc sur les autels et la regeneration de la France*, in which he brought forward the supernatural aspects of her life. "There will not be found in the annals of canonisation," he says, "a saint for whom the supreme honours that earth can give has been solicited with the ardour that pastors and people have shown in asking them for the Liberatrix." He is very severe on her unjust judges. "Few men," he declares, "have done more harm to the Church than the Paris doctors who condemned Joan and refused to yield to the cry uttered by the martyr from the summit of the scaffold in the cemetery of Saint Ouen when several times she exclaimed: 'For my words and deeds I appeal to our Holy Father the Pope!' The Papacy hearkened to that supreme appeal and caused the trial to be re-opened and secured to history one of the most beautiful of its pages after those of Holy Writ."

Quite a literature has grown and is still growing around the gracious figure and pathetic personality of the gentle French country girl who saved her country and gained immortal fame. Eloquent tongues have sounded her praises from pulpit and platform, and powerful pens in the hands of able writers have extolled her virtues and her valour; while sculptors and artists have portrayed her in enduring bronze or marble or featured her on canvas that "glows beyond even nature warm." Monsignor Dupanloup, the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, has panegyrised her. It was in discoursing to a French auditory of that gentle, angelic, heroic figure, unique and incomparable, to which no parallel can be found in history or poetry, who personified the two things nearest and dearest to his heart—faith and patriotism, the two forces that vitalise, energise and ennoble a people—that he rose to the highest level of his powers as an orator. "In the love of God," he said, "is concentrated and elevated every noble love. And among the noblest there is one that God has consecrated, that our Lord has felt, and with which the hearts of the saints have never ceased to beat—the love of country.

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<sup>23</sup> Op. cit.



Let us not think that those two loves are antagonistic, and that we must choose between the duties of a Christian and those of a Frenchman. No, no; religion points the way to heaven, but it does not make us forget the dear native land here. Religion is only the harmonious concord of duties; and the more a saint comprehends what he owes to God, the more also he comprehends what he owes to men. That is why it was the love of France along with the love of God-fired Joan of Arc. By her natural and supernatural qualities Joan of Arc is a flower of old France; daughter of the people—of that people of the fields, where, perhaps, the old national faith and virtues are best preserved—in her is concentrated true patriotism, unconquerable repulsion of the yoke of the foreigner, generous enthusiasm for the honour and independence of the fatherland—in a word, in the day of danger, heroic love of her country, her king, the native soil, and the French.” The severe candour of the historian is not lost sight of in the glowing phrases of the panegyrist, whose judgment upon the iniquitous mock-trial at Rouen is thus pithily summed up: “God permitted it; England ordered it; France allowed it; and a Bishop did it.” Archbishop Ireland proclaimed her “the patron saint of patriotism,” and “the most sweet, most beautiful, most sublime figure of womanhood” and her life’s history, “a theme for the loveliest idyll.” Tender as a Sister to the wounded, whether friends or foes; a warrior, but always the woman and the saint. Cardinal Moran says perhaps no brighter pages of eulogy of the Maid of Orleans are to be found than those embalmed in modern English literature. An English writer<sup>24</sup> says she “raised all womanhood in her person; one to whom succeeding generations of women have been able to point as an example of what the female sex at its best is capable in the lines of heroism, patriotism and self-devotion; an amazon without cruelty, a heroine who never lost her womanhood, a patriot who sought no self-advancement, a prophetess who proclaimed only the power of God. She showed France the way to liberty of body and soul, and she won it for her people through suffering, without which no real blessing is ever obtained. Joan suffered, but her country gained freedom. Her last cry was for her friend’s safety; her last word amid the flames was, ‘Jesus!’ Around what was left of her—a heap of ashes, the residue of a being—rose her monument. *Circumspice!* Look around and there is a free nation!” She was the embodiment of unselfishness. “When she had rescued the king from his vagabondage and set his crown upon his head,” writes Clemens (“Mark Twain”) “she was offered rewards

<sup>24</sup> “Footsteps of Jeanne d’Arc, a Pilgrimage.” By Mrs. Florence Caddy Hurst and Blackett, 1886.

and honours, but she refused them all and would take nothing. All she would take for herself, if the king would grant it, was leave to go back to her village home and tend her sheep again, and feel her mother's arms about her, and be her housemaid and helper. The selfishness of this unspoiled general of victorious armies, companion of princes, and idol of an applauding and grateful nation, reached but that far and no farther."<sup>25</sup>

While the enthralling story has riveted the attention of non-Catholic writers, it is somewhat of a puzzle to them. Rationalists and those of the naturalist school, have tried to ignore or explain away the supernatural element from which springs the *motif* of the whole theme; but it is like the tale of Cambyse, half told. "After all that can be done by the rationalising process," says T. Douglas Murray, "the mystery remains of an untutored and unlettered girl of eighteen years old not only imposing her will upon captains and courtiers, but showing a skill and judgment worthy, as General Dragomiroff says, of the greatest commanders, indeed of Napoleon himself . . . Joan's special merit was that she saw the possibility of a great French nation, self-centred, self-sufficient, and she so stamped this message on the French heart that its characters have never faded. . . . Joan's greatness is nowhere more manifest than in her willing loyalty to the Church and 'our lord the Pope,' while claiming for France absolute national independence. Herein she stands alone. Dante's two swords (wielded by Pope and Emperor) were lethal to national life. To the spiritual sword Joan bowed; but to no emperor or king other than the king of France could the loyalty of a French heart be due. . . . Into one short year her whole astounding public career is crowded. First, Patay, Troyes, Rheims, Paris, Compiègne; glory, exaltation, wreckage and captivity. But France was at the end of it, a conscious nation with an anointed king; and the work of deliverance was assured. In all that we know of the world's great ones, we can find no parallel for the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps only in Catholic France was such a heroine possible. Certainly Teutonic Protestantism has, as yet, given to the world none of the exalted types of radiant and holy women such as those that illuminate Latin Christianity. Whether as a saint or a nation-maker Joan's place in world history is assured."<sup>26</sup>

"The Roman Church alone," writes Father Ayrolles, "explains the marvels of this heavenly life, just as she alone has preserved the irrefutable evidence of it. Those whom she invests with her authority grandly accomplished their work."

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<sup>25</sup> Op. cit.

<sup>26</sup> Op. cit.



She was a true patriot—the purest and noblest type of unselfish and self-sacrificing patriotism in all the history of humanity. But for her, France would have ceased to exist as a Catholic nation. To her, to this Catholic heroine, it owed its deliverance not only from a foreign and detested yoke, but its adherence to the Catholic Church; for, if incorporated with and subjected to England, when that country, in the succeeding century, apostatised and adopted the heresy, “made in Germany,” as its State religion, it would have been penalised into Protestantism. To the reawakening of the national spirit, which she evoked, was it due that the English invaders, after marching from conquest to consequent, saw the tide of battle turned against them; saw city after city, and territory after territory snatched from their greedy grasp; saw Charles VII. crowned at Reims; saw Paris welcome back its sovereign; and the Duke of Burgundy return to his allegiance as a vassal of his overlord, the King of France. The Duke of Bedford, the English Regent, expired in the very house in which Joan of Arc had been imprisoned. In a few years the English were driven from every foothold in France, freed mainly through the instrumentality of a poor peasant girl from Lorraine, who, quitting the solitude and silence of her childhood homestead, amid the hills and forests, to fulfil her providential mission, was the only woman in the world’s history who held high military command and led an army to battle.

It was fitting that a Bishop of Orleans—a city upon which her valiant personality and one of her greatest achievements will always shed lustre—should have taken the initial steps in promotion of the cause of her beatification and canonisation. It was in response to an appeal addressed to the Holy See in 1869 by Monsignor Dupanloup that it was under the notice of the Roman authorities. On January 27, 1894, Leo XIII. issued a decree formally authorising its introduction. After passing through the usual stages she was beatified on April 11, 1909, by Pius X.; not, it may be noted, expressly as a martyr—though she was one in the literal sense of the word, having borne witness to the truth of what her “voices” had revealed to her and of her mission—but as a virgin who had practiced the theological virtues to the heroic degree. Further proved miracles having since been wrought through her intercession, her canonisation by the reigning Pontiff will put the crown upon her complete rehabilitation by enrolling her in the calendar of saints and raising her to the full honours of the Church’s altars.

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## THE DIVORCE OF HENRY VIII.

A CONTEMPORANEOUS DISCUSSION AT ONE OF THE CONTINENTAL  
UNIVERSITIES.

THE claim recently put forth in Great Britain by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Winston Churchill that, owing to the existing conditions brought about by the Great War, there was need of legislation to facilitate the securing of divorce with the privilege of remarriage, suggests the subject of the origin of divorce in modern England, when King Henry VIII. put away his wife, Catherine of Aragon, in order to marry Anne Boleyn. For this putting away was most assuredly a divorce, since all his efforts to prove his marriage null and void from the beginning were vain and fruitless.<sup>1</sup>

He, who was destined to become King Henry VIII. of England, was born in the year 1491, the second son of King Henry VII. and his wife, Elizabeth of York. His older brother, Arthur, the heir apparent, died in 1502, a few months after marriage with Catherine of Aragon, a union which had been considered extremely desirable from a political point of view. The same statesmen who had brought about the marriage of Catherine with Arthur, foiled in their plans by the early death of the latter, prevailed upon the young childless widow, who was then only in her seventeenth year, to remain in England for the purpose of marrying the new heir apparent, her brother-in-law, Henry. Accordingly, after some difficulty, a dispensation was secured from Pope Julius II. in 1504, but the marriage itself was postponed for political reasons, Henry's father even going so far as to have his young son sign a protest against the proposed marriage as a matter arranged without his consent.<sup>2</sup> And yet, in 1509, when his father died, leaving the young heir to assume the responsibilities of the kingship, it was not long—only nine weeks—after his accession that he persuaded himself of the advisability of an alliance with his widowed sister-in-law, the Spanish princess, although he was only eighteen, that is to say, five and one-half years her junior.

Although it is doubtful whether Henry's married life had ever been pure, he does not seem to have been guilty of notable profligacy in comparison with the other monarchs of his time.<sup>3</sup> It is only in

<sup>1</sup> The Episcopal Church in America, a counterpart of the Church founded by Henry VIII., curiously enough had before the general convention in October, 1919, a resolution prohibiting the remarriage of a divorced person.

<sup>2</sup> Herbert Thurston, "Henry VIII.," in "The Catholic Encyclopedia," Vol. VII. (New York, 1910), p. 222b.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 223a.



1527, however, that the idea of a divorce from Catherine became prominent in Henry's mind, probably suggested by a passionate infatuation for Anne Boleyn, who refused to yield to the monarch's blandishments unless as England's queen. The different means employed by Henry to secure the desired opportunity for a new marriage need not be described in detail here. After a fruitless appeal to Pope Clement VII., to whom a demand had been made for the declaration of the nullity of Henry's union with Catherine, and after the failure of the divorce proceedings before the papal commissioners, Wolsey and Campeggio, with the consequent downfall of Wolsey, it was suggested by Cranmer in the latter part of 1529 that the King should consult the universities of Europe upon the question of the nullity of his marriage, a suggestion which at once brought its author into favor.<sup>4</sup>

And so, although the universities which lay within the dominions of Charles V. were not generally consulted, the question came up for discussion at the University of Salamanca, where the celebrated Dominican, Franciscus de Victoria, held the chair of theology. He was a friar of no mean reputation. It was he who was hailed as "the restorer of scholastic theology;" it was he who taught Melchior Cano, Domingo Soto and other theologians conspicuous at the Council of Trent; it was he who first admitted into a classification of law international law in its modern acceptation, *ius inter gentes*;<sup>5</sup> it was he who was one of the most vigorous opponents of the three great errors of his predecessors in civil and canon law;<sup>6</sup> and it was he who stands out among the Spaniards and Portuguese as the defender of the proposition that the infidel Indians could not be despoiled of civil power or sovereignty simply because they were infidels.<sup>7</sup> It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if he, who had not feared to render frank judgments upon questions proposed by the sovereigns of Spain, did not hesitate to express a fearless and unbiased opinion upon the validity of the marriage of Henry VIII. This Victoria has admirably done in one<sup>8</sup> of his *Relectiones*. As copies of Victoria's works are rare and as his style is so interesting and naive, it may be pardonable to quote certain passages verbatim, especially the paragraphs with which he introduces his subject. This he does in the following skillful manner:

<sup>4</sup> Ibid., p. 223d.

<sup>5</sup> Ernest Nys: "Les origines du droit international" (Brussels, 1894), p. 11.

<sup>6</sup> A. Vanderpol: "Le Droit de guerre d'après les théologiens et les canonistes du moyen-âge" (Paris, 1911), pp. 151-189.

<sup>7</sup> Ernest Nys, op. cit., pp. 368-369.

<sup>8</sup> "De matrimonio," in his "Relectiones theologicae duodecim" (Salamanca, 1565), folios 200-230 (i. e., 61 pages). Unless otherwise noted, passages quoted in this article are from this relectio.

It is said that Hannibal, the Carthaginian, that consummate leader and best of generals, upon being asked to hear an old sophist discourse on military science, listened to him, and then remarked that he had seen many crazy old men, but none more ridiculous than him who, although he had never been present at a battle and had never seen a camp, yet undertook to give military precepts in the presence of Hannibal. And he, indeed, had a perfect right thus to hold up to ridicule the man's vanity, since he alone easily counterbalanced, even in the judgment of Mars himself, not only the military precepts of battles, but all the achievements and stratagems and pronouncements of all leaders and generals.

Now I am inclined to think that I am about to act somewhat more unseemly than that sophist, since I, being professedly a celibate, am to-day about to give a discourse on matrimony before you fathers and religious, who are all by use and kind and vow not only disinclined and strangers to nuptials, but even splendid examples of complete continence, or, so far as is compatible with that youthfulness of yours, most sure beginnings of complete continence with dispositions that will surpass all expectation and hope in that regard. But if I am not vindicated from that base charge either by the fact that the Apostle Paul gave so many precepts to married people, although himself, I believe, unmarried, or by the fact that very holy men and illustrious doctors have composed volumes on the subject, certainly I shall be excused by the fact that I was not entirely allowed by my friends and acquaintances to treat the subject which I had been intending to treat and which was not unworthy of my profession and perchance of your expectation.

For when, within the past few days, the case of the marriage of the most illustrious sovereigns and rulers of the English was brought to this University and for some days was discussed and aired in that most august senate of doctors and masters, some of my friends hastened to me by turns eager to have me discourse on this subject in my first *relectio*.<sup>9</sup> Because I could not well refuse them after I had received them, I must pay this debt to-day. And yet certainly so many difficulties presented themselves to me after I had undertaken this troublesome and serious case that I fear with no mean fear that, before I can reach the end of it, I shall lack time and assignment and your benevolent attention, which you are wont to bestow upon me. Therefore, howsoever the matter will turn out, it will be your part, no matter whether you will hear what you were not expecting or fail to hear what you were expecting, to consider well for my sake and either favor my attempts and desires (as you have hitherto done) or let them pass unnoticed.

The passage to be lectured and commented upon by me at present is in St. Matthew<sup>10</sup> and St. Mark<sup>11</sup> and is adduced by the Master of the Sentences:<sup>12</sup> "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." In explanation of this passage there will be three questions and parts. In the first, we must treat of the constitution of matrimony; in the second, of impediments, and in the third of dissolution.

After going very minutely into the nature and the twofold end of marriage (namely, the procreation and education of offspring and the mutual respect and obligation between husband and wife), together with all the intricate questions which arise in connection there-

<sup>9</sup> Those subjects, which seemed to be the more difficult and more useful of all that had been discussed in the daily prelections of an entire year, were reconsidered in *relectiones* in the public assembly of learned men by the same doctor.

<sup>10</sup> Ch. 19, v. 6.

<sup>11</sup> Ch. 10, v. 9.

<sup>12</sup> I. e., Peter Lombard, "Sententiae," Book IV.



with, the necessary conditions and the impediments of marriage,<sup>13</sup> the discussion is finally brought down to the question, whether all the degrees of relationship forbidden in *Leviticus* are against the divine law and all unlawful according to canon law. In this connection, he says:

We must come down to the case and argument of the sovereigns of the English: briefly, that celebrated lady, Catherine, daughter of the sovereigns of Spain, married the first-born<sup>14</sup> of Henry King of the English, who died without issue. She then married Henry, now Most Serene King of the English, who, after many years, desirous of being freed from that marriage, alleges that that marriage was prohibited by divine and natural law and consequently that the Pope had not had the power to grant a dispensation for the wife of his deceased brother to marry him and the marriage was and had been void.

Having stated the case, therefore, Victoria lays down the fundamental proposition that the prohibition of some act by divine law does not prevent its being valid and binding, if done. Above all, he says,<sup>15</sup> I premise that it makes a vast difference whether some agreement or deed is prohibited by law or is void and null by law. Many things indeed are forbidden by human as well as divine law, which nevertheless bind, if done. Examples are so clear, there is no need of mentioning any. For instance, marriage to one party while engaged to another. Therefore, from the fact that some persons are forbidden by divine law from contracting marriage, it does not follow with sufficient proof that, if it is contracted, the marriage is null and void. This is supported by texts from the Old Testament.<sup>16</sup> Consequently, marriages prohibited by *Leviticus* cannot be proved not to be true marriages, even with the Old Law remaining in force after the coming of Christ.

Nevertheless, arguing from *Leviticus* is no argument that those persons within degrees prohibited then are prohibited after the establishment of the Law of the Gospel, because the Old Testament was abrogated and many divine precepts in it were nullified by the Gospels. Of course, moral precepts of the Old Testament did not cease to have force with the establishment of the New Testament, but all the precepts, which could cease, ceased. Wherefore moral precepts have no vigor from the Old Testament. Moreover, it is heretical to say that the Mosaic Law is current with the Evangelical Law. Therefore invalidity of a marriage within the degrees prohibited by *Leviticus* cannot be proved on this score.

The doubt as to what persons are prohibited from marriage by

<sup>13</sup> These questions cover thirty-five pages, totaling approximately 7,000 words.

<sup>14</sup> That is, Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII.

<sup>15</sup> From this point onward, the arguments and claims set forth are exclusively those of Victoria, whether quoted directly or stated indirectly.

<sup>16</sup> *Exodus*, ch. 34; *Leviticus*, ch. 21; *Deuteronomy*, ch. 21; *III. Kings*, ch. 11, etc.

divine law is not treated in the New Testament and the Old Testament is not sufficient for the present time. For only the moral precepts of the Old Law remain intact and unchanged in the New Law, and moral precepts admittedly are the same as precepts of the natural law. Consequently, the question whether the precept of *Leviticus* about degrees of relationship now holds is the same as whether that precept is of the natural law. But that anything be of the natural law is a matter ascertainable only by natural reason. Therefore the doubt mentioned above can be solved only by natural reason. Moreover, the Evangelical Law is called the law of liberty, especially because Christians are bound, after the Gospel, by the natural law alone in everything contained in the Old Testament. Wherefore, if any marriage is not condemned by natural law, such a marriage is by no means illegal among Christians. For there are no negative precepts in the Gospel except the precepts of the natural law. Nor will our disputation or investigation become weaker because we argue from natural reason, for it is not a mere human invention, but a gift from God Himself, the Creator of nature. Whence the prophet says that it is the light of the face of the Lord which hath been impressed upon us,<sup>17</sup> and St. Paul calls that which is ascertained by natural reason divine revelation. "For," he says,<sup>18</sup> "God hath manifested it unto them."

With these premises, it is declared as a fundamental proposition that not all the degrees forbidden in *Leviticus* are forbidden by natural law. This is proved from the fact that reason and necessity in morals and in all actions must be taken from the end. Now, both the ends of marriage, i. e., the procreation and education of offspring and the mutual duties and obedience, will be clearly safe and unobstructed, even if not all those persons in question are prohibited from marriage. For instance, the marriage of some one to his paternal or maternal aunt, which is prohibited by the law, does not hinder the ends of marriage. Moreover, it certainly would have occurred to some one of the philosophers, who wrote much concerning marriage, to state that marriages between relatives of this kind were illicit, if they were really against the natural law. On the contrary, history tells us that marriages of this sort were frequently celebrated among nations which did not know the law, without any blame, yet as the Apostle<sup>19</sup> says: "Nations which do not know the law do naturally what is of the law," i. e., what is in harmony with the natural law.

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<sup>17</sup> A paraphrase of *Psalms* 4, v. 6; the term "prophet" is rather freely applied to the Psalmist.

<sup>18</sup> *Romans*, ch. 1, v. 19.

<sup>19</sup> *Romans*, ch. 2, v. 14.



A second argument in support of the proposition just laid down is to be derived from the fact that some persons, who are equally related as those prohibited in the law, are permitted to contract by the same law, and yet, from the point of view of the natural law, there is the same reason for both. For instance, the law prohibits the same woman from marrying two brothers, and yet does not prohibit the same man from marrying two sisters. Since therefore the reason seems to be the same, for there is the same affinity and relationship, if to marry two sisters is not prohibited by the law of nature, there is no reason why to marry two brothers should be prohibited.

The final argument in favor of the proposition is that before the written law some marriages are found even among the saints, which nevertheless are prohibited in the written law. But what is prohibited by natural law is no more licit before the law than in the law and after the law. Therefore not everything prohibited by law is prohibited by the law of nature.

In opposition to this conclusion, it is argued in the first place that some persons prohibited in *Leviticus* are prohibited by the natural law. For instance, the marriage of a father or mother with their children is prohibited by the natural law. This is manifest even from the fact that never was there a nation so barbarous or wild, which did not shrink from marriages of this kind; nay, even brutes and wild animals avoid such *concubitus*, as Aristotle says.<sup>20</sup> Likewise with regard to the marriage of some one with his stepmother. But no greater reasons are apparent with regard to some than the others. Therefore all are prohibited by natural law. Moreover, if all marriages are licit where the ends of marriage can be safe, it follows that none at all can be illegitimate. For education and procreation of offspring and mutual duties and obedience can be had among any persons not otherwise sterile. Therefore, since all marriages in this way would be legitimate, it is not sufficient that they be suitable for the ends of marriage.

Secondly, it is argued that that precept of *Leviticus* is not ceremonial, as is clear; nor judicial, since judicial are those things which compose justice among men—a thing which that precept does not have in view. Therefore, it is a moral precept and consequently of the natural law.

Finally, it is alleged that those marriages prohibited in that precept were illicit among nations even before the law, which seems to

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<sup>20</sup> "De animalibus," Book I.

be clear from a further passage in the same chapter of *Leviticus*. Therefore they are of the natural law, because nations would not be bound by another law.

In answering these last-mentioned arguments, it is shown at some length how incongruous it would be for a son to marry his mother, a daughter her father, a stepmother her stepson, and a stepfather his stepdaughter. Finally comes the case of the marriage of the King and Queen of England, concerning which "the question arises whether it is forbidden by the law of nature to marry the wife of a deceased brother." The solution of this question requires a few preliminary explanations.

For things may be referred to the natural law in three ways. First, some are always dishonorable (*inhonesta*) in themselves, such as namely cannot be licit in any case, e. g., perjury and adultery; just as econtra some are always and in themselves honorable (*honesta*) and consonant with reason, e. g., to worship God, reverence parents, etc. This natural law is called *necessary* or *immutable*.

Secondly, others are in themselves dishonorable indeed and prohibited by the natural law, but sometimes for grave reasons can be licitly done; just as econtra some are honorable indeed and consonant with reason and moral principles, being apart from all positive law and even, prescribed by the natural law, but nevertheless have *not* a goodness which is *immutable* or *necessary*, receiving a change according to different circumstances and conditions of time, place and persons, e. g., to keep one's word, to pay one's debt, not to have many wives, etc.

Thirdly, others are not indeed prohibited by natural law, but are reckoned among minor goods, e. g., perhaps marriage with regard to celibacy.<sup>21</sup> The opposites of these are approved by natural law as better indeed, but not as necessary, absolutely speaking. Perhaps celibacy is preferred by natural law to matrimony, yet not in such a way that the one is of precept and the others prohibited. . . . Likewise poverty is better than riches, yet neither is of precept.

With these premises, it is declared that to marry the wife of a deceased brother is not of the first class of things prohibited by natural law, for by no natural reason, which seems necessary indeed, can it be proved that that is so *dishonorable* that in no case is it licitly to be done. Every one acknowledges that this is true, because it has sometimes been licit, as, e. g., in *Deuteronomy*,<sup>22</sup> where a man is comananded to marry the wife of his brother who had died without issue. For if this were an evil of the first class mentioned above, either God could not dispense, according to the saner opinion, just as also in the case of perjury, or certainly He could not do so *passim* and without grand necessity. Moreover, it is entirely absurd and not at all pious to say that God established a law contrary to primeval natural law.

<sup>21</sup> Cf. St. Paul, *I. Corinthians*, ch. 6, v. 12: "All things are licit to me, but not all are expedient."

<sup>22</sup> Ch. 25.



Perhaps all the degrees prohibited in *Leviticus*,<sup>23</sup> except the first degree, i. e., between ascendants and descendants, are prohibited by natural law in the second way mentioned above, i. e., absolutely and without the urgency of some grave and rationable cause. This is clear, because from such a marriage there always follows something, which, although it is not subversive of the end of matrimony, yet on the side of duty (*ex parte officii*) either obstructs the end or is against the natural reverence due to consanguineous relations, as that a nephew be master and head for his father's sister or mother's sister, to whom he owes the same honor as to his mother; it does not seem consonant with natural reason that a father's sister be subservient to her nephew and fear her nephew. And the same can be said about all the other degrees prohibited in the law. However, this incongruity (*incommoditas*) which would happen from matrimonial unions of this sort is not altogether so great but that it could be compensated for by some great good to follow from such a union or some grave evil to be avoided, as to establish peace in the State, to remove feuds among illustrious men, to make up for a noteworthy solitude and rarity of men in the world or in a province.

In this class, therefore, can be placed the marriage of a man with his deceased brother's wife. For it seems that from such a union a certain injustice is inflicted upon the first husband, since it has always been considered that a wife who married a second husband was ungrateful to her first husband. Whence Dido, in Vergil, says:

"Ille<sup>24</sup> meos primum qui me sibi iunxit amores

Abstulit, ille habet secum servetque sepulchro,"<sup>25</sup>

and in the preceding line:

"Ante, pudor, quam te violem aut tua iura resolvam,"<sup>26</sup>

as if she were saying that she would be acting dishonorably and basely if she were to bury another husband upon her first husband. But it seems possibly more dishonorable and base if a brother, by marrying his brother's wife, is the author or partaker of this injustice and ingratitude, whatsoever it may be. Wherefore it seems of its nature unpraiseworthy and reprehensible, yet not in such a way that that which seems of itself not honorable could not be compensated for by some cause or other.

Perhaps this marriage of Henry with his sister-in-law

is not to be placed in the second class mentioned above, but in the third, i. e., not among the things evil by their nature, although possible to be good from circumstances, but among things less good. That is to say, although it is licit from the natural law alone to marry a brother's wife, it is not expedient, or in other words, it is better to abstain from such a marriage. In this manner certain degrees are interdicted by the Church from marriage, as marriage between cousins even in the fourth degree of consanguinity or affinity, for the essence of evil is not evident in such a union, although it is shown to be more expedient that such marriages be interdicted.

With this disposition of the question of whether such a marriage as Henry's is prohibited by the natural law, the argument is brought down to written law and the conclusion is reached that to marry the wife of a brother who died childless, as happened in the case of the English sovereigns, was never prohibited by divine law in the Old

<sup>23</sup> Ch. 18.

<sup>24</sup> That is, Sichaeus, Dido's first husband.

<sup>25</sup> *Æneid*, Book IV., lines 28-29.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, line 27.

Testament. In this connection, an apparent opposition of several Scriptural texts is cleared up, and finally the remark is made:

And so I have no doubt, nor has any one who treats and understands Sacred Scripture sanely, that nowhere does divine law prohibit a brother from marrying the wife of his brother who has died childless.

The last conclusion laid down, and this (as Victoria himself states) against a number of theologians, is that, apart from human law, without any dispensation of the Pope, a brother could marry the wife of a deceased brother, whether he died with issue or without. Now a marriage of this sort belongs in that class of things which are of the natural law in the third way described above, namely, those things which are indeed better, but whose contraries are not prohibited. For granted that it would be better not to marry than to marry, nevertheless it would not be illicit to marry, and granted that it would be of the second class mentioned above, nevertheless one could marry.

Now if a rationable cause underlay it, such as would make that which was evil its nature, licit in this particular case, nay, (and in this there is greater difficulty), even if no rationable cause underlay it, the marriage would be valid. Obviously so, for to say that a marriage is prohibited is not the same thing as to say that it is by law null or void. Whence, granted that it would be illicit by natural law, it does not follow that, if it is contracted, it does not bind. Just as likewise—a thing which seems identical—if one successively marries two sisters, it seems equally prohibited by natural law; and yet it is not to be doubted but that, apart from human law, the marriage would be binding. So St. Ambrose says to Paternus that it is illicit by natural law for a paternal uncle to marry his niece, and yet it cannot be doubted but that, apart from human law, if he had contracted, the marriage would have been binding, since even in the time of the Old Testament it would not have been prohibited. This is clear from the cases of Abraham and Sara and of Othoniel and Axa. Therefore it is not to be doubted but that even now, if any one were to marry, the marriage would be binding, as it is said, standing on the law of nature. And in this sense must be understood the statements of the saints to the effect that some degrees are forbidden by the natural law, which nevertheless are not found prohibited in human law, such as marriage between first cousins.

Confirmation of this is to be found in the fact that, when Innocent III. was consulted as to what should be done about the Livonians converted to the faith, who previously, according to the tenor of the law of Moses, had married the wives of their brothers who had died without issue, the Pope replied<sup>27</sup> that they should persevere in

<sup>27</sup> "Decretales Gregorii Papae IX.," tit. *De Divortis*, can. finalis.



the marriages which they had contracted. But it is manifest that, if such marriages were void by the natural law, the Pope could not have made those concessions or approved those marriages, especially since the law of Moses, not only among Christians, but among all mortals, is now altogether of no virtue and efficacy. Wherefore if such marriages are interdicted to us by the natural law, not even the writtē law or dispensation of Moses would relieve us from this interdiction. Whence clearly and without doubt comes the conclusion that such a marriage is not prohibited by natural law; or if it is, not in such a way that, if it is attempted, the deed would be void and not binding.

As a corollary to this it may be stated that all infidels contracting in degrees prohibited by the Church, if it is not clear that it is prohibited by the natural law, truly contract and the marriage is binding (*ratum*). So, if any one among infidels married the wife of his brother, who had died either with or without issue, it is not to be doubted but that such a marriage would be valid and those converted to the faith would not need the dispensation of the Pope; indeed by no authority whatsoever could they be separated, since marriages of this kind are interdicted only by human law, by which infidels are bound.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such was the opinion of the illustrious theologian of Salamanca upon a question very close to the hearts of all Spaniards of the time, seeing that upon its solution depended the fate of their Aragonese princess, Catherine. The Solution given by Victoria in favor of the validity of the marriage of Henry and Catherine, as expressed almost verbatim in the preceding paragraphs, stands out prominently against the result obtained, by lavish expenditure of bribes and the use of other means of pressure, from professors in the continental universities outside the dominions of Charles V.

The events that followed the appeal to the universities are almost too well known to need repetition. The rise of Cramner and his consecration as Archbishop of Canterbury, the resignation of Sir Thomas More as chancellor, the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn on January 25, 1533, the crowning of Anne on June 1, and the birth of the future Queen Elizabeth on September 7 of the same year, resulted in depriving Catherine of her lawful title of Queen and in treating her daughter Mary as a bastard.

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## THE ENTOMOLOGY OF THE POETS.

**T**HOUGH "bugs and worms and such small deer have been poet food for many a year," to paraphrase a Shakespearian couplet, yet, since Insecta is the largest class of animals known—entomologists are already familiar with a quarter of a million species—the wonder is that the poets' use of them is not greater. However, an anthology of such quotations shows that they have not failed to use many an insect—about one hundred different kinds in all, perhaps—for decorating a stanza, or embodying a moral, or pointing a jest, or as a subject worthy of praise.

The bee is their favorite, and particularly the domesticated honey-maker, which is usually implied in the simple term "bee," though "the wild bee with its buglet fine" (David M. Moir) and "the wild bees that beat the drums of summer" (John Galsworthy), may be a Bumblebee or a Carpenter Bee, or some other member of Apidæ. Southey mentions

"the solitary bee  
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life,  
Flew there on restless wing,  
Seeking in vain one blossom where to fix."  
—Thalaba the Destroyer.

This might be construed to mean one of the Andrenidæ, or Solitary Bee family, although Southey probably meant a common honey-maker out foraging by itself. The insect has been variously described as "vagrant," "drowsy," "limber," "yellow-banded," "furry," "dusty as a miller," "bagpiping," "brindled," "marauding," "fervent," "dim-eyed curious," "pollen-dusted," "music-bee," "roving," "gold-belted," "amber-striped," "murmurous," "merry," "golden-cuirassed," "voluptuous," "irreverent, buccaneering," and of course, "busy." They are called "chemists, famed for geometric skill," "little alsmen of the spring-bowers," "small epicures, the blithest couriers on the winds of spring," "belted thieves bent upon honey plunder," "innocent thieves," "little priests that wed the flowers," "communists," "choristers," "little pagans busy all the sunny seven (days)," "peddlars," "publicans," "tax-gatherers," and Bryant correctly terms them "housewife bees." In one poem Madison Cawein calls the bee "a Bassarid in dusty pantaloons," and in another makes the "big-bodied fellow, with his braggart din, fairy brother to Falstaff." Poets have observed over and over its usefulness, its industry, its swarming habits, its abandonment of the flowers it has plundered. Its buzz has been called "a surly hymn," "a booming," "a sleepy tune," "a buglet fine," "a tiresome whine,"



"a business-like hum," "a heartsome melody," "an obstinate drone," "a dull monotone," "a blithe horn," "a homeward roundelay," "the simple baby-soul of singing," "a little aërial horn" and "a grumble." One of the best of the purely descriptive bee poems by Norman Gale, which hums like a hive with its v's and its z's:

"You voluble,  
Velvety,  
Vehement fellows;  
That play on your  
Flying and  
Musical cellos.  
Come out of my  
Foxgloves; come  
Out of my roses,  
You bees with the  
Plushy and  
Plausible noses."—(Bees)

In "King Henry V.," Act I., scene 2, Shakespeare describes at length the government of the hive, which teaches "the art of order to a peopled kingdom," but has the ruler a king instead of a queen.

"In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true  
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?"—Pope.

"Thy arts of building from the bee receive."—Pope

"But they say that bees,  
If any creeping life invade their hive,  
Too gross to be thrust out, will build him round  
And bind him in from harming of their combs."—Tennyson.

"The bees are types of souls that dwell  
With honey in a quiet cell."—Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

"Then the hurry and alarm  
When the bee-hive casts its swarm."—John Keats.

The Bumble-bee takes a prominent place in poetry, because of the well-known stanzas by Emerson:

"Burly, dozing bumble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me,  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid zone,  
Zig-zag steerer, desert-cheerer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher,  
Seeing only what is fair."

Alfred Domett has hit on the apt expression, "the headlong bumble-

bee," Madison Cawein says it is "the drowsy rustle of Summer's skirts," Paul Hayne speaks of its "boom of insect thunder" and Shakespeare observes:

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail."

—Troilus and Cressida.

The Butterfly crowds the Bee close in the poets' favor, for its beauty, its carefree life, its origin, its symbolism, make it a most satisfactory subject. Norman Gale calls it a "miracle of motion," George MacDonald "a stray thought of God," Madison Cawein speaks of their "pansy pinions." Celia Thaxter compares them to "loosened flowers blown off by the wind in play." Other phrases are "the dandy butterfly," "lazy-winged," "giddy," "insect-aërials of the sun," "a stain of crimson," "butterflies like carpets," "mealy-winged," "yellow-winged swimmers," "living crocus beds," "beheaded pansies," "a floating flame," "child of the sun," "exquisite child of the air," "a sumptuous drifting fragment of the sky," "bachelor butterflies," and

"butterflies that bear  
Upon their blue wings such red embers round,  
They seem to scorch the blue air into holes  
Each flight they take."—Mrs. Browning.

"Because the membraned wings  
So wonderful, so wide,  
So sun-diffused, were things  
Like soul, and naught beside."—Robert Browning.

"The butterfly, mysterious trinket,  
Which means the Soul (though few would think it)."  
—Moore.

"The butterfly the ancient Grecians made  
The Soul's fair emblem, and its only name."—Coleridge.

"Flutter he, flutter he, high as he will,  
A butterfly is but a butterfly still."  
—Hartley Coleridge.

"There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly;  
And yet your butterfly was a grub."—Shakespeare.

"for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer."  
—Shakespeare.



"Why Nature made the butterflies,  
(Those dreams of wings that float and hover  
At noon the slumberous poppies over)  
Was something hidden from mine eyes,  
Till once, upon a rock's brown bosom,  
Bright as a thorny cactus-blossom,  
I saw a butterfly at rest."—Lowell.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Joseph Skipsey, Aloysius Call, William Alger, Lucy Larcom, Austin Dobson, Samuel Rogers, Bryant, Lowell, Mary E. Bradley and still others, have composed poems in honor of the insect, and it has been mentioned again and again by the best poets and the most ephemeral rhymers alike. To the entomologist, the word butterfly means any member of the order Lepidoptera, excepting the moths; the order consists of fifty thousand species, yet so far I have found only a very few in the pages of poetry:

"The purple Turnus stills his trembling wing  
To kiss thy golden brim."—H. Felix Cross.  
("To a California Poppy.")

"While two Red Admirals astonished gaze at them."  
—Norman Gale ("Michaelmas Daisies").

"Now 'mourning cloak' takes up her clew  
And dances through the sunny glades."  
—John Burroughs ("April").

"And spun a cradle-cone through which she pricks  
Her passage, and proves peacock-butterfly."—Browning.

"Brave butterfly, what wild ambition filled thy breast  
To leave thy orange-groves and fling on chilling breath  
Of Northern winds thy golden cross? What race unrest  
Hath driven thee here to bravely battle frost and death?"  
—Anon ("To the Giant Swallowtail").

"or become  
The Brimstone-wing, when time of year should suit."  
—Browning.

"butterflies\* of gold and brown  
Who turn from flowers that are more fine, more sweet,  
And crowding eagerly, sink fluttering down  
And hang like jewels flashing in the heat  
Upon thy splendid rounded purple breasts."  
—Helen Hunt Jackson ("Milkweed").  
(\*The Milkweed or Monarch Butterfly, doubtless).

"At noon the roads all flutter  
With yellow\* butterflies."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.  
(\*The roadside Butterfly).

Alfred Noyes, in his poem, "Butterflies," says they were once "fairies plumed with green rainbow-sheen," and being banished

"Now they roam these mortal dells  
Wondering where that happy glade is,  
Painted Ladies,  
Admirals and Tortoise-shells."

And in the next stanza he includes Fritillaries, "like fragments of the skies fringed with Autumn's richest hues." The following quotation no doubt refers to the familiar little members of the genus *Pieris*, of which there are several species:

"Tiny white butterflies (brides, children name them),  
Flicker and glimmer and turn in their flight."

—Mrs. Sangster.

The Moth, though not as popular as the Butterfly, has not been neglected, particular emphasis being placed on the infatuation of the insect for the flame. Thomas Carlyle has a poem on "The Tragedy of the Night-Moth," which alighted on his volume of Goethe:

"With awe she views the candle blazing;  
A universe of fire it seems  
To moth-savante with rapture gazing,  
Or fount whence life and motion streams."

There are "tender speckled moths here dancing seen," "owl-white moths with mealy wings," "wood-moths glimmering into life,"

"Moth's wings, like missals scrolled  
With capitals of gold  
That sombre covers fold,"

"long mantled moths that sleep at noon," "lordly moths of radiant dragon-dyes," and "great dusky moths slow flitting like soft, breeze-tossed snowflakes." Some of the families, genera or species the poets have collected are the following:

"And o'er the darkening heath and wold  
The large ghost-moth doth flit."

—Alexander Smith.

"there luxuriating in heat,  
With slow and gorgeous beat,  
White-winged currant-moths display  
Their spots of black and gold all day."

—Alfred Noyes.



"But move as rich as Emperor-moths."—Tennyson.

"And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,  
The Death's-head-moth was clinging."

—Thomas Hood.

"(a casement) diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes

As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings."—Keats.

"So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,

And labors till it clouds itself all o'er."—Pope.

Pope has the Wife of Bath gaily proclaim "The wasting moth ne'er spoiled my best array," and Erasmus Darwin enjoins the Plume Moth as follows:

"Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumes unfurl,  
Blow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl."

Both the Moth and the Butterfly have not been forgotten in the larval stage:

"And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud."

—Shakespeare.

"Here's a hair-shirted Palmer hard by."

—Caroline Southey.

"The mighty caterpillar,  
Way-muk-kwana, with the bearskin,  
King of all the caterpillars."—Longfellow.

"Fly" is a vague term, as popularly used, since it is applied to many a winged insect which entomologists refuse to class with the Diptera, or true flies. Often it implies the common housefly:

"While mid my page there idly stands,  
A sleepy fly, that rubs his hands."

—Thomas Hardy.

"What! here again! indomitable pest?

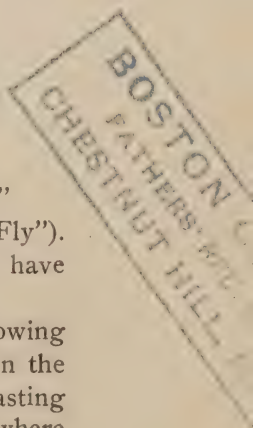
Ten times I've closed my heavy lids in vain  
This early morn to court an hour of sleep;  
For thou, tormentor, constantly dost keep

Thy whizzing tones resounding through my brain,  
Or lightest on my sensitive nose, and there  
Thou trimmest thy wings and shakest thy legs of hair."

—Thomas MacKellar ("To a Troublesome Fly").

Two discriminating observers. Whitman and Browning, have described the insect's entranced sun-dance:

"The setting summer sun shining in my open window, showing the swarm of flies, suspended, balancing in the air in the centre of the room, darting athwart, up and down, casting swift shadows in specks on the opposite wall, where the shine is."—Whitman.



"A broad yellow sunbeam was let fall  
From heaven to earth—a sudden drawbridge lay,  
Along which marched a myriad merry motes,  
Mocking the flies that crossed and recrossed  
In rival dance."—Browning.

Poets are more or less familiar with "the blue-bottle, reviving, buzzing down his native pane," "day-flies skimming o'er the stream," "quick-darting water-flies," bot-flies, gad-flies (which Shakespeare calls a "brize"), moth-flies and flesh-flies.

The references to the Dragon-fly, while not as numerous as one would expect—I have found about forty—are exceptionally beautiful in thought and expression. Tennyson, in "The Two Voices," describes the insect's transformation from the larval state:

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie.  
An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk; from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.  
He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;  
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew  
A living flash of light he flew."

Others have seen "dragon-flies that go burning by," or "hang glittering on the reeds," "aërial things with little rainbows flickering on their wings," "winged spindles, gold and green, born of the morning mists and dew," "like coruscating rays of lapis-lazuli and chrysophrase," "azure dragonflies, silvered, chased and burnished," "of a brassy blue," "like a flash of purple fire," and such pictures as

"Blue burning, vaporous, to and fro  
The dragonflies like arrows go,

Or hang in moveless flight."—George MacDonald.

"Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky."

—D. G. Rossetti.

"The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,  
And tilts against the field  
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent,  
With steel-blue mail and shield."

—Longfellow ("Flower de Luce").

One genus of the dragon-fly order is mentioned by Moore, Brown-ing and Meredith.

"The beautiful blue damsel-flies  
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems  
Like winged flowers or flying gems."—Moore.



“before him, aye aloof,  
Fluttered in the cool some azure damsel-fly  
Born of the simmering quiet, there to die.”

—Browning.

The Midges, Gnats and Mosquitoes would not let themselves be neglected, though the poet has not always found them disagreeable pests. It is the dance of the Midge that the poet has chiefly noted: “The midges dance aboon the burn,” “the midges in their evening dance,” “the midges myriad dance in silent eddying swift,” “midges that scarce in their mazes move,” “current-dancing midges,” and “Meanwhile, there is dancing in yonder green bower

A swarm of young midges. They dance high and low,  
'Tis a sweet little species that lives but one hour,  
And the eldest was born half an hour ago.”

—Robert, Lord Lytton.

In “The Blessed Damozel,” Rossetti uses the expression

“as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.”

By the term “gnat,” European poets usually mean the mosquito, while in America it is applied to small biting flies such as the buffalo gnat and the blackfly. “The persisting sharp horn of the gray gnat” (Owen Meredith, “Lucile”), is really the mosquito’s “small, sharp song,” or “hungry tones”:

“Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn  
Along the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies.”—Keats.

“Fair insect, that with threadlike legs spread out  
And blood-extracting bill and filmy wing  
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail’st about  
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing.”

—Bryant (“To a Mosquito”).

“And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquito, sang his war-song.”

—Longfellow (“Hiawatha”).

“The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream  
When sweetest.”—Alfred Tennyson.

But “the gnats sagging along the air in strings of jet,” and the “speckled gnats stitching the clear dark air that films some nook,” noted by Alice Cary and A. B. Street, are no doubt the buffalo gnats or blackflies which can make life so miserable for one in the moist summer woods, when one must follow Norman Gale’s example and “pluck a dock-leaf for a fan and drive away the constant midge.”

Even such extremely unpoetical insects as the louse and the flea have not been overlooked. Shakespeare says of the former, "it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love," and Burns wrote, upon seeing one of the species on a lady's bonnet at church, the poem containing one of the most widely quoted couplets ever written:

"Oh, wad some power the gift to gie us  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Charles Kingsley takes a fling at Browning's use of any object, no matter how lowly, to illustrate an idea, in "The Invitation":

"Leave to Robert Browning  
Beggars, fleas and vines";

But Hartley Coleridge says:

"A poet's song can memorize a flea;  
The subtle fancy of deep-witted Donne  
The wee phlebotomist descanted on. . . .  
Pasquier, the gravest joker of the age,  
Berhymed La Puce in many a polished page,"

while Dr. Johnson is responsible for:

"Big fleas have little fleas  
Upon their backs to bite 'em;  
And little fleas have lesser fleas,  
And so ad infinitum."

The Glowworm and the Firefly have twinkled through scores of stanzas. Wordsworth, Cowper, Marvell, John Clare, William Sharp, George Arnold, Moore, Samuel Rogers and lesser lights have written poems to one or the other of these insects. Mrs. Browning terms the fireflies "lights of love," Hartley Coleridge writes of "the small, scarce-moving light of the glowworm that keeps her lone lamp burning for her mate," and other poets have seen "glowworms trimming their starry lamps" (Keats), the "Summer's wee night watchmen out, all vigilant and bright," "fireflies that gleam in sudden loops of light," "pale fireflies pulsing within the meadow-mist," "fireflies twinkling their fitful heat-lightnings," "lambent fireflies here and there lighting their jack-o'-lantern show," "thorn-rows alive with lamp-flies, swimming spots of fire and dew" (Browning), "like little lanterns borne by souls of birds and flowers seeking resurrection," "fireflies that suspire in short soft lapses of transported flame across the tinkling dark," "fireflies pulsing forth their rapid gleams," and glowworms that

"went out on the river's brim

Like lamps which a student forgets to trim."—Shelley.

Poets love to brighten their lines with the glowworm's soft light or the firefly's gay dance, and they have drawn many a beautiful lesson from the little flame:



"The little shining firefly in its flight,  
And the immortal star in its great course,  
Must both be guided."—Lord Byron.

"like a glowworm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light."—Shakespeare.

"Our hearts should all like fireflies be,  
And the flash of wit or poesy  
Break forth whenever we choose it."—Moore.

"Tiny Salmoneus of the air,  
His mimic bolts the firefly threw.  
He thought, no doubt, 'those flashes grand,  
That light for leagues the shuddering sky,  
Are made, a fool could understand,

By some superior kind of fly.'"—Lowell.  
"A glowworm in the grass at night shed forth  
Its feeble light, but darkness deepened fast,  
The wee thing did its uttermost to banish night,  
And that forsooth was truest toil, indeed!  
Success in God's clear sight," though in man's wisdom  
Observed by things of sense, 'twas but defeat."  
—Rev. C. C. Woods ("Optimus").

Then there is the Beetle, "panoplied in gems and gold," "with back like hammered brass," "with bronze lacquered shards spotted like a pack of cards," "in mail resplendent with metallic dyes, now golden-green in hue, now purple-black," "gleaming like precious jewels glimmering in the sod," "winding his small but sullen horn," "flinging his burr of sound against the hush," "flopping in the laborer's face," "wheedling his droning flight," or "ever droning near." The choicest of the quotations might be:

"When I was young, they said if you killed one  
Of those sunshiny beetles, that his friend  
(The Sun) would shine no more that day nor next."  
—Browning.

"The sense of death is most in apprehension,  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies."—Shakespeare.  
"Poor hobbling Beetle, needst not haste;  
Should Traveler Traveler thus alarm?  
Pursue thy journey through the waste,  
Not foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what errand grave thou hast,  
 'Small family'—that have not dined?  
 Lodged under pebble, there they fast,  
 Till head of house have raised the wind!"

—Thomas Carlyle.

The Ladybird is the favorite beetle of them all, with about a dozen quotations. Here are two, one based on the well-known child rhyme, and the other hinting that the rhyme is universally known:

"Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home—

The glowworm is lighting her lamp,  
 The dew's falling fast and your fine speckled wings  
 Will flag with the close-clinging damp."

—Caroline Southey.

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away, do,  
 Fly to the mountain and feed upon dew.  
 Feed upon dew, and sleep on a rug,  
 And then run away like a good little bug."

—Chinese Rhyme.

Other kinds of beetles stumbling through the pages of insect poetry are "black beetles rolling their ball on head and tail as if to save their lives," "shining, busy dross," "the Scarabeus in emerald mailed, or spreading wide his funeral wings," "the water-beetle with great blind deaf face," "the ticking wood-worm," the "diamond-beetle darting a thousand dyes from his glassy horns and pearly eyes," and "chrysomela creeping in the sun." Thomas Moore describes "a shadowy throng of ghosts—blown along like cockchafers in high autumnal storms." The Death-Watch is another beetle the poets have seized upon, though for the gruesome legends regarding it rather than for any use or beauty:

"The death-watch tick'd behind the panell'd oak!"—Hood.

"When Fritz was born,

There was a death-watch ticking in the wall."—Arlo Bates.

"Those damp, black, dead

Nights in the Tower; dead—with the fear of death—  
 Too dead ev'n for a death-watch."—Tennyson.

("Queen Mary.")

ALADDIN—Is this thine only chant, ill-boding hermit,

Croaking from rotten clefts and mouldering walls,

Thy burden still of death and of decay?

DEATH-WATCH—Pi, pi, pi

No hope for thee.—Adam G. Oehlenschläger ("Aladdin").

The earwig has not been forgotten, although the references to it



are too brief to be called descriptive. Thomas Hood, in "The Haunted House," says "the keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood." Caroline Southey advises:

"Ladybird, ladybird! make a short shrift,  
Here's Lawyer Earwig to draw up your will."

And Pope declares that "The flatterer an earwig grows."

Next to the Bee, in sagacity and in industry, come the ant tribes that have "brimmed their garners with ripe grain," "scouring and thronging the velvet sward," "making their ado," "brimming their garners with ripe grain," and "whose millions would have end, but they lay up for need a timely store." Ben Johnson bids us

"Turn on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,  
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise,  
No stern command, no monitory voice  
Prescribes her duties or directs her choice;  
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away  
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day,  
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain  
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain."

Edwin Markham has a poem on "Little Brothers of the Ground," which begins:

"Little ants in leafy wood,  
Bound by gentle brotherhood,  
Ye are fraters in your hall,  
Gay and chainless, great and small;  
All are toilers in the field,  
All are sharers in the yield."

Browning observes that

"the hoard  
Of the sagacious ant shows garnered grain  
Ever most abundant when fields afford  
Least pasture."

Will Carlton describes them aptly when he writes of "trim housewife ants with rush uncertain," while King Lear's fool was not so foolish when he said: "We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in winter." Whittier has a poem on the legend of "King Solomon and the Ants." Longfellow, in his poem "To a Child," notes

"Along the garden walks,  
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace,  
And see at every turn how they efface

Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants."

And an unknown poet has recorded

"There the red soldier-ants lie, loll, and lean,  
While the black ones steadily build for their queen."

Both the sting of the wasp and its nest will be found in poetical lines: "the arrow that buzzed and stung him like a wasp"—a letter "wasp-nest gray"—"a little white town stuck like a bleached wasps' nest in the gap of the hills," and so on. T. B. Read, in *The New Pastoral*, gives a most realistic description of the insect:

"And the wasp  
Dropping his long legs, like a flying crane,  
Lights on the flower, and with his ready sting,  
Threats the intruder."

Madison Cawein mentions "the streaked wasps, worrying in and out, darting fretfully and slim" with "drone and drawl;" Robert Browning describes the "cric-cric" of the wasps eating the long coarse papers hung in the fig tree to keep the birds away from the fruit; William Sharp, in a poem on "the Wasp," says:

"Where the ripe pears droop heavily  
The yellow wasp hums loud and long,  
His hot and drowsy autumn song;  
A yellow flame he seems to be,  
When darting suddenly from on high,  
He lights where fallen peaches lie;  
Yellow and black, this tiny thing's  
A tiger-soul on elfin wings."

Thomas B. Read also observes "the yellow-jacket, small and full of spite, bedecked in livery of golden lace, which comes with the fretful arrogance of one who plays the master, though himself a slave." The hornet is called a gray artisan by Whittier, a mason of "peevisish whine" by Madison Cawein; Maurice Thompson mentions *Vespa maculata* in one of his poems—"The white-faced hornet hurtles by"—and Charles Harper in a poem on "A Midsummer Noon in the Australian Forest," devotes several lines to what is probably some native species of the family:

"Only there's a drowsy humming  
From yon lagoon slow-coming,  
'Tis the dragon-hornet—See!  
All bedaubed resplendently



Yellow on a tawny ground—  
Each rich spot not square nor round,  
Rudely heart-shaped, as it were  
The blurred and hasty impress there  
Of a vermeil-crusted seal  
Dusted o'er with golden meal."

The marked peculiarity of the Ichneumon Fly, whose larvæ are for the most part internal parasites on the larvæ of other insects, and particularly devoted to caterpillars, is put into verse—more scientific than poetical, however—by Erasmus Darwin, in his long rhymed discourse on "The Origin of Society:"

"The wing'd Ichneumon for her embryo young  
Gores with sharp horn the caterpillar throng,  
The cruel larva mines its silky course,  
And tears the vitals of its fostering nurse."

When the English Sparrow was introduced into this country, it was expected that a general holocaust of all Insecta would speedily follow, and Bryant wrote a very enthusiastic welcome to the bird:

"The army-worm and the Hessian fly,  
And the dreaded canker worm shall die,  
And the thrip and the slug and the fruitmoth seek  
In vain to escape that busy beak,  
And fairer harvests shall crown the year,  
For the Old-World Sparrow at last is here."

But when the bird proved entirely worthless as an insect-eater, Isaac McClellan aptly complained in a long poem pleading for "The Death of the Last English Sparrow," declaring that

"These foreign invaders all scorn'd a fat slug,  
Scorn'd army-worm, Hessian-fly, forest-moth, bug."

The Cricket's audibleness endears it to the poets, and almost without exception the references to this insect deal with its music-making powers. Archibald Lampman finds in "that friendly, homely, haunting speech the perfect utterance of content and ease." Helen Maria Winslow declares that "the cricket's soft refrain with mellow accents tells the tale that August's here again." Celia Thaxter terms it "tremulous music that cleaves the drowsy air." To Madison Cawein it is "the peevish cricket with a creaking cry" and "the tireless cricket that keeps picking its rusty and monotonous lute."

"The cricket doles out a monotonous song

To the hours as they noiselessly saunter along."—H. J. Bright.

"The homely crickets gossip at my feet."—Archibald Lampman.

"The cricket chirps like a rare good fellow."—Celia Thaxter.

"The cricket tells straight on his simple thought,

Nay, 'tis the cricket's way of being still."—Sidney Lanier.

"The cricket chirps all day,

'Oh, fairest Summer, stay'."—George Arnold.

The song is variously described as "a tiny bell," "tinkling chips of sound," "chisel-fine and thin," "a cumulate cry," "a drowsy trill," "a dismal song," a "long, monotonous serenade," but Alfred B. Street comes the nearest to telling outright how the sound is made when he says "the cricket scrapes its riblike bars." There are several poems to the cricket; here are stanzas culled from two of them:

"Piper with the rusty quill,  
Fifing on a windy hill,  
In a dusty coat;  
Saddened by the fading glow  
Softer measures seem to flow  
From thy russet throat.  
Perched amid the withered grass,  
Like a friar singing mass  
O'er the bossoms dead,  
Hauntingly, a note of woe  
Echoes from thy tremolo  
Mourning beauty fled."—Eli Shepherd.

"One, or a thousand voices—filling noon

With such an undersong and drowsy chant

As songs in ears that waken from a swoon

Single, then double beats, reiterant;

Far off, and near; one ceaseless, changeless tune.

—Edward R. Sill.

Browning, whose nature observations are always unique, has Saul play for David "the tune that makes the crickets elate till for boldness they fight one another," and Hamlin Garland writes of them with a farmer-boy's recollection of stacking time:

"While dropping crickets patter 'round me, shaken down

In flying showers from wind-tossed yellow grain."

The House Cricket is the favorite species of the tribe, with twenty-four quotations all to itself, eight complete poems, and praise from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Milton, Herrick, Leigh Hunt, W. C. Bennett, Goldsmith, Tennyson, Keats, Shakespeare, Byron, Cowper, James Hogg, and the minor poets. It is the symbol of domesticity, and homely comfort, and is beloved for its devotion to the fireside.



One poet quotes a legend to the effect that the cricket is a friend "that with the power of mystic sway doth bless the hearth where it loves to dwell." Herrick does not find country life unpleasant, if one's humble roof can yet "maintain a quire of singing crickets by the fire." Henry S. Cornwell exults:

"Without, November's tempests roar,  
The maniac wind assaults the door,  
But what care I how wild it be,  
So Fate sends comrade such as thee."

William Cowper calls it "Little inmate, full of mirth, always har-binger of good, paying for thy warm retreat with a song more soft and sweet," and promises "in return thou shalt receive such a strain as I can give." Hartley Coleridge assures this "merry whistler of the hearth" that he misses its "shrill monotony of mirth what time the grate is stuffed with arid moss." Leigh Hunt and John Keats each have a poem comparing the Grasshopper and the Cricket, in which occur these poetical gems:

"The poetry of earth is ceasing never;  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills."—Keats.

"And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Tick the glad silent moments as they pass."—Leigh Hunt.

After reading a few of these tributes to the House Cricket, one is ready to believe the folk-lore warning "to kill a cricket in the house will make the roof fall down on one's head." It ought to bring about such a catastrophe.

Three other kinds of crickets have been mentioned in the following lines:

"Pale *tree cricket* with his bell  
Ringing ceaselessly and well,  
Sounding silver to the brass  
Of his cousin in the grass."—Bliss Carmen.

"And in the grass-grown ruts—where stirs  
The harmless snake—*mole-crickets* sound  
Their fairy dulcimers."—Madison Cawein.

"The frail *leaf-cricket* in the weeds rings a faint fairy bell."

—Madison Cawein.

"I see thee quaintly  
 Beneath the leaf; thy shell-shaped winglets faintly—  
 (As thin as spangle  
 Of cobweb rain)—held up at airy angle."—Madison Cawein.  
 —("The Leaf-Cricket.")

As for the Grasshopper, merry as the day is long and caring not a whit for the morrow, he is every bit as popular as the cricket, and praised as highly. The Greek poets were fond of writing tributes to various singing insects, and though it is now believed the musicians they praised were certain tree-crickets something like our *Katydid*, in translation the insects have been turned into grasshoppers. One of these odes, by the lyric poet Anacreon, has been translated by Moore, Cowley and Cowper. The ode declares the insect blest of all creation, the envy of the happiest kings, beloved of mankind, and happy to the end. A comparison of the various translations is interesting; here is the first half of each:

"O thou, of all creation blest,  
 Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest  
 Upon the wildwood's leafy tops,  
 To drink the dew that morning drops,  
 And chirp thy song with such a glee  
 That happiest kings may envy thee,  
 Whatever decks the velvet field,  
 Whate'er the circling seasons yield,  
 Whatever buds, whatever blows,  
 For thee it buds, for thee it grows.  
 Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,  
 To him they friendly notes are dear."—(Moore's tr.)  
 "Happy insect! what can be  
 In happiness compared to thee?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy morning's gentle wine,  
 Nature waits upon thee still  
 And thy verdant cup does fill;  
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,  
 Nature's self thy *Ganymede*.  
 Thou dost dance, and thou dost sing,  
 Happier than the happiest king!  
 All the fields which thou dost see,  
 All the plants belong to thee!  
 All that summer hours produce  
 Fertile made with early juice;



Man for thee doth sow and plough;  
Farmer he, and landlord thou!"—(Cowley's tr.)  
"Thee it satisfies to sing  
Sweetly the return of spring;  
Herald of the genial hours,  
Harming neither herbs nor flowers.  
Therefore man thy voice attends  
Gladly—thou and he are friends."—(Cowper's tr.)

Keats, Leigh Hunt, Rene Rapin, Richard Lovelace, Tennyson, Madison Cawein, Edith M. Thomas, Walter Hart and others have tuned their pens to praise the grasshopper, not so much in imitation of the ancient Greeks as because the insect merits such honors:

"The poetry of earth is never dead;  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.  
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury—he has never done  
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed."  
—John Keats.

"Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass."  
—Leigh Hunt.

"O thou, that on the grassy bed  
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,  
Declinest soft, and tun'st thy song,  
The dewy herbs and leaves among."—Rene Rapin.  
"O thou, that swing'st upon the waving ear  
Of some well-filled oaten beard,  
Drunk every night with a delicious tear  
Drooped thee from heaven, where now thou'rt reared."  
—Richard Lovelace.

"Voice of the summer wind,  
Joy of the summer plain,  
Life of the summer hours,  
A gallant cavalier,  
Sans peur et sans reproche,  
In sunlight and in shadow,  
The Bayard of the meadow."—Tennyson.

"What joy you take in making hotness hotter,  
 In emphasizing dullness with your buzz,  
 Making monotony more monotonous!  
 You tramp of insects, vagrant, and unheeding,  
 Improvident, who of the summer make  
 One long green mealtime, and for winter take  
 No care, aye singing or just merely feeding."

—Madison Cawein.

"Shuttle of the sunburnt grass,  
 Fifer in the dun cuirass,  
 Fifing shrilly in the morn,  
 Shrilly still at eve unworn."—Edith M. Thomas.

"Ever wandering far from home,  
 Mindless of the days to come,  
 (Such as aged winter brings  
 Trembling on his icy wings)  
 Both alike at last we die,  
 Thou art starved, and so am I!"—Walter Harte.

It is noticeable that some of these poems have the same meter as the translations of Anacreon's ode, implying that the poet was inspired by his famous predecessor as well as the famous subject. Some of the descriptive phrases found in other poems are: "the vaulting grasshopper of glossy green," "the laureate of peace," "green little dervish dancing forever in Allah's smile of joy," "small bridegroom of June," "high-elbow'd grig," "contumacious" and

"The tender grasshopper. . .  
 That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,  
 Makes merry chirrupings in its grassy nest,  
 Inspirited with dew to leap and sing."—Thomas Hood.

As for his music, it "drills the ears of silence," "files the stillness," "spins a small innumerable sound," "clacks loud in whirring peals," and

"All day long in the penny-roy'l,  
 The grasshoppers at their anvils toil;  
 Thick click of their tireless hammers thrum,  
 And the wheezy belts of their bellows hum;  
 Tinkers who solder the silence and heat  
 To make the loneliness more complete."

—Madison Cawein.

Other musical insects met in poetical lines are the locust, the cicada and the katydid. They are treated much as the grasshopper, being praised for their light-heartedness and merry din, or condemned therefore, according to the mood of the poet. The locust is the

"pulse-beat of the summer day," a "tangible tune of heat," the "shrill-crying child of summer's heat."

"Art thou a rattle that Monotony,  
Summer's dull nurse, old sister of slow Time,  
Shakes for Day's peevish pleasure, who in glee  
Takes its discordant music for sweet rhyme?  
Or oboe that the Summer Noontide plays,  
Sitting with Ripeness 'neath the orchard-tree,  
Trying repeatedly the same shrill phrase,  
Until the musky peach with weariness  
Drops, and the hum of murmuring bees grows less?"

—Cawein.

Locust's music is a "drowsy song," "feeble song," "strident shrilling," "loud shrill drum," "melancholy hurdy-gurdy" and a trumpet, an oboe, a fife, a flute, a rattle, a cymbal—indeed, the insect seems a whole orchestra in itself. Some, too, remember the insect's devastating habits:

"I hear the rustling pattering of locusts, as they strike  
The grain and grass with the showers of their terrible clouds."

—Whitman.

"Onward they come, a dark continuous cloud  
Of congregated myriads numberless."—Southey.

The cicada, termed "shrill" by ten different poets, is not found as versatile as the locust, although he "rings his triangle with sudden jingling sound," "strikes his lyre," "beats madly on his tiny brass," "saws the empty air," "clitters," "carols," "clangs," "crackles," "clacks," and "whirs."

"O zithern-winged musician, whence it came  
I wonder, this insistent song of thine!"

—C. G. D. Roberts.

Mrs. Browning calls them "those insufferable cicale, sick and hoarse with rapture of the summer heat, that sing, like poets, till their hearts break."

"The shrill cicada, far and near,  
Piped on his high exultant third;  
Summer! Summer! He seems to say—  
Summer! He knows no other word,  
But trills on it the livelong day;  
The little hawker of the green,  
Who calls his wares through all the forest scene."

—Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

—(A Spring Afternoon, New Zealand.)



"The harvest-fly, with sudden jingling sound,  
Rings his triangle in the drowsy trees,  
He bids us note wan Summer drifting by,  
Her robe scarce stirring in the languid breeze."

—Belle A. Hitchcock.

Oliver Wendell Holmes probably did not set the fashion of quizzing Katydid in rhyme, as Philip Freneau also wrote a poem "To the Catydid:"

"In her suit of green arrayed,  
Hear her singing in the shade—  
Caty-did, Caty-did, Caty-did!"—Freneau.

Walt Whitman is usually scientific as well as poetical, but he, too, errs in the use of "her," when it is the males alone that possess stridulating organs: "the katydid works her chromatic reed on the walnut-tree over the well," says Whitman, and Holmes teases:

"Thou art a female, Katydid!  
I know it by the trill  
That quivers through thy piercing note  
So petulant and shrill."

In my collection of twelve hundred and more quotations, gathered in the course of my reading, under the head of Insects, there are only about one hundred different kinds of insects mentioned. However, there are some few unique species to be encountered in the lines of a poem, such as:

"On stagnant pools, where we could watch  
The water scorpions wade,  
The caddis walk in shell-stuck thatch  
Beneath the alder's shade."—Anon.  
"If He who laid down land and sea  
Still feeds the shrimp and trains the bee,  
Follows the hawkmoth's devious chase,  
The lacefly's dainty fluttering glance."—Emily Lawless.  
"Sweeping the frothfly from the fescue."—Tennyson.

"Oared by the boatman's spider's pair of arms."—Browning.

"The Toad told the Devil's-Coach-Horse,  
Who cocked up his tail at the news."—Owen Meredith.

"That pest of the gardens, the little Turk,  
Who signs with the crescet his wicked work,  
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall."—Bryant.

But the poets have by no means taken full advantage of the supplies to be found in entomology. Here is a vast field for the nature-loving rhymester to explore, for there is many a little creature in the

insect world which, studied carefully while about its daily duties, could yield the poet fresh subject-matter. Not that his knowledge of insects need be scientific—only that his observation be keen and unbiased and his report sympathetic and artistic. For whenever the poet has seen beauty, or observed interesting individuals, or discovered apt parallels, in the insect world, his entomology has stood him in good stead and his stock-in-trade richly increased thereby.

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## NEWMAN'S CRITERIA OF HISTORICAL EVOLUTION.

THE object of this paper is not to dilate upon the well-known fact that Newman's conversion was effected chiefly by the doctrine of development described in his "Essay on Development," but rather to take that doctrine for granted and to inquire into the validity of Newman's interpretation of the phenomena of development. Newman's own words seem to invite us to probe into his account of development. For he says in the "Apologia pro Vita Sua": "I saw that the principle of development not only accounted for certain facts, but was in itself a remarkable philosophical phenomenon" (p. 198). Now a philosophical phenomenon ought to be examined critically and reasons given for its validity. There ought to be historical criteria to distinguish true from false historical developments just as there are in criteriology criteria to distinguish truth from error. Newman recognized perhaps better than we do the foregoing considerations and has laid down in the "Essay on Development" seven notes or criteria that help us to distinguish true developments from false.

The seven notes are: Preservation of Type; Continuity of Principles; Power of Assimilation; Logical Sequence; Anticipation of Its Future; Conservative Action on Its Past; Chronic Vigor. Certain opponents of Newman have dubbed these notes "apriori." On the contrary Newman's categories are almost biological and his entire account of the phenomena of development is aposteriori. That Newman's leanings on history were rigidly aposteriori can be gauged from his summary rejection of the apriori theory of Comte, which was in vogue during the middle years of the last century. In the opening pages of his "Mission of St. Benedict," Newman calls the metaphysical theory of history set forth by Comte "a heartless view of life." And on every page of the "Essay on Development," he reinforces his generalizations with a wealth of facts. "Apriori" is the last word that could come into the mind of anybody who has really studied Newman. Newman himself lived up to what he said in the "Grammar of Assent": "Let particulars come first and universals second." He did not cast the facts of church history into a hard, preconceived mould; first he spent laborious years on the data of his inquiry, the writings of the Latin and Greek fathers, and then he let the facts suggest the seven notes that he found to distinguish only one organism in the world of ideas and of practice, the Catholic Church.

Preservation of Type is the first note of a true development. Newman meets the objection of those who allege great external changes in the Catholic Church as destroying Preservation of Type



by a biological analogy. The butterfly, though externally very different from the grub, is its development. But the spiritual Preservation of Type is a far greater matter than mere external likeness. And neither the friends nor the enemies of the Church to-day deny that it has preserved the very type of the Church of the Catacombs. The recognition of Preservation of Type by the enemies of the Church makes the first criterion of Newman all the more conclusive. The language of Tacitus, Pliny, Suetonius and Julian the Apostate in regard to the Catholic Church is easily paralleled by utterances of Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw and the reviews of the day. The finest pages in the "Essay on Development" is the historical proof drawn from the works of enemies of the Church of the identity of type which has persisted from the Church of the first centuries into the Church of the twentieth. Newman confines his description of Preservation of Type in the Church principally to the political side of the Church. Had he included the devotional and doctrinal side of Preservation of Type he could easily have written an entire volume on that one criterion.

The second note of a true development instanced by Newman is Continuity of Principles. Of the many principles of Christianity Newman selects ten as especially energetic in the Latin and Greek Churches. They are the principles of dogma, faith, theology, sacraments, the mystical sense of Scripture, grace, asceticism, the malignity of sin, the sanctificability of matter and the development of doctrine. Newman contented himself with illustrating only four of the ten principles, viz.: faith, theology, the mystical sense of Scripture and dogma.

The most obvious of these marks especially to those outside the Church to-day is that of dogma, and so it may claim consideration to the exclusion of the other principles. Magazines and pseudo-theological volumes to-day fairly reek with the illogical assertion that "Dogmas don't count; it does not matter what a nation believes if it acts justly." It is hard to see how non-Catholics can keep repeating such absurdities about the dogmas of the immortality of the soul, the heinousness of sin, the necessity of justice and charity when they have before their eyes the example of a great nation ruined by neglecting these dogmas and by following after the anti-Christian dogmas of a man like Nietzsche. But however illogical the modern critics of Catholic dogma are they at least testify to the principle of the Continuity of Principles and thus they validate in a positive way Newman's second criterion.

The same criterion is proved from the negative side by the history of the various heresies comprised under the general name of Protestantism. If continuity of principles, especially continuity of

dogmas is a mark of life then it ought to be true that a lack of continuity of principles will characterize a body that is moribund and decaying. Lack of continuity of principles or lack of any definite principles at all is a mark of Protestantism; and decay is a condition in which the present day varieties of Protestantism are languishing.

A short historical snapshot at the course Protestantism has run will show that it has entered the last stages of dissolution. It began with everything in its power. All the Northern nations except Ireland, the uncorrupt one, cut loose from the bark of Peter. Protestantism was established. Catholicism was banished. With the monopoly of education, wealth and public opinion thus held securely, Protestantism should, according to all human calculations, have swept the world. Yet like all heresies its influence has steadily waned from the middle of the sixteenth century. It no longer has the adhesion of certain great princes and princelings who are "in malo odore" with the rest of the world. It has been dis-established in Ireland and Germany. It no longer has a monopoly in England, once its greatest stronghold. To point to the history of Protestantism is to validate Newman's criterion of Continuity of Principles.

Power of Assimilation is Newman's third and it seems to me, his most cogent criterion of the vitality of an institution. The Catholic Church has assimilated so many various ingredients without in the least changing in substantials that we cannot escape the conclusion that she is the only imperishable organic society in the world. A dead system of rules and formulæ can no more assimilate new ideas or give new expression to old ones than a laboratory mechanism can select and utilize foreign materials to build itself up into a living being. Let us confine ourselves to the intellectual materials that the Church has assimilated. The early Church was built upon a foundation of unlettered men. St. Paul, the late arrival in the apostolate, had a good education, but in more than one place he disparages the same. Yet within one hundred years the Church has assimilated the best Greek and Roman culture of her day. By the time St. Augustine has finished his "*De Civitate Dei*" the Church has elaborated the philosophy of Alexandria and has completely absorbed the best elements of Platonism. By the end of the thirteenth century Aristotelianism, the antagonist pagan philosophy, has been assimilated together with many Arabian ideas from Spain. By the end of the sixteenth century the Church has eliminated the poison and extracted the honey of the Renaissance. By the end of the nineteenth century the Church had refined out whatever gold was contained in the crude ore of the Higher Criticism. Finally the Church has

partially assimilated and is gradually appropriating anything valuable in modern science. Yet every one of these intellectual movements was in its day heralded as the end of the Catholic Church.

The proof of the criterion of assimilation from the negative viewpoint is also furnished by the history of Protestantism. Protestantism is an intellectual wreck. Then if Newman's criterion is true we ought to find that Protestantism has no power of assimilation. This is just what history shows us. Protestantism contracted its first fatal illness in trying to digest the Higher Criticism. Modernism and the various brands of so-called liberal theology have almost finished whatever the Higher Criticism left.

Logical Sequence is the fourth note of a true development. Newman links up the central idea of the "Grammar of Assent," implicit reasoning, with his analysis of the note of Logical Sequence. He shows how "An idea under one or other of its aspects grows in the mind by remaining there; it becomes familiar and distinct, and is viewed in its relations; it leads to other aspects, and these again to others, subtle, recondite, original, according to the character, intellectual and moral, of the recipient and thus a body of thought is gradually formed without his recognizing what is going on within him" (*Essay on Devel.* page 190). Logic is finally used to make explicit the connections between ideas which had merely been implicit.

Among the instances of Logical Sequence given by Newman that of the monastic rule is the most noteworthy, because the final form of monasticism differs so radically in externals from the original form. Yet the sequence of ideas is rigidly logical.

Monasticism, strange as it may seem, followed upon a consideration of post-baptismal sin. Post-baptismal sin, pardons, penances that had a definite limit and finally penance without any definite limit or a state of penance as such. That is the series which led to the first monastic institutions, the hermits of the desert. Search the history of monasticism and it may seem that the original idea of penance is being obscured as time goes on. But a closer view discloses the fact that it is merely the kind of penance that is changing. The hermits of the desert practised great corporal austerities. The Benedictines perhaps did not do so much in this line. But who will say that their laborious reclamation of waste lands, their magnificent charities, their agriculture, their copying of manuscripts was not a severe penance? Who will say that there was no mortification of spirit and flesh in the heroic social work of the Franciscans or in their defense of Catholic truth? Did the Dominicans do no penance when they taught and wrote their monumental "summae" in defense of Catholic truth? The final stage of monasticism as exemplified



in the Jesuits may seem to be a life without penance. But this is what Newman says of it. "Yet it may fairly be questioned, whether, in an intellectual age, when freedom both of thought and of action is so dearly prized, a greater penance can be devised for the soldier of Christ than the absolute surrender of judgment and will to the command of another." (Essay on Development, page 399.)

Newman calls his fifth criterion of a true development Anticipation of its Future. By this he means that "instances of a development which is to come, though vague and isolated, may occur from the very first, though a lapse of time be necessary to bring them to perfection. And since developments are in great measure only aspects of the idea from which they proceed, and all of them are natural consequences of it, it is often a matter of accident in what order they are carried out in individual minds, and it is in no wise strange that here and there definite specimens of advanced teaching should very early occur, which in the historical course are not found till a late day. The fact, then, of such early or recurring intimations of tendencies which afterwards are fully realized, is a sort of evidence that those later and more systematic fulfilments are only in accordance with the original idea." (Essay on Development, p. 195.)

Monasticism supplies us with the most striking illustration of the early stages of an institution anticipating its future stages. Manual labor was certainly more prominent in early monasticism than study of any kind. "Yet," says Newman, "it is remarkable that St. Pachomius, the first author of a monastic rule, enjoined a library in each of his houses, and appointed conferences and disputations three times a week on religious subjects, interpretation of Scripture, or points of theology. St. Basil, the founder of Monachism in Pontus, one of the most learned of the Greek Fathers, wrote his theological treatises in the intervals of agricultural labor. St. Jerome, the author of the Latin versions of Scripture, lived as a poor monk in a cell at Bethlehem. These, indeed, were but exceptions in the character of early Monachism; but they suggest its capabilities and anticipate its history." (Essay on Development, pages 197-8.)

Conservative Action on its Past is the sixth note which Newman assigns to a true development. For it is evident that a development that destroys or reverses previous developments of the original idea is not a true development, but a false one or a corruption. Newman adduces the doctrine of the Incarnation and the devotion to the Blessed Virgin as examples of developments that have always conserved and never contradicted former developments. But he does not allude to the institution of Monasticism which he had used to

such advantage in former criteria. And Monasticism, it seems to me, is a wonderful example of an institution that has ever developed with a conservative action on its past.

Corporal penance, manual labor and a striving after individual perfection were some of the prominent aims of early Monasticism. Then spiritual and temporal aid to those outside the cloister rose into prominence. Next intellectual labors in behalf of the Church gained over manual labor. In the last or modern age of Monasticism, which we may date from the close of the Middle Ages, works of social reform like the Jesuit Reductions, great educational works like those of the Jesuits, Christian Brothers, Sulpicians, Dominicans and Benedictines have taken a prominent part. In addition to these varied works, missionary activities of vast scope have engaged all religious orders and congregations. Yet none of these later developments has destroyed or reversed previous developments of Monasticism. Penance, manual labor, intellectual defenses of the Church, social reforms, educational and missionary works coexist harmoniously in modern Monasticism. Eloquently indeed, does Newman speak of this orderly development: "What the Catholic Church once has had, she never has lost. She has never wept over or been angry with, time gone and over. Instead of passing from one stage of life to another, she has carried her youth and middle age along with her, on to her latest time. She has not changed possessions but accumulated them, and has brought out of her treasure house, according to the occasion, things new and old. She did not lose Benedict by finding Dominic; and she has still both Benedict and Dominic at home, though she has become the mother of Ignatius." (*Hist. Sketches*, Vol. II., page 369.)

The negative proof for Newman's sixth criterion is suggested by the history of Protestantism. Its later developments have often destroyed instead of conserving its earlier ones, have often contradicted them instead of affirming them. The present movement for unity in Protestantism is an instance in point. It practically contradicts the initial idea of Protestantism which is private judgment. According to this principle Protestants ought to welcome diversity of doctrines and scoff at unity as their sixteenth century progenitors did. Because diversity of doctrine indicates that different people are exercising their right of private judgement and thus developing their religion according to its first principle. Another contradictory development or rather a corruption of Protestantism is its doctrine that it matters not what one believes if he acts rightly. The original Protestant doctrine laid all the insistence on believing while it disparaged works or definite acts of worship.

Chronic Vigour is the last criterion of a true development. A corruption cannot be chronic. "A corruption," says Newman, "if vigorous, is of brief duration, runs itself out quickly, and ends in death; on the other hand, if it lasts, it fails in vigor and passes into a decay."

The following paragraph is Newman's account of the note of Chronic Vigour as exemplified in the Catholic Church. "When we consider the succession of ages during which the Catholic system has endured, the severity of the trials it has undergone, the sudden and wonderful changes without and within which have befallen it, the incessant mental activity and the intellectual gifts of its maintainers, the enthusiasm which it has kindled, the fury of the controversies which have been carried on among its professors, the impetuosity of the assaults made upon it, the ever-increasing responsibilities to which it has been committed by the continuous development of its dogmas, it is quite inconceivable that it should not have been broken up and lost, were it a corruption of Christianity. Yet it is still living, if there be a living religion or philosophy in the world; vigorous, energetic, persuasive, progressive; *Vires Acquirat Eundo*; it grows and is not overgrown; it spreads out yet is not enfeebled; it is ever germinating yet ever consistent with itself. Corruptions indeed are to be found which sleep and are suspended; and these, as I have said, are usually called "decays;" such is not the case with Catholicity; it does not sleep, it is not stationary even now; and that its long series of developments should be corruptions would be an instance of sustained error, so novel, so unaccountable, so preternatural, as to be little short of a miracle and to rival those manifestations of Divine Power which constitute the evidence of Christianity. We sometimes view with surprise and awe the degree of pain and disarrangement which the human frame can undergo without succumbing; yet at length there comes an end. Fevers have their crisis, fatal or favorable; but this corruption of a thousand years, if corruption it be, has ever been growing nearer death, yet never reaching it, and has been strengthened, not debilitated by its excesses." (Essay on Devel., pp. 437-8.)

Such are in brief outline Newman's seven criteria of historical evolution, so valid, so original and so true to the facts of the history of the Christian era that they put Newman into the forefront of philosophical historians. The historical theories of Hegel and Comte are in comparison with that enunciated in the "Essay on Development," unreal, inflexible and apriori.

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## SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.

**F**EW corners of Europe are more interesting to the student traveller and lover of art than Spain. It is one of three peninsulas stretching southward—the other two being Greece and Italy—all of which have contributed richly to the art of the world.

Unfortunately this Iberian peninsula has been either so ignored or misrepresented that we gain little adequate or accurate knowledge of it from works devoted to a study of its institutions and people. There have not been many Havelock Ellises, William Miller Colliers, Elizabeth Boyle O'Reillys and Mrs. Villier-Wardells whose scholarly and sympathetic pens have done full justice to the land of the Cid and Don Quixote. Little narrow racial or religious views have ordinarily too much prevailed in the general assessment of Spain and its people, coloring and distorting the warp and woof of truth. Indeed it would not be so bad if these tourists who write about Spain would relate simply what they saw and base their impressions upon truth and fact. But many of them have marvelous imaginations and keep a splendid supply of prejudice always on tap. Then when they commit to manuscript their thoughts and ideas about Spain most of these thoughts and ideas are fashioned in little chambers of their mind where the sunlight of truth has never penetrated and where their spirits have long worshipped at an altar of error and misrepresentation.

Spain in its contribution to civilization is so many sided and complex that we are likely to miss much in its life and much in the treasury of its accomplishment if we study it with a narrow vision or within the confines of a single era. The glories of its achievement under the Roman Empire alone are dazzling.

As a Roman Province Spain cradled many more eminent men than did Gaul. Here in the municipium of Italica, which is but a few miles from modern Seville, the Roman Emperors Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius were born. The two Senecas, father and son, were born at Cordova, as was also Lucan. Martial and Quintilian were born almost the same year, A. D. 43, in Spain, while a few centuries later Prudentius, the earliest of Christian poets, was born A. D. 348 at Tarragona.

It should be further noted that towards the close of the Roman Empire when the Latin language became corrupt in Rome, Roman Senators from the province of Spain delivered orations in the purest Latin in the Forum Assembly in Rome. Another thing worth noting in the long history of Spain and the flowering of its civilization is

that while it has not contributed to the world's roll call of genius as many illustrious names as England, France or Italy, its great men and women tower above those of every other land and thus give Spanish genius a distinction worthy of a people whose greatness has been coeval with the eras of the Roman Empire, the migration of the nations to rooting of feudalism, the building of universities and cathedrals and the heroic stories of New World discoveries.

Let us here examine for a moment what claim Spain has to this unique distinction. Is it not true that St. Isidore, philosopher and scholar of Seville, next to Bacthius and Cassiodorus exercised most influence upon the culture and civilization of the Middle Ages? What woman in all literature or in the spiritual world has exercised a greater influence than the great mystic St. Teresa? What saint in the Church has organized such an army, spiritual and intellectual as St. Ignatius of Loyola? What painter has ever approached that supreme artist Velasquez? And can it be denied that Cervantes' "Don Quixote" is the world's most typical novel? Surely neither Fielding nor Scott, nor Thackeray nor Balzac, nor Victor Hugo nor Goethe has written any such world novel as "Don Quixote." And then when we turn to the drama we find the Spanish Shakespeare in Calderon, whose "Life is a Dream" is a Spanish "Hamlet," "No Monster Like Jealousy," a Spanish "Othello" and "The Wonderful Magician," a Spanish "Faust." On the political side, the history of Spain is the history of a vicissitude of fortunes. In succession to its shores have come Phoenician, Celt, Roman, Visigoth and Moor. Its oldest city, Cadiz, founded by the Tyrians was a centre of trade and commerce many centuries before Rome was fashioned upon the banks of the Tiber.

At the time of the Moorish invasion of Spain, A. D. 710, three dialects prevailed in Spain—Catalonian, Gallego and Castilian. Of these three dialects, owing to the political fortunes of Castile, the Castilian tongue in time became the language of literary Spain, just as the dialect of Tuscany, through the genius of Dante became the literary language of Italy and the dialect of the Isle de France became the literary language of all France. The Catalonian dialect is practically the same as the Provençal language that obtains in the south of France and which in recent years has received such an impetus from the work of the Felilves, the most distinguished of whom was the poet Mistral.

The Gallego dialect which prevails to-day in Galicia is closely related to the Portuguese language, which by the way among all the Romance languages, most closely resembles the Latin tongue.

Of course the Moorish occupation of Spain for nearly eight hun-

dred years left its impress upon its civilization. It could not be otherwise. Many customs that prevail to-day among Spaniards may be traced back to not only the Moors, but even to the Visigoths, such for instance as that national pastime—the bull fight.

Spain is indeed a land of anomalies and contrasts—much more than any other country in Europe; and these contrasts are evident in the physical, intellectual and moral order. In nature in Spain there is a violent contrast. Just as Norway and Africa meet in the Spanish climate and Visigoths and Moors in the Spanish people, so Flanders and Venice meet in Spanish painting.

The dominant note in the Spanish temperament is undoubtedly character. Nowhere else in Europe have I found such individuality of character as in Spain. This it is in Spanish genius, too, that has given us the work of a St. Teresa, a St. Ignatius of Loyola, a Velasquez and a Cervantes, so individual and so supremely great. Spain politically reached the zenith of her power during the sixteenth century, but her golden age in literature fills the century from 1550 to 1650. At the time of the battle of Lepanto, which was fought in 1571, the Spanish soldiery on both land and sea was the finest in Europe.

Of course the beginning of Spain's greatness dates from the final expulsion of the Moors and the discovery of America by Columbus. Then by the time Charles I. became Emperor under the title of Charles V., Spain had already extended her arms in conquest over Naples and Sicily and the conquest of Mexico, Peru and Chile in the New World followed. Under Phillip II., towards the close of the sixteenth century the Spanish monarchy attained its greatest extent, including in its conquest the occupation of Portugal.

At the close of the fifteenth century, when Ferdinand and Isabella occupied the Spanish throne, while Spain was behind Italy in social and literary development, she was in advance of both England and France.

As regards Spanish influences upon Shakespeare, there is but little evidence of this in his plays. It is generally recognized, however, that the great dramatist was indebted to Spanish sources for the two characters of Proteus and Julia.

It should be noted too that religion, honor and knightly courtesies were the three centres upon which Spanish civilization revolved during the Middle Ages, and these three enter into the literature of the time. It was this period of Spanish life which gave us the greatest epic of the Middle Ages, "*El Cid Campeador*" or Lord Champion. (for the word "*Cid*" is derived from the Arabic word "*Said*," which means lord or conqueror).



Of course this Lord Champion of the Moors was Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, who was born at Burgos in Northern Spain, 1026, and died at Valencia in 1100. He was a contemporary of William the Conqueror in England, and though an attempt was made during the eighteenth century to prove the "Cid" a mythical character, it has been settled beyond a doubt that Rodrigo Diaz de Bevar was the hero of Spain's great epic "*El Romancero del Cid*," and this fact will remain indisputable for all time. The remains of the great hero of the Cid were brought to San Pedro de Cardeña near Burgos, but after many vicissitudes were translated to the city hall of Burgos where they rest to-day.

There is perhaps no other country in Europe, save it be the late Empire of Austria, that is so diverse in its racial composition as Spain. There is little in common, either in ideals or language, between the people of Catalonia, Galicia, Basque, Castile and Andalusia. Yet Spain is a united kingdom. The Catalons with their genius for industry, their practical outlook and their race pride, would, it is true, like to set up independent housekeeping and have more than once indicated this to the rest of Spain.

But after all it was the Andalusian dreamer that led Spain in the foundation of her colonies. And to-day if you visit the Iberian Peninsula it is not Barcelona or Saragossa or Madrid or Burgos that hold your attention longest, it is the old Moorish and mediæval cities of Andalusia that open to you their glorious and dazzling past, filled with the memories and lustre of rulers, warriors, discoverers and artists.

I have already referred to Spain as a land of art, though it must be confessed that this art has been assimilative rather than creative. The great cathedrals of Spain were largely designed by foreign architects. It must be remembered too that Spain as a Christian State did not exist till about the middle of the thirteenth century, when Ferdinand III. united the crowns of Castile and Leon and won back from the Moors, Seville and Cordova.

A few churches in Spain before this time show an undeveloped type of Gothic, but it was not until the victories of Ferdinand III. made Spanish nationality possible and the coming into Spain of the Cistercian monks gave the necessary spiritual impulse that Gothic architecture, in any true sense appeared in Spain. The cathedrals of Burgos, Barcelona, Toledo and Leon show clearly the influence of French Gothic, though of course, they widely differ in detail from French precedents. Perhaps of all Spanish Gothic cathedrals, that of Burgos gives most evidence of French Gothic influence. Burgos too is usually regarded as the finest Gothic cathedral in Spain. Yet

it will be observed that in the Spanish Gothic cathedral there is a certain individuality that gives it a distinctiveness from that of any other school of Gothic. There is in both its exterior and interior a certain richness that reflects the artistic temper and taste of the Iberian people. The cathedral in Seville is a very noble pile. It is the largest of all Gothic churches and after St. Peter's at Rome, the largest church in Christendom. It is more than five hundred years since Seville Cathedral was planned. In 1401 the Chapter resolved to build a basilica "so magnificent that coming ages should call them mad." The cathedral was designed by foreign architects, possibly German, who took a century to complete the work.

In my visit to Seville, in the spring of 1913, I was accorded the privilege of seeing all the silver and gold vessels and the wealth of richly adorned vestments used in divine service in the cathedral. Within the dim and mystic aisles of this great cathedral repose too, the remains of the great New World discoverer, Christopher Columbus, after having been transferred successively from Valladolid, San Domingo and Havana to the chief city of Andalusia.

Touching Spanish literature and its golden era, it may be said that its glory centres chiefly around three names: Cervantes, Calderon and Lope de Vega. There is no doubt about it that the Spanish drama is a great drama and second to none other in the Christian world.

Lope de Vega is in many respects a greater poet than Calderon, but in grandeur of theological conception and metaphysical subtlety the latter—"the poet of Catholicism," is par excellence, superior to any dramatic poet of his age. Lope de Vega, however, surpasses Calderon in fertility of invention, in breadth of grasp and in simplicity and clearness of expression. Fernando de Herrera, who died in 1597, and Luis de Leon, who died in 1591, are generally regarded as the greatest lyric poets that Spain has ever produced. It should be here noted that Spanish drama does not recognize the great distinction of comedy and tragedy, but its peculiar divisions are the *comedias divinas* and *comedias humanas*. The former are divided into *Vidas de Santos* and *autos sacramentales*. There are three classes of *comedias humanas*: I. heroic or historical, II. pieces of cloak and sword, drawn from high life and full of the most complicated intrigue, III. *comedias de figuron* in which vain adventurers or ladies play the chief part.

It is interesting by the way to note that nearly every great Spanish author has been either a soldier or adventurer, at least as familiar with the pike as with the pen. Italian men of letters have often been keen politicians; Frenchmen of letters, brilliant men of the

world; English and American men of letters, good business or capable men of affairs, but nowhere except in Spain do we find the soldier supreme in letters.

A foolish and absurd idea obtains in some quarters—all Spanish achievement in letters belongs to the past. The fact is that Spanish literature and art to-day are quite the equal of that of any European country. Touching this point, Dr. Hubert M. Skinner—for many years the literary adviser of the American Book Company—who has made a close and sympathetic study of Spanish literature says: "It is an error to suppose that Spanish literature consists simply in the finished work of a by-gone age. New forms of literature are apt to have their origin in Spain. De Larra was the precursor of Washington Irving and George William Curtis. The opera practically began in Spain. The newspaper paragraph, the modern short story and the funny column are all of Spanish origin or suggestion. Spanish literature is full of the noblest sentiment of practical wisdom relating to all the affairs of life. The standard dramas abound in sentiments which might have been uttered by Washington or by Gladstone."

Another thing that struck me as I browsed in the bookstores of Seville and Madrid, when I visited Spain in the spring of 1913 was the great number of books I found translated from other languages into Spanish. It is true that on the whole Spaniards are not good linguists, but with the many translations made, Spanish scholars to-day can reach the best thought in the world of scholarship.

Touching Spanish literature, the late Coventry Patmore, in his "Religio Poetae" gives us this fine bit of characterization or rather revelation of the Spanish spirit in literature when discussing Juan Valera's novel "Pepita Jimenez:"

"Alike in Calderon and in this work of Juan Valera we find the complete synthesis of gravity of matter and gaiety of manner which is the glittering crown of art and which out of Spanish literature is to be found only in Shakespeare and even in him in a far less obvious degree. It is only in Spanish literature, with the one exception of Dante that religion and art are discovered to be not necessarily hostile powers; and it is in Spanish literature only and without exception that gaiety of life is made to appear as being not only compatible with, but the very flower of that root which in the best works of other literatures hides itself in the earth and only sends its concealed sap through stem and leaf of human duty and desire. The reason of this great and admirable singularity seems mainly to have been the singular aspect of most of the best Spanish minds towards



religion. With them religion has been, as it was meant to be, a human passion."

To the credit of English scholarship it has been one of the first to extend due appreciation to the genius of two great world authors—Dante and Cervantes.

As regards modern Spanish authors of to-day, Celtic Galicia has given us that wonderfully clever Spanish woman, Emilia Pardo Bazan. (It was in the age of Ossian, 200 B. C. that the Celts emigrated from Galicia into Ireland and to-day the women of Galicia and the women of Connaught and Munster wear identically the same kind of cloaks, revealing after centuries of separation, the same racial tastes and customs.)

Then we have Valera, Galdos and Ibañez. Benito Perez Galdos was born at Las Palmas, but spent the first eighteen years of his life in the Canary Islands. Vincente Blasco Ibañez is like the great Spanish portrait painter Sorolla, a Valencian by birth. His "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," recently published, is regarded as one of the greatest novels of the day.

Whoever has visited the Prado Art Museum in Madrid, the Seville Art Museum and the great Spanish churches has an idea what Spain has done for painting. The Prado is indeed what a writer has termed it, "a Congress of Masterpieces." There is nothing equal to it in Europe. The sixty-four Velasquezes alone would give it distinction. Then there are sixty-two Rubens, forty-six Murillos, fifty-three Teniers, forty-three Titians, thirty-four Tintovellos, twenty-five Veroneses, twenty-two Vandykes and ten Raphaels.

Measured by some of the fat kingdoms and one time empires of Europe, Spain it is true does not hold a first place, but her people possess many virtues that far excel those of the peoples of many other countries. Spain has not one-third of the number of murders, per capita, that some of the so-called most enlightened and most progressive countries of the world have, and she has absolutely no divorce, so that her family life is not disturbed or wrecked by dynamite under the hearthstone; and she has, too, of all countries in Europe, the highest birth rate and added to this the least number of suicides of any country in the world.

How does Spain stand educationally? Much better than she is represented by writers of the day. Though there is much room for advancement in this direction, the progress of education in Spain during the past two decades has been most marked. In a population of about twenty millions some 2,604,308 pupils attend school. According to the census of 1910 there were 48,750 in the secondary schools and in the eleven universities 32,683 students. The total

amount of money expended in Spain in 1918 on education and the fine arts was 76,758,479 pesetas or about \$15,351,295.

We would say "Beware of the statistics of illiteracy given out regarding Spain." Writers often take the figures of fifty or sixty years ago when educational conditions even in England, France and Germany were far from satisfactory and, using those figures, present to us the Spain of to-day. Let us not forget that the recent Federal report of education in the United States gave the number unable to read or write in the Republic as more than six millions. For the full fruitage of the new improved educational conditions in Spain we must wait for at least another generation if we would judge justly by the test of illiteracy.

Happily for Spain its ruler is a most wise and popular Sovereign to whom the Spanish people are deeply attached. His beautiful queen—perhaps the most beautiful in all Europe—has completely won the heart of the Spanish people. King Alphonso XIII. is a progressive and democratic Sovereign who has inherited all the bravery and diplomacy of his father, Don Alfonso XII. Little fear but that the land through which flow the Tagus and the Guadalquivir and which holds the storied memories of an ancient and illustrious past, sceptred by a wise sovereignty will in the future attain new glories and win new achievements.

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## COUNT LOUIS DE CLERMONT-TONNERRE.

(By the Comtesse de Courson.)

ONE of the tragic consequences of the late war is the number of valuable lives that were cut off, lives that, to our limited sight, seemed necessary to the future reorganization of France, lives of born leaders, whose past services were full of promise for the future. "God's ways are not ours," and we can only believe that from the "abiding city" where our dead soldiers are at peace, their prayers and influence may supply the need created by their absence and that their example may act as a stimulant on their countrymen. This is all the more important in the crisis that France has to face; still suffering from the effects of the war, she is called upon to meet social problems that are unusually delicate and difficult. Workers in this field of action are more rare than fighters on the field of battle.

Among the victims of the terrific conflict was an officer bearing one of the historic names of France, who young, wealthy, happily married, rich in the gifts of intelligence and eloquence, was generally considered as the rightful heir to Count Albert de Mun's social influence.

When at the outset of the war, Count de Mun's ready pen fell from his hand and his eloquent voice was silenced by death, those who best knew the value of his action exclaimed: "His successor will be, of course, Count Louis de Clermont-Tonnerre." The latter had already shown his keen interest in social questions; his ardent Catholicity, his love for the poor and the helpless, his ready influence over the working classes stamped him as a second Albert de Mun.

He belonged to an ancient race that came originally from "Dauphiné," but some of whose members settled in 1611 in Picardy, on an important estate, situated some miles from Amiens. The hero of this sketch was only five years old when his mother died; he had several brothers and sisters, with whom he spent his childhood in the country home that he loved; deeply rooted in his heart was a passionate attachment for the soil that was his very own and the flat plains of Picardy appealed strongly to him. "I am your brother," he once said addressing the peasants of la Beauce. "I am a son of the soil and an agriculturist . . . we have the same thoughts, hopes, fears and sorrows; I am your brother and you are mine."

When Clermont-Tonnerre thus claimed these ties of brotherhood with the peasants whose interests and welfare he had at heart, he was already a noted authority on social problems and had resolutely set his feet in the footsteps of Count Albert de Mun. However,



before embracing what seemed his real vocation, he gained experience in other fields.

After going through the usual course of studies appointed for French boys, at the Ecole Gerson, where an excellent and distinguished priest exercised a powerful influence over his religious and moral training, Clermont-Tonnerre went to the military school of St. Cyr, and came out as a cavalry officer. He spent eight years in the army and unconsciously thus prepared himself for the tragic years of the great war. To a nature like his: thoughtful, conscientious, filled with generous plans and hopes, imbued with the conviction that the gifts of intelligence, birth and wealth were to be used for others rather than enjoyed for self, these eight years of military life brought valuable experiences. He learnt the value of discipline, the use of responsibility, the habit of commanding others; yet his career as an officer was, on the whole, trying to an ardent spirit. There was, at that time, no prospect of war and daily monotony was relieved only by the petty vexations and miserable persecutions directed against Catholic officers by the anti-clerical Minister of War, General André. After eight years, Clermont-Tonnerre left the army as lieutenant, not from discouragement or disgust, but because, given the political State of France, he believed that he could more usefully serve his country as a civilian. He spent the next three years in travel, his vocation as a social worker had now dawned upon him and he realized that, by studying social conditions in America and Great Britain, he could more effectually prepare himself for a delicate and difficult task at home. On his return to France, he married and, during six years, he labored under the influence and direction of Count Albert de Mun for the moral welfare of the working men in great cities. At the same time, he kept faithful to his ideal of the duties of a country gentleman and at Bertangles, his place in Picardy, he created an agricultural syndicate, that brought him in touch with the peasants, whose welfare lay close to his heart.

At this time, he began to be known as an orator on social and economical subjects and those who heard him were immediately impressed by his real eloquence. Like M. de Mun, he was singularly distinguished in appearance, every inch a gentleman and a soldier. The eminent priest whose influence contributed to mould his character once wrote to him: "Your diction and gestures are perfect; your language belongs to the best tradition and your thoughts have an elevation and nobility that strike every one." When the war broke out and brought him other duties, Clermont-Tonnerre was on the way to become a remarkable public speaker: some of his ideas were still crude, his views needed maturing, but there were in him

magnificent promises of future excellence. The absolute disinterestedness of his social apostolate was another feature that carried weight: he cared passionately for the object he had in view, but nothing for his personal renown and he spoke as well and as willingly before a small audience as before a large assembly. Had Clermont-Tonnerre lived, he would certainly have written on the subjects that he had so deeply at heart and given a distinct shape to the theories that he expounded in his speeches, but, although there was not time for him to draw up a matured programme of the social reforms that he believed necessary, his leading ideas are clearly put forth in his discourses. . . . He was an earnest advocate of *work*; work appropriated to the social condition of the worker and he believed that no one had less right than a gentleman to be a useless member of society. Birth, wealth and education entailed the imperative duty of serving others. The traditions of his family went back to the ancient times when the medieval nobility of France played a considerable part in the formation of the nation, before the days when Louis XIV., by domesticating the great nobles at Versailles, ruined their influence in the country. But if his traditions of the service rendered by the nobles to the people went back to medieval times, he was none the less, by reason of his acute perception of contemporary exigences well in touch with the ideas and needs of the day and this combination of ancient traditionalism and up to date sympathies gave him weight and depth. He was a mystic too; to him labor was glorified by the divine law and though at its origin, it was imposed on fallen man as a chastisement, he believed that love of God and of one's neighbor sweetens the daily task. To organize labor on just lines was the supreme object of Clermont-Tonnerre's social studies. He detested State tyranny, and had some contempt for politics, but he promoted, as far as he was able, associations and syndicates that developed personal initiative and a common action for a well defined object. The agricultural syndicate founded by him at Bertangles, his home in Picardy, was an undoubted success. The village is a small one with only four hundred inhabitants. Clermont-Tonnerre was its "Maire" in 1909 and his first public act was to found an agricultural syndicate. New methods were introduced, better instruments were bought by the syndicate and the village that the ready charity of past Clermont-Tonnerre had failed to make prosperous, was taught by its "Maire" to use its own resources and in mutual union to find strength.

Clermont-Tonnerre believed that the French peasant represents the sanest portion of the nation, a sentiment that those who are closely acquainted with the countrymen of France will understand.

His ideal was the typical village, where the church and the chateâu, side by side and hand in hand, represent traditions of enlightened helpfulness, illuminated by religion.

In his public speeches, he expressed his views that the peasants of France were the strength and the rampart of the country, words that were curiously verified, when, a few months later, regiments, made up of peasant soldiers, successfully arrested the trained armies of Germany.

There was a singular charm about this social apostle, noble by birth and simple in manner, the holder of a historic name, who never renounced the best tradition of his race, but who claimed the right to serve the people in a spirit of brotherhood.

No wonder that he was looked upon as the most promising social leader of the future and that his growing influence was hailed with delight. When in August, 1914, the war broke out, he was less surprised than many others. He was then thirty-six years of age, happily married, the father of several children and much interested in his agricultural and social undertakings. He joined the brigade to which he was affected on August 2, after having been to Holy Communion in his village church and, in some brief notes, he alludes with delight to the dignified, united and patriotic attitude that is everywhere to be noticed. His first care was to get into touch with his men, he did so with the charm of manner that made him so universally beloved and, on this occasion, he writes that the task was a pleasant one: "because it prolongs through the war the social work to which I devoted myself in times of peace." He had a gift for winning the men's confidence. A railway servant, soured by misery, who openly professed atheism, wrote to him after hearing him speak at Boges and told him, how under the pressure of unusual trials, he had lost faith in God and man. Clermont-Tonnerre answered the letter and a regular correspondence was established between the two: "You draw our hearts to you by your charming simplicity," writes the free thinker . . . "to meet hearts like yours is a powerful encouragement that words cannot describe. . . . I no longer am alone!" This method he applied to his soldiers; his previous experiences served him well and as a matter of course he became not merely their leader, but also their confidant and counsellor in matters great and small. He took part in the first battle of the Marne and was at that moment stationed with his brigade not far from the spot where, four years later, he was killed. His experience as a soldier and his gifts as a leader were invaluable in those early days, where a defective organization, the lack of munitions and the men's ignorance of the new methods of war made resistance difficult. His



brigade was next sent to Belgium, where he remained eighteen months at Nieuport; here his men held an important post at the head of a bridge; here too Clermont-Tonnerre's activity and initiative earned for him the honor of a "citation." Then followed a dreary period of partial engagements, some of which were distinctly unfavorable to the Allies, months of life in the trenches, where there was some danger, much suffering and, above all, a test of endurance of which the impressionable Latins were thought incapable. Clermont-Tonnerre, whose biographer, M. Gillet, was his comrade, tells us that he was keenly alive to the errors that made the final victory more difficult, though of that victory itself he never doubted for a single minute. He was at that moment, 1916, a staff officer, but, after endless negotiations and long waiting, he carried his point: he was named captain in a marching regiment, the Fourth Zouaves, and appointed to join his men at Verdun. Once Clermont-Tonnerre wrote that the man who does *more* than "his duty alone deserves praise." At the beginning of the war, he was content to accept the post to which he was appointed. His life was full of valuable interests, a career of great usefulness lay before him, he only aspired to resume it when the war was over. As a staff officer, he did more than his duty, because it was a necessity with him to spend himself on others, but, as time went on, even this did not satisfy him and in a letter to his father, he gives the reasons that prompted him to solicit a post in a marching regiment: "1 It will bring me great enjoyment. You do not know what it is to command two hundred of these lads. 2 It is necessary to secure my future influence. 3 At the present moment, all the civilians, who are in the army—doctors, interpreters, politicians, etc., are decorated, mentioned in despatches, etc. . . . One advantage is left to me: that of a gentleman who bravely risks his life as his ancestors have done for the last eight centuries. . . . I have absolute confidence in the future. If I fall, I trust in God who will receive me and who will take care of you, of T. and of my little ones. All this is very plain and simple; thousands of soldiers and officers think as I do. . . . If you find my argument hard to accept, you must blame yourself for having taught me the passions of our name and traditions."

And when he was named to the zouaves, he wrote again: "I have not acted from pride and selfishness. I have made the gesture (*fait le geste*) that in our times of selfishness and meanness, a man of my blood, my age and my faith could not avoid. Pray and have confidence as I pray and trust."

Thus deliberately, in answer to a secret and imperative call to do *more* than his duty this man, to whom life was sweet, entered the

narrow path of heroism. To a friend he wrote his delight to know that henceforth: "I shall fight among the sons of our soil. This is my joy; I shall thus share their lives completely and be one of them."

Clermont-Tonnerre's new regiment was essentially a fighting regiment and when he joined it on June 6, 1916, it was posted close to Verdun where the battle was raging. The company that he was to command, the Thirteenth, occupied a particularly dangerous post; he immediately, on arriving, took his men in hand; he insisted on visiting each one and his calmness, capacity and personal interest won their hearts. From that moment, he became their idol. This famous regiment followed Mangin's fortunes, the spirit of the zouaves was well known and the general, a splendid fighter, felt that he could rely on them whatever happened.

Clermont-Tonnerre was never happier than during these tragic months. Originally recruited in Africa, the zouaves in 1916 had already a large proportion of French born soldiers; indeed all the provinces of France were represented in the regiment and with his past experiences to help him, the captain of the Thirteenth Company knew how to speak to each man in the right way. He remembered their personal history and their difficulties, he was their friend without losing caste. The French soldiers soon cease to respect the well born "comrade," who forgets his rank and birth and what they entail; it is typical of the peasant mentality that the zouaves were proud of their captain's blue blood, of his distinction, aristocratic bearing and manners. An officer reports that when asked about their company they answered with honest pride: "We belong to Clermont-Tonnerre."

They never ceased when encouraged to do so, to describe his gallant bearing when in October, General Mangin assumed the offensive at Druaumont. On the morning of the twenty-fourth of October, at 11.40 the signal for the attack was given. At an earlier hour, many zouaves, their captain at their head, went to Holy Communion; five minutes before the attack, Clermont-Tonnerre leaped from his trench, outside his uniform he had pinned a medal of Our Lady, in one hand he held his revolver, in the other a stick. He spoke only a few words: "I count on you, count on me." To his biographer and friend, M. Gillet, he afterwards described his emotion when the huge human wave, made up of many regiments, spread out before him and quietly pressed forward, and again when, turning back, he saw 165 pair of eyes fixed upon him: "Never," he added, "shall I live a minute equal to that one." It was in the evening of the same day, when the zouaves fought splendidly and in their pursuit of the retreating Germans, made 1,600 prisoners that a German officer thus addressed

Clermont-Tonnerre: "Your zouaves are the finest soldiers I have ever seen. One may be proud to command troops such as these."

In the following spring, the zouaves were at the Chemin des Dames, where the battalion commanded by Clermont-Tonnerre was publicly complimented by General de Franchet d'Esperey. Its commander seemed to those who knew him best somewhat weary and grave, but he was neither bitter nor discouraged. "He never," says M. Gillet "seemed to me so great as at that moment. He had reached the summit of serenity and detachment." He continued to prove himself a first rate leader; being promoted to be "commandant," his responsibilities had increased and his influence had extended. He used it to good purpose during the anxious spring of 1917, when a spirit of discontent, encouraged by mysterious agencies, spread in the French army. Guarded by their commander, the zouaves never yielded to these unwholesome influences. In October, the regiment was at la Malmaison, in Champagne, a particularly exposed post. Clermont-Tonnerre's note books, written at this juncture, is typical of the man. There is no attempt at fine descriptions, but the artist is revealed as well as the soldier; between two sharp engagements, he notes that he has heard Mass, that the russet oak trees in blue distances in the morning light, are a delight; the fantastic effect of a ruined fort by moonlight interests him and the death of a comrade, however humble, stirs his sympathy. At la Malmaison he suffered from the noxious gasses and he was, soon afterwards, obliged to take some weeks' leave; but he never ceased to think of his zouaves and he was impatient to return to them. He did so in January, 1918, and his letters are full of admiration for his men. "They are wonderful. It is impossible to say what they endure, what they do and what they are worth . . . our soldier is miraculous. I live very close to him and am tempted to kneel down before him."

In the spring of 1918 came the sudden and supreme attack that was a surprise to many. Clermont-Tonnerre and his men were brought from Champagne to the Somme, where the peril was greatest. "I am perfectly calm. I went to Mass early and prayed to be ready," he wrote. The colonel being absent, Clermont-Tonnerre replaced him and, with his usual competence, took all the measures commanded by circumstances. One who approached him noticed that he was as usual serene and smiling. He knew, better than his men, what the danger was, but to the chaplain of the regiment, he said: "I have faith in the final success, whatever may be the ups and downs of the battle. If our conscience is at peace and we are ready to die, the Boche need not frighten us."

On Saturday, March 30, the eve of Easter, the enemy made a



furious attack on the line Orvillers-Sarel, where the zouaves were posted. Their last vision of Clermont-Tonnerre was that of a magnificent chief, leading his men forward. "Hold firm," he cried, "keep on," and the zouave who described the scene added: "He was superb, what a man and what a chief!" Then, in the heat and smoke of the terrific engagement, he disappeared; that night, his men missed him, but they still hoped that he was only wounded and had been removed to an ambulance. A few hours later, his body was found. He lay on the battle field close to a wounded comrade, who lived long enough to report that the Commandant de Clermont-Tonnerre had been killed by a shell and had died on the spot.

That same evening a zouave carrying a rough linen bag, reported himself at the headquarters of the brigade. "Mon Colonel," he said, "here are the relics of the Commander de Clermont-Tonnerre." The man's words, his tone, where veneration mingled with pride, expressed what all present felt that "death after a life like his was only the supreme consecration of heroism and holiness."\*

The dead soldier often said that he wished to "die like a Christian." When his body was recovered, the features were calm and unharmed by the shells, the left hand and the legs terribly shattered and the right hand was stiffened in a gesture typical of Clermont-Tonnerre's beliefs. He had always, on going to battle, made the sign of the Cross and death had come when his hand was half raised to his brow.

In the stress and difficulty that accompany the readjustment of social conditions after the great upheaval his loss is keenly felt by those who are, as he was, interested in social problems. He possessed the Christian virtues of faith and of self-sacrifice to the good of others and, in addition, the gifts of intelligence, eloquence and charm. To these were added a practical knowledge of the working classes, and a happy and rare combination of respect for tradition with a keen perception of modern requirements.

The simple phrase: "God knows best" seems the only answer to the haunting problem of useful lives cut off in their prime, of empty places so hard to fill!

BARBARA DE COURSON.

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\*Un type d'officier français: Louis de Clermont-Tonnerre, commandant de zouaves, par Louis Gillet. 1919.

## DR. KUNZE ON THE ORIGIN OF THE CREED.

“THE Apostles’ Creed and the New Testament” is the title of Dr. Kunze’s book. The authorized English translation is by George William Gilmore. In a preface, the latter tells us that Dr. Kunze received his education at the Universities of Leipsic and Erlangen. He went as professor to the University of Vienna in 1903, and was called thence in 1905 to the Chair of Doctrinal and Practical Theology in the University of Griefswald. His standing as a scholar is therefore of the highest.

Professor Kunze has written several treatises on the history of the Creed. The present work, which first appeared in English some six years ago, on the eve of the great war that so absorbed the minds and energies of men, is a study in origins. It is peculiarly noteworthy. Adhering, as it does strictly, to the method of historical criticism, it yet traces the Creed, in the primitive form as represented by “R” (the Old Roman Creed), back to pre-Pauline times. I say in this it is remarkable. Kattenbusch does not see his way to go back with the Creed beyond the end of the first century, while Harnack stops short of this date by half a hundred years. But once you conclude, as Dr. Kunze does, for the Judean origin of the Creed, as against the Roman, there is no stopping short of what our author calls “the primitive apostolic congregation.” This, of course, can only mean the Twelve Apostles, for it is they who were commissioned to teach and to baptize, and therefore to draw up the baptismal confession of faith. Thus, the ancient and universal tradition of the Catholic Church regarding the origin of her Creed, which the school of historical criticism began by impugning, has now been implicitly accepted as true by the latest representative spokesman of that school.

Our author traces the Creed in Cyprian, Tertullian, and Irenaeus to the middle of the second century. Then he infers that it is “as a whole pre-Gnostic, older than the Gnostic-Marcionitic crisis, therefore also pre-Catholic” (p. 88). This inference, borne out by several considerations which need not be rehearsed here, is also justified by the fact that the primitive Creed lacks the addition “Catholic” as a designation of “holy Church,” seeing that the Church was so known as early as the beginning of the second century. From this is but a step to “the first decade of the mission to the heathen,” and therefore to pre-Pauline times (1 Cor. 15). Kattenbusch is quoted as affirming that the Symbol arose in a Christian congregation which “regarded itself as the real Messianic congregation and measured itself primarily by the synagogue;” also, that it “corresponds to the

preaching which was employed in the missionary work as shown in the Acts." While this cannot well be reconciled with Kattenbusch's own theory of the Roman origin of the Creed at the dawn of the second century, Dr. Kunze rightly feels that it is no concern of his if it cannot (p. 123). He concludes that "the Creed is not a Pauline creation, but is pre-Pauline" (p. 124).

Among the evidences in the writings of St. Paul that he knew of a Creed, or baptismal confession of faith, drawn up independently of himself by the other Apostles, is one, and that undoubtedly the most convincing, which Dr. Kunze, strangely enough, overlooks. It is in the Epistle to the Romans, chapter sixth, where the Apostle thanks God that "whereas they were at one time servants of sin, they gave adhesion from their hearts to the outline of teaching (or norm of doctrine, or rule of faith), which was delivered to them" (v. 17) on the day of their baptism. In other words, they were washed from their sins in baptism, after having made "confession unto salvation" (10:10) in terms of the apostolic rule of faith. St. Paul, be it remembered, had not as yet set foot in Rome, when he wrote this letter (Ib. 1: 10-13). The Romans had received the faith independently of him. Yet he is certain that there had been delivered to them an apostolic norm of teaching to which they gave the obedience of faith on the day of their baptism. How certain? How but that he knew the entrance into Christianity to be connected, as in his own case, so in that of the Romans, with a confession of faith as well as with baptism.

That this baptismal confession of faith was what we know to-day as the Old Roman Creed, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. We have as surety the fact that the Creed existed and was used as a profession of faith at baptism in Rome during the century following. We have the further fact, attested by Rufinus, that, whereas in other places, as in Aquileia itself, changes occurred in the wording of the Creed, the Romans never suffered anything to be taken from or added to it. Much less would they have suffered this to be done in the earlier time, when the memory of apostolic teaching was still fresh among them. We have, in addition to this, the constant tradition of the Roman Church herself, which, jealous as she ever was of her prerogatives and alert in the defence of them, never laid claim to the authorship of the Creed, but, on the contrary, always proclaimed it to be the work of the Twelve Apostles. Lastly, we have the witness of Tertullian, who tells us that the Roman Church "learned" her Creed; did not, therefore, compose it.\*

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\*A detailed treatment of this whole subject will be found in "The Symbol in the New Testament" (Religious Questions of the Day, Vol. II.), by the present writer.



The passage in which the great African polemicist bears this testimony must be quoted here :

"Videamus quid didicerit, quid docuerit, cum Africanis quoque ecclesiis contesseravit. Unum Deum novit, creatorem universitatis, et Christum Jesum ex Maria Virgine, filium Dei creatoris, et carnis resurrectionem."

There are variant readings, but the foregoing appears to be the true one. Migne has "contesserarit," but "cum" temporal is not followed by the subjunctive except in the imperfect and pluperfect tenses. Another reading, given by the Anglican Burns in his book on the Creed, has "quid cum Africanis quoque ecclesiis contesseravit," where the last word should be in the subjunctive, as being the verb of a dependent clause, coördinate with the two preceding clauses.

Dr. Kunze translates the passage (so, at any rate, it runs in the English translation from the German original) :

"Let us see what it (i. e., the Roman Church) has learned, what it has taught, also what it, with the African Churches, has put forth as the distinctive marks. It recognizes one God, the Creator of all, and Christ Jesus (born) of the Virgin Mary, Son of God the Creator, and the resurrection of the flesh."

The latter of the two sentences is a word for word rendering, and certainly correct. The former is a faulty translation. Tertullian is speaking of something that happened in a past period of time when he says the Roman Church "learned" her Creed. The context shows this clearly. "He wants to prove," to quote Dr. Kunze's own words, "how churches which, like the Carthaginian, could not claim for themselves apostolic origin could prove the apostolicity of the doctrine advocated by them or of the rule of faith. This came about simply by the fact that they were in accord with the really Apostolic churches" (p. 65). So he proves the apostolicity of the doctrine and creed of the Church of Carthage by pointing out her filial relation with the Mother Church of Rome, into which the Apostles, as he so strongly words it, "poured all their doctrine with their blood." Therefore we are to understand him to say that the Roman Church first got or "learned" from the Apostles what she afterwards "taught, when she gave the symbol of fellowship in the faith to the Churches of Africa also." What was this? What but "the outline of teaching," or rule of faith, ever known as the Symbol of the Apostles, or Apostles' Creed, which St. Paul called to the minds of the Roman Catholics of his day, and which Tertullian sums up for us, giving the first, second and last articles. It is true that we can only guess at the exact meaning of "contesseravit," which Tertullian coins from

"tessera," another word for "symbol," or distinctive mark. But the fact that he answers his own question by summarizing the Creed, goes to show that "giving the symbol of fellowship in the faith" is at least much nearer the true meaning than "putting forth as the distinctive marks."

We have thus the testimony of St. Paul that the first Roman converts made their profession of faith at baptism in terms of an apostolic "outline of teaching;" and the testimony of Tertullian, before the close of the following century, that the Roman Church "learned" from the Apostles her baptismal confession of faith. In the mouth of two such witnesses we are content to let the truth stand.

It remains but to cite the passage in which Dr. Kunze supports his own contention that the Creed is pre-Pauline with the brilliant discovery (it may well so be termed) of a Catholic scholar:

"This view is expressly recommended by a single item in the symbol—the noteworthy time mark in the words 'under Pontius Pilate.' An interesting study of this passage was published in 1895 by the Roman Catholic scholar, Morawski, in the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie*, pp. 91, ff; and if Kattenbusch had known of it, he would certainly not have said: 'This mark of time is after the Roman method of thought. One living in Palestine would have thought sooner of King Herod than of a temporary governor.' Against this Morawski shows that the phrase, 'under Pontius Pilate,' means simply that our *Credo* arose, not in the metropolis of the Roman empire, but in the province of Judea. It is very natural that any one writing in the province should refer rather to the name of the governor in fixing a date than to the emperor, for the former is better known to the reader in a place. An author in the metropolis would not have that view of things.' (p. 94). And he thinks that a conclusion may be drawn from the words with reference not merely to the place, but also to the time of its origin. It is deducible from this that the author of the symbol regarded the whole affair as something provincial which preëminently concerned his countrymen. He considers the conclusion justified that a formula of faith which placed the death of Jesus Christ under Pontius Pilate could not have arisen first after the spread of Christianity in the Roman Empire, but in the period when the horizon of those who made the *Credo* was still limited by the Judean highlands.'"

It is astonishing that Kattenbusch should have committed himself to the statement contained in the last sentence of the words quoted from him above. One living in Jerusalem, in the province of Judea, would naturally think of the man who had the power of life and

death in that city and province, when telling of the things that came to pass there "concerning Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet, mighty in work and word before God and all the people" (Luke 24: 19). Now this was Pontius Pilate, not Herod, the tetrarch of Galilee, who just happened to be in Jerusalem at the time, and had no jurisdiction there.

I may add that Dr. Kunze would have found the key to the solution of many difficulties in the Discipline of the Secret, which' compassed the Creed about during the first four centuries, and of which he appears to know not anything.

✠ALEX. MACDONALD,  
Bishop of Victoria.



## THE VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF ARIZONA FORTY YEARS AGO.

IN SOME of my former articles, in this REVIEW, I endeavored to give an account, though brief and inadequate, of the foundation of the Jesuit and Franciscan missions in what was, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Mexican province of Sonora, but which is now divided into the States of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Texas, etc., of the great North American Republic. In the articles above referred to I dwelt upon the sufferings, hardships and even the martyrdom, of the zealous padres of those days. It is my purpose, in this paper, to deal with the development of some of these missions in more recent times. I have listened with wrapt attention and the deepest interest to incidents related to me by Monsignor Machebouef, Monsignor Lamy, Monsignor Salpointe, Very Rev. Father Jouranceau and other devoted souls, about their experiences among the Mexicans, the Indians and the scattered English-speaking Catholics who settled in New Mexico and Arizona during the early part of the last century, and I shall try to recall some of the things they told me. These things, however, have been occupying cold-storage cells in my brain for some years (out of reach of even the fanatical Phohibitionist of to-day) and may be a little impaired by age, but I shall try to brush them up, where possible, by more recent research.

In the first place, let us take a glance at the conditions, no further back than 1821, the year when Mexico, separated from the mother country, became an independent Republic (?) and began that series of continuous revolutions which are still in full operation to-day, and which are likely to continue *in sæcula sæculorum*.

This period, so fecund in revolutions which have proved fatal to the aborigine, by depriving him of the ministrations of the missionaries who had for two hundred years labored to lift him out of the darkness of paganism and barbarism into the light of Christian civilization.

The missions established along the frontiers of the new Republic, remote from populous centres, attended by resident priests, were almost constantly exposed, and without defense, to the continual attacks of their terrible enemies, the Apaches.

After the expulsion of the Franciscan Fathers by the bankrupt Masonic Government of Mexico, the greater part of the missions were obliged to depend for their spiritual wants on the few priests who were sent out from time to time to minister to them. These visits, however, were few and far between, and, not infrequently,

the long distances and the constant danger of attacks from the Apaches made them perilous, indeed, and very difficult. Nor was this all. It was not long before even the old mission-houses, built with so much sacrifice by the early missionaries, began to disappear, together with the fruits of their arduous labors.

In 1859 the territory of Arizona was, by a decree of Pius IX., made part of the Diocese of Santa Fé, New Mexico, and during the same year the Right Rev. Jean B. Lamy, D. D., took formal possession of his new charge through a partial visitation of the region by his Vicar General, the Very Rev. J. P. Machebœuf, who later on became Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, and finally Bishop of Denver. A more thorough visitation was made in the spring of 1864.

The only church left standing at this time was San Xavier del Bac, near which some one hundred families of Papagos, a remnant of a once numerous tribe that inhabited this region. They still lingered around their beloved church and delighted in welcoming the "black gown" whenever Providence brought him among them. To these may be added the Pimas of the Gila and fragments of other tribes inhabiting the vicinity. Besides these there were a few Mexican families and a small number of English-speaking people. The total of this population did not exceed 1,500 souls, and this throughout the entire territory.

The good Bishop was deeply interested in this portion of his flock, and was loath to leave them without the religious instruction they so much needed, and he made great sacrifices in order to supply them with a resident priest.

But the good Bishop of Santa Fé, never over robust, found the burden of responsibility laid upon him too heavy for him to bear and he sought relief in petitioning Rome for a division of his vast diocese. This was done in 1868, when, by a decree of Pope Pius IX., the Vicariates Apostolic of Colorado and Arizona were erected.

The year 1866 marked the beginning of a steady and rapid increase in the population of Arizona. The troubles in Mexico drove across the frontier many of its people who did not wish to take part in the revolutions which devastated their country. The territory, therefore, began to be explored in the search for suitable homes; new settlements were soon founded and the means of communication between different localities were established, but not without dangers, because of the continued hostility of the Apaches.

The need of churches now became seriously felt in many places. The then little town of Tucson was the first to be blessed with a "maison de prière." The Church of St. Augustine, commenced

in 1862, was not finished till 1868; labor was slow and difficult in those days.

But the start had been made, and churches were soon erected in the vicariate, at Yuma, Florence, Silver City, La Mesa and Tularosa, while chapels sprang up at San Lorenzo, San Isidoro, Santo Tomas, San Miguel, Nuestra Señora de la Luz, etc. Although nearly all the Bishops and missionaries in that region and in that day were Frenchmen or Belgians, they all spoke both English and Spanish, and some of them had a working knowledge of some of the Indian languages of the localities in which they labored.

The number of missions in Arizona increased to such an extent that in 1878 there were missions established in El Paso, Grant and Mesilla Valley Counties. Institutions conducted by religious communities began to appear, showing that the cause of education was not forgotten or neglected in the vicariate. The Sisters of Loretto settled at Las Cruces in December, 1869, and this foundation became, in time, the novitiate of the community. The Sisters of St. Joseph established themselves at Tucson in September, 1876.

It was not long before these two communities had under their care three boarding schools for girls and three parochial schools in the vicariate: Tucson, Yuma and Las Cruces. These were soon followed by two more houses, opened by the Sisters of St. Joseph, one at Elizario and the other at Isleta, in El Paso County. In addition to all this Tucson had a parochial school for boys taught by three laymen. These schools gave instruction to over five hundred pupils, a goodly number when we consider time, place and conditions. We may add that this impetus and progress in Catholic education is largely due to the efforts of the Sisters provided for the vicariate by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The population of the vicariate was estimated in 1878 at 38,000 souls; of these 20,000, exclusive of the Indians, were Catholics. The present Catholic population of what is now the Diocese of Tucson is set down as 50,000 souls; this after the cutting off of parts of the vicariate for the formation of new adjacent dioceses.

The principal tribes residing in the territory at the time we are now describing were the Apaches, the Papagos, the Pimas and Maricopas, the Yumas and Mohaves, the Yuvapai and Moguis. Although the number composing these tribes is not accurately fixed, it may be safely set down at some 20,000.

Among all these tribes the Papagos were the only ones among whom the Catholic missionary was allowed to work by the bigoted



Grant administration, then in power. The other tribes, regardless of their religious predilections, were handed over to the care of the Protestant ministers. It will be remembered, as I stated in a former article, that the Papagos were converted to Christianity in 1690 by the celebrated Jesuit missionary, Father Kino, who also ministered to the Pimas and Maricopas before the advent of the Franciscans. Yet President Grant and his devoted agents took no account of all this. To them "one religion was as good as another," provided, of course, that "other" was not the Catholic religion. The tribes allotted to the sects were supposed to be Protestants, but, in reality, they continued to be what they had been, if anything worse than they had been, because of their contact with unprincipled white men.

The disastrous results of the so-called paternal policy of the Grant administration in dealing with the aborigine became very evident to the inhabitants of the region and was freely admitted, even by the Government agents in their official reports. It became still more difficult for the Catholic missionary to carry on the work of conversion, if the day ever came when he would be permitted to resume his holy task without hindrance, and that hindrance in violation of the Constitution of the land. The Indians of none of the tribes, be it noted, were indifferent to the appeals of the "black gown," as was evident whenever he met them, and this feeling was found to exist among the Apaches, the most rebellious of all the tribes.

One of the mission Fathers visited the tribe, not in his official capacity, but as the friend of a Catholic officer who was commandant of the garrison charged with the supervision of these Indians. Mass was celebrated in the fort for the men and, occasionally, the Apaches attended out of mere curiosity. A few months passed in this way and the priest and the officer lost no opportunity for instructing the Indians, through an interpreter, in the principal mysteries of the faith. That these instructions met with favor was often evinced by the exclamations of the Indians, such as "Dioch injou,"—"God good." An old Apache chief one day said to the priest: "It would be a good thing for us if you could stay with us; you could pray to God to avert all danger and disease from us and your presence among our people would make us happy, because it would secure peace for us."

But the too frequent presence of the "black gown" might have disturbed the conscience of some "enlightened" persons and perhaps have compromised the commandant of the fort, so it was deemed prudent to defer the work of conversion until a more propitious occasion, when the Indian would be permitted to choose

his own form of Christian worship. It seems strange that such a question should come up in a free country, but when the Divine Founder of Christianity was persecuted and hampered, it is not for His followers to complain. Indeed, they rather invite it. "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you and say all manner of things falsely about you for My sake."

It may not be amiss to recall the fact that these Indians are the descendants of the aborigines of the New World. The names of some of their tribes, the various languages and dialects they speak, and certain manners and customs preserved among them, are, as we have shown in a former article, strikingly similar to the language and history of the Hebrews. This has given rise to the supposition, not without some probability, that their ancestors were of Asiatic origin. The Indian people of Arizona may be divided into two great classes—the *Mansos*, or tame, peaceful, and the *Broncos*, or wild and savage.

Among the *Mansos* some are Catholics and others have never known the true faith, or having known it, have lost it because of the forlorn condition into which they relapsed after the suppression of their Christian schools, the expulsion of their teachers and spiritual guides and the destruction of their missions. We may realize their loss and the condition to which these poor Indians were reduced when we consider the condition to which Christian education will be reduced by the passage of the Smith education bill. Is not our country pagan enough and lawless enough already? Is it desired that we all become Apaches, instead of our converting the Apaches? Is the Catholic Church, the only and the strongest bulwark against irreligion, to be suppressed or hampered by law? Vain delusion; she is the "milk-white hind, though doomed to death, yet fated not to die." Against her "the gates of hell *non prevalebit*."

But let us get back to Arizona. Quite a number of the Catholic *Mansos* may still be found in New Mexico, but few are to be seen in Arizona except the scattered remnants to be seen at Isleta and Secona. Their manners and customs have become very much like those of the Mexicans of the border with whom they associate. They till the soil like the white man and they have adopted his mode of life, his dress and house-building. These Indians have preserved only one of their ancient customs, a very original dance formerly performed on their feast days, and called, in their language, *mata-chines*. In the olden times this dance was not merely a profane amusement, but was also a religious ceremony which was enacted in their holy places. Since the simplicity of these bygone days has disappeared, the ceremony having lost its primitive character, the

French missionaries have forbidden its performance near the church.

Monseigneur Peter Bourgade, one time Vicar Apostolic of Arizona and later on Archbishop of Santa Fé, and a zealous worker among the Indians, in a report of the vicariate, gives us many interesting details. Among other things he tells us that as a rule the Indians made good Catholics and were devotedly attached to their pastors. They spoke Spanish as well as their own language, except the few who had entirely lost their mother tongue by constant association with the Mexicans. The non-Catholic Mansos, Monseigneur Bourgade tells us, are numerous in Arizona. The different tribes of this family are the Papagos, the Pimas, the Maricopas, the Yumas and the Chamauevos. They have given up their normal mode of living for some time past and are content to live in peace with civilized people. The trades, commerce and agriculture are quite common among them. The women engage in the manufacture of pottery, which finds extensive and ready sale in that region, while the men find employment in dressing the skins of the animals they kill in their hunting expeditions; they cultivate the soil where they find it most fertile and most easily worked.

The United States Government encourages the Indians by giving them land grants, which it guarantees to them against unscrupulous agents and speculators; it exempts them from taxation, and annually distributes among them gratifications in the shape of tools, agricultural implements, seeds, clothing and other useful articles. In some cases agents have been known to purchase back some of these things, paying for them half their value in "firewater." For the protection of the Indians the Government forbids under severe penalties the sale of intoxicating spirits to the Indians within the limits of the territory. But—well, we know how such a law works here under the new Prohibition regulations. The Indians of this region, once brought under subjection, readily adapt themselves to the usages of social life; quarrels are rare among them, and they are always ready to help one another. If they take up the bow and arrow it is only to be used in the chase, which they enjoy exceedingly and which furnishes them with a goodly part of their food. True to their savage nature, they are very proud of their long hair, but they take delight in dress and like to live in houses like their white neighbors.

The Papagos differ from the other tribes by being a little more advanced in civilization and a closer compliance with the manners and customs of the whites. They have given up wearing long hair, decorated with brass buttons, eagles' feathers, squirrels' claws and other "jewels" of this kind which they have always regarded as in-



dispensable. They cover their heads after the manner of the Mexicans; this is in a measure because their ancestors, some generations back, were all Catholics, and the missionaries had taught them to wear short hair to distinguish them from their pagan brothers. Their very name owes its origin to that custom adopted by the Christians, as the word Papago means "cropped." All the Manso Indians, even the non-Catholic ones, are, as their name implies, very gentle, as they are in almost constant intercourse with the whites.

Their ideas of religion have been narrated by Bishop Salpointe somewhat as follows: "The Indians look for the return of Montezuma, and that he will then be accompanied by the Sun, who is closely related to him. Some of these tribes are sun-worshippers. Among their rites is one which requires the keeping of a fire constantly burning, all winter, in a deep cavern called the *estafa*. The guardian who is to tend and watch over this fire is selected, by turns, from the men of the tribe, and he is condemned to live in the *estafa* for several months. This is regarded as a sacred function, and all communication with this man is strictly forbidden. The good Bishop tells us that he asked one of the Indians what this ceremony meant. The Indian naively replied that he was surprised at being asked such a question. Was it not clearly evident that if the sun were neglected during the cold season it would soon lose its heat, become languid and fall, and this would bring about the end of the world? Hence, it was necessary to help the sun with the heat of the fire. He added that he, too, regarded the sun as a sort of relative, inasmuch as the sun was the offspring of an Indian father and an Indian mother, and consequently he and the sun were brothers."

It is notable that many of the tribes were more or less idolatrous, and it is also probable that many of their religious practices have fallen into disuse since the advent of the whites, whose presence has interfered with their freedom of action. They still, however, preserve many of their superstitions; there is still in each tribe some *sahurin* or fakir, who claims to be able to communicate with animals and to learn from them what is hidden in the future, and the Indians are careful to consult with them before engaging in anything of importance. Next to the *sahurin* comes the "medicine man." He is not a wise man, but in default of wisdom he has good legs and strong lungs. He shouts lustily and runs and gambols around the abode of the sick man to relieve him of his pain. If he succeeds, he has only to blow his breath upon the patient and he is cured immediately. Unfortunately the disease sometimes outstrips the antics of the medicine man and the patient wends his way to the happy hunting grounds.

At Yuma, a town composed of Mexicans and Americans and situated near the tribe from which it derives its name, Monseigneur Salpointe had frequent opportunities to see these Indians and to observe their manners. They came to the town to sell their peltry and to provide themselves with the necessities of life. Sometimes, attracted by curiosity, they peer through the windows of the church while Mass is going on, they attend funerals, and in their admiration for the colors of the vestments they call the priest "captain." This *naïveté* led them, at times, to visit the abode of the missionary. They would come in groups of three or four, their only garment being a short coat fastened with a belt. They would, without ceremony, occupy the chairs or throw themselves upon the floor, smoking a cigarette which they passed from one to another after the manner of a pipe of peace. When the missionary became tired of their visit he had only to give them a small coin, a little tobacco, and, if it happened to be cold weather, an old pair of trousers. Unfortunately these poor creatures were easily corrupted by their intercourse with the whites. In spite of the law forbidding the use of intoxicating liquors, they found their way into the cabins of the Indians in no small quantities, either. Nothing is more saddening than the sight of these unfortunates under the influence of this firewater. Even the women indulge in its pernicious use, and when under its influence, what was never seen before, they parade the streets, pull out one another's hair and fill the air with the noise of their brawls. These Indians, so gentle when sober, become almost ferocious when drunk.

In addition to the gratification granted the Indians the United States Government engaged to provide them with schools, but because of the obstacles which presented themselves at the beginning and the delays occasioned by the Indian agents, the entire school system was slow in its realization. Some few schools were opened, it is true, but the projected number remained in the prospective, and the first steps taken in that direction produced results far below what was expected. A field so unattractive and yet so important required something more than the greed of gain or mere philanthropy. It needed the devotion inspired by charity as well as the spirit of sacrifice. The only school that was attended with any satisfactory results was one founded by Bishop Salpointe with the aid of the Government. The Indians were instructed in their duty to God and to the "powers that are ordained of God." The cause of the unfortunate condition of things attending the opening and carrying on of the projected schools and other improvements "pro-

jected," is to be found in that source of all our national woes—politics—corrupt, money-grabbing politics.

In this case it was the scheme of the Grant administration to pacify, humanize and civilize the aborigine without the moral influences of religion, and the Catholic religion in particular. Everything was made to appear to favor the Indian; humanitarian theories, the free distribution of gratifications, all apparent evidences of unbounded interest, but, all, invariably, wherever this scheme was put in practice, resulting in the demoralization and the annihilation of the red race. It is only fair to add that if there were in the country, both in the American press and in the National Government those who were interested in, and labored for the material and moral welfare of the Indian, there was quite a large number who did not scruple to divert the funds appropriated for the Indian from their proper channels and into their own pockets.

Up to this time (1878), the civilizing activities of the Catholic missionaries were restricted within very narrow limits among the tribes residing in the territory. The agents never ceased to put all manner of obstacles in their way, until finally it was no longer safe for the missionary to approach the Indians directly and to preach the Gospel to them without previous arrangement. I can well remember how Catholic Indians pleaded piteously for missionaries of their own faith—for the black gowns—the men, all of whom preached the same doctrine, and how the Grant administration flatly refused to hear them.

It is related that one day Bishop Salpointe asked a chief of the Pimas whether his people would not be pleased to have him come among them to baptize their children and make Christians of them. "No," promptly replied the chief, "if you were to come among us and baptize our children we would kill you." This reply was bluntly formulated. The good Bishop smiled and put his question in another form. "If we were among you we could instruct your children, which would be a great advantage to you and to them. You know very well that in many of your dealings with the palefaces you have allowed yourselves to be cheated, because you are not acquainted with the price of things. Now, suppose your children were instructed, they could help you to make a better bargain for your peltry, and then you would be richer, you could buy yourselves finer clothes." The argument was convincing. The chief, after a short consultation with some five or six of his tribesmen, turned to the good Bishop and said: "If you will instruct our children you may do so as soon as you please. I will see to it that you are received by my people and I shall even permit you to baptize my own." The



Bishop was not unmindful of the cause of the chief's sudden change of mind, but he also saw that there was an abundant harvest before him, if he only had the harvesters to make it.

The Bronco or savage Indians consist of but a single tribe—the Apaches, which extends its depredations beyond the limits of Arizona into Old Mexico, New Mexico and Texas. Their number has been variously estimated, some authorities making it as high as 30,000, but this number is obviously somewhat exaggerated. From time immemorial this tribe has been at war with the whites. It is true that they have at times been induced to sign treaties of peace, but, like more recent savages, they have regarded these treaties as mere “scraps of paper,” and were soon on the war path again. Pillage, arson and murder were, at the time of which we write (1878), the prominent characteristics of the tribe. I remember Monseigneur Pellicor, first Bishop of San Antonio, Texas, telling me of the danger he and his companions incurred, of meeting the terrible Apaches on the plains in his early visitations of his diocese. The Mexican entertains the most supreme scorn and hatred for the Apache. To call a Mexican “*Indio*” is a gross insult, but to call him an Apache is an insult that can only be washed out with blood. This hatred is easily accounted for by the bloodthirsty character of the Apache and the number of whites ruthlessly murdered by his tribe.

Since the year 1876 or thereabouts the Apaches have ceased their brigandage in Arizona in consequence of treaties they have been compelled to sign, and to keep, by the United States Government, which has reduced them to five or six groups and cantoned them on reservations assigned to them. Government agents are directed to supply them with food and other necessities, while some 3,000 regular troops were required to keep them in line and in mind of their treaty obligations; this was done by following up the refractory and punishing the delinquent. It is a question whether this plan of dealing with the Apache was a benefit or an injury. It is certain that it reduced him to the most abject laziness; he became more corrupted than he was before, by contact with unprincipled white men, and was often exasperated by the dishonesty of avaricious and designing agents. Here, as elsewhere, the extermination of the red race is the result of the Anglo-Saxon policy in dealing with him. The red man has felt a presentment of his impending doom and the sad expression on his countenance proclaims the fact in language more eloquent than words. This reflection saddened the last days of the life of Father de Smet, S. J., the great apostle of the Indians of our far West, and to his dying day he bitterly

deplored the fate of those unfortunate children of the forest for whom he labored so long to redeem and Christianize. Our missionaries of to-day realize this fact, but they are not discouraged. It is their's to plead the cause of the oppressed, to raise up the down-trodden and to console them with the graces of Christianity.

In 1877 Bishop Salpointe visited the eastern part of his extensive vicariate. The good Bishop's account of his journeyings is so full of interest that I will take the liberty of making a few extracts from it. He tells us that he had just returned from visits to Florence, Tempé, Phoenix, Wickenbourg, Weaver and other missions in central Arizona, when it became necessary for him to set out immediately for the missions along the Rio Grande, which are situated in Texas. His episcopal equipage consisted of a wagon drawn by two horses. Behind the seat, which he shared with a young companion, were the blankets to be used as their beds when camping for the night, a few cooking utensils, their provisions and such altar furnishings as they might require. This primitive mode of traveling is far from suggesting the economy of time and of desirable conveniences, but it was the only way possible at the time, and it not only saved expense, but it avoided the uncertainty of the "diligences"—when they did move—and which did not always cover the points the Bishop was anxious to reach.

On the third day—a hot July day—after leaving Tucson, and after a journey of one hundred and forty miles the Bishop arrived at Fort Bowie. Here he learned that the Indians (Apaches) were in revolt along the road he was to follow, and that the mail carrier was their prisoner at the next station, some fifty-five miles beyond the fort. An expedition was forming to start for the scene of trouble, but it was to travel by a circuitous route and along roads impassable for wagons. The Bishop found himself in straits, not knowing whether to continue his journey or remain where he was, in comparative security. Then, too, this disturbed condition might be prolonged indefinitely. To turn back might prove as dangerous as to go on, for once the Indians were in revolt he was liable to meet them anywhere. After due consideration the Bishop decided to proceed on his way. Now, as the Indians rarely make attacks in the night, the Bishop selected this time for starting, not, however, without making ample provision for all emergencies, not forgetting a supply of drinking water, which was not always to be found along the plains. He was soon on his way, but ere long new difficulties arose.

The night was dark and seemed unusually long, and as watchfulness was necessary the Bishop refrained from speaking to his com-

panion. No sound was heard save the creaking of the wagon wheels as they rolled over the rough roads. The horses, refreshed by the cooling night breezes, moved at a more rapid rate, and by early morning the Bishop had arrived at the station. This station is situated on a stretch of rising ground. The night before the Bishop's arrival the Indians contented themselves with capturing the mail carrier and circling around the station without showing any other hostile intention. The direction they finally took indicated that they were about to retire and that there was no further cause for uneasiness on their account. Ralston, the station in question, is a place near some silver mines, work on which had been suspended until the completion of a railroad then building in that vicinity.

After a day's rest the Bishop resumed his journey, and on July 23 had the happiness of arriving at San Elisario, Texas, from which point he intended to start his pastoral visitation. San Elisario, at that time, contained about 1,500 inhabitants, mostly Mexicans engaged in farming. The climate is mild and adapted to the cultivation of the vine, fruits and cereals. It may be interesting to note that San Elizario goes back nearly three centuries and is one of the missions mentioned in the reports to the Spanish viceroys as being in existence some thirty years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez and was used as a *presidio* or military station during the time of the Colonial Government. The Bishop was rejoiced to find many improvements in the old town since his last visit. Adjoining the old low and narrow church he saw the half-finished walls of a new and much more pretentious church in process of construction. It was the result of the generous contributions in cash and in labor on the part of the parishioners and the zeal of their good pastor, Father Bourgade, who, in time, became Bishop of Tucson and finally Archbishop of Santa Fé. That Bishop Salpointe held him in the highest esteem I had from the Bishop's own words many years ago. The inhabitants of San Elizario were not rich, none of them was in a condition to make large donations to the church, but out of what they had they freely gave. The Bishop was delighted when Father Bourgade, the pastor, showed him a beautiful property he had recently acquired and on which he intended to erect a school, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The Bishop spent two days at San Elizario, where he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation and attended to other episcopal duties. This mission is now under the care of the Jesuit Fathers of the Colorado mission.

On July 26 the Bishop administered Confirmation to one hundred persons at St. Michael's Chapel, at Sycorro, which was at that time a small village of about 600 souls, and has now grown into a regular



parish with out-lying missions, all attended by the Jesuit Fathers. It is situated some six miles from San Elizario, and at the time I am now describing was one of its out-missions. The Bishop found the chapel enlarged and even "whitewashed" since his last visit to the village. What pleased him most was the spirit that prevailed among the people. As at San Elizario he found the same strict and cheerful observance of the precepts of the Church and the same reverence and respect for the pastor. From here the Bishop went to La Isleta, a mission as old as San Elizario. Its population was originally composed entirely of Indians, but was now made up of Mexicans and English-speaking people in about equal numbers, and altogether did not exceed 1,000 souls. During the Bishop's sojourn of three days he confirmed 168 persons. The pastor informed him that his people wanted to have a school, conducted by a religious community, that a site had been purchased for that purpose and that the erection of the building would be commenced as soon as possible.

Franklin was a small station some fifteen miles north, on the same rivers as Isleta. Here the Bishop said Mass on July 30 and confirmed ninety-three persons, and here ended his pastoral visitation in that part of Texas under his episcopal jurisdiction, and which was then known as "El Paso County." The total number of Confirmations administered in this county amounted to 566. A few miles from Franklin brings us to the line that separates Texas from New Mexico. Bishop Salpointe now prepared to visit the missions on the right bank of the Rio Grande, as we enter New Mexico. These missions were then known as El Nombre de Dios, Chamberino, La Mesa and Santo Tomas. The first three of these places formed a mission, the principal church of which was at La Mesa. They were all, at that time, new foundations, and could not boast of even the modest advantages enjoyed by the older missions above referred to. The land in this locality is excellent, but being nearly all on a level with the river is exposed to inundations, hence it happens nearly every year that a considerable part of the crops is destroyed. This will account for the poor condition of the chapels and for the scant support afforded the clergy who attended them. This condition, however, did not dampen the zeal of the French missionary. He is trained to expect it while in the *Seminaire des Missions Etrangères*, and is rather surprised when he chances to meet with anything else.

La Mesita, the chef-lieu of the missions, is on the left bank of the Rio Grande, fifty-four miles from El Paso County line. This settlement, which dates from 1850 or 1851, consisted of about 1,800

souls. It is situated in the valley to which it gives its name and is admirably suited to vine and fruit growing industries. The church, which soon became too small to accommodate the growing congregation, soon became enlarged and was even enriched with a bell, and the sweet sound of the Angelus was heard over the valley. The greatest need felt by the people was a Catholic school. Less than two miles from Mesilla we come to Las Cruces, the chef-lieu of the mission of that name, also founded in 1850. The number of inhabitants, including those of Doña Ana, some six miles further up the river, was estimated at about 2,300 souls. It boasted of a boarding academy and a parochial school, conducted by the Sisters of Loretto and which was attended by over one hundred and sixty pupils, quite a respectable number for the time and place. When the Bishop arrived here he was delighted to find that the church had been repaired and otherwise improved, and his advent was marked by the blessing of a fine bell recently installed through the generosity of the parishioners and their friends.

On August 14 Monseigneur Salpointe crossed over to the right bank of the Rio Grande and visited the missions of El Colorado, Santa Barbara and Las Palomas. El Colorado consisted of about one hundred families and Santa Barbara of about thirty-six. These two stations had been founded only two years before the Bishop's visit and were still in a very poor condition, because of the heavy expenses the people had incurred in the development of a new country; nevertheless each of these places had managed to secure a temporary chapel. Situated as they were, one forty-five miles and the other fifty-three miles from the principal church of the mission, they were attended once a month by the priest from Las Cruces.

Las Palomas, thirty-five miles further up the river, was founded in 1867. The village consisted of one hundred and forty families, who were attended from Santa Fé, the Bishop having made an arrangement with the Archbishop of that see to have one of his priests attend this mission until he was able to provide for it himself. Fevers were very prevalent in this locality and the Bishop spent most of his time here in visiting the sick, attending to their spiritual wants and sometimes to their material wants as far as he could. Under the circumstances he decided to defer giving Confirmation until his return later on.

The Bishop spent nearly a month visiting the Catholics scattered along the Colorado Chiquito, or Little Red River, and on his return to Las Palomas he was shocked to find conditions worse than when he left it. There was not a family that was not more or less afflicted, and none that could offer him the scantiest hospitality,

nevertheless he resolved to stop over and do what he could for the sufferers. He was preparing to set up his tent just outside the village when one of the inhabitants came up and offered him the use of a tumble-down, abandoned cabin he owned, just a short way off. The Bishop gladly accepted the offer and made it his abode for two days. During this time the Bishop was kept so busy attending to the sick that he scarcely found time to read his Office, or even to eat. "But," says the good Bishop, "I was not the one most to be pitied. In many cases every member of the family was stricken down and there was not one able to attend to the other. There were cases, too, I was informed, where persons died with no one near them to care for them or pray with them in their dying hour."

It was impossible to get any details from the good Bishop of his work among these unfortunate people during the ten days he spent among them. It is enough for us to know that he belonged to that school of missionaries that produced a Dubuis, later on Bishop of Galveston, who nearly lost his life tending poor Indians and Mexicans dying of typhus fever; the school that produced a Leray, later on Archbishop of New Orleans, who left his diocese (he was then Bishop of Natchitoches) to minister to his former parishioners in Vicksburg, who were dying of yellow fever, and of the young and gifted Dominican, Revillé (the last to receive the "habit" from Lacordaire), who gave his life, so full of promise, in the service of the victims of yellow fever, at Memphis, Tenn.

Monseigneur Salpointe tells us that the people of Las Palomas were destitute of everything that could be of any use to them, under the circumstances. Those who were able to do so left for other places, there to remain until the epidemic had exhausted itself. We might add that the same conditions, only to a less alarming extent, prevailed at Las Cruces and La Mesilla. The population of Colorado, which was little more than settled in 1877, was distributed over three or four points of rich and extensive valley which is destined to grow rapidly in the near future. The principal towns existing in 1878 were Round Valley, San Juan and El Concho, with some two hundred and forty families, nearly all Catholics. The Colorado missions were at that time temporarily attended by priests from New Mexico, although some of them were situated nearly two hundred miles from their residence, and there was not as yet a single church or chapel in the whole valley.

From Tubonal, New Mexico, between the Rio Grande and the Colorado Chequito, there is a stretch of country covering an area of two hundred miles; it is the land of the Navajos. In this country, undulating, well-wooded and abounding in rich pasturage, was the



home of the Navajos (Long-Knives). It was, at the time we are dealing with, mostly under the control of the Government, of the Fort Wingate reservation. Quite a number of the Navajos still reside at the place known as Alamosita. It was not so long ago when these Indians were the terror of all New Mexico, and the Bishop was not a little uneasy when he suddenly found himself among them; but his uneasiness vanished when on approaching their habitations he noticed the cultivated fields and the sheep feeding quietly on the hillside. He knew enough of Indian life to realize that there was no danger where the Indian family resided in peace. The Bishop tells us that he found these Indians simply but decently dressed. One of their number spoke Spanish fairly well, and in reply to the Bishop's inquiries, told him that the members of his tribe who lived here enjoyed many advantages over those living on military reservations, such as having an abundance of fuel, land for cultivation and for pasturage. When asked where they obtained the knit hose which so many of his people wore, he replied that they were knit by the women of the tribe. So also were the blankets they wore to protect them against the winter winds. Such blankets were in common use among other tribes. They were of various hues and ornamented with various designs, and woven by the women from the fleece of their flocks.

The Bishop would have been pleased to have prolonged his stay among these, now peaceable people, but he was obliged to continue his pastoral visitation elsewhere. The parting with the Indians was very touching; they expressed all manner of wishes for his speedy return, and if they had been free to choose for themselves, the Catholic missionary would have had little trouble in instructing and converting them. But this was impossible under the conditions established by the Grant administration. Had not these Indians been "allotted" to others? I sometimes wonder how these people can conscientiously condemn the Spanish settlers for their "repartimientos" and do the same thing themselves; but the Spaniards allotted the Indians as laborers in the mines, in the sixteenth century, but in North America, in the full light of the boasted nineteenth century, these poor Indians are parcelled out to different religious sects, like so many beans in a bag, regardless of their religious predilections. Probably this phase of the case justifies the means. *Quien sabe?*

The Bishop's visitation being completed he turned his steps towards his home, in Tucson. From Santa Barbara he journeyed along the Rio Membre and visited some villages that had sprung up within the last two years. Among these were San Lorenzo and

San Isidro. In both of them he found chapels, newly erected, but they were both absolutely wanting in everything necessary for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, no altar furnishings, no vestments, in a word, nothing. This has all been corrected long ago. The next stop made by the Bishop was at Silver City. Including the people of San Lorenzo, the population at that time was estimated at 1,500, most of whom were engaged in working the silver mines of the vicinity. There was a church at Silver City, but no rectory. It now has a resident pastor, who also attends Pinos Altos. In addition to this it has a parochial school and an academy, under the invocation of Our Lady of Lourdes, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose convent adjoins the academy. Silver City is now in the recently (1914) erected Diocese of El Paso, Texas.

The Bishop's homeward journey was not without its hardships and its dangers. The Apaches were again on the warpath, and along the road he had to travel nine victims of their savagery fell in two days, and while their burial was in progress a number of others were wounded unto death. Some seventeen whites were massacred by the Indians in the short space of forty-eight hours. All travel was interrupted, and even the mail went out only once a week and then only when accompanied by a strong guard. Not being able to travel at the pace of the mail coach, which had already done him good service, the Bishop decided to risk traveling by night and as covertly as possible. His party had been increased by the arrival of one of his priests who was returning from one of his missions and likewise on his way to Tucson. The party set out from Silver City after procuring some arms for its defense, but relying more especially on the protection of Divine Providence. We may be able, perhaps, to form some idea of the thoughts and the dangers that filled the minds of this devoted band during the four days of its journey through a country along which were found, from time to time, the debris of the baggage of the unfortunate victims who had preceded them by only a few hours to the scene of their massacre. By the Providence of God the Bishop and his party escaped the perils of the plains and finally arrived in safety at Tucson after an absence of three months.

The dangers and hardships they encountered, though deemed severe among us, in the populated and civilized East, were treated as of little consequence by them. During his visitation the Bishop confirmed 1,672 persons and covered 1,680 miles. Great changes have taken place in this section of the United States within the last forty years. Santa Fê has grown into an Archiepiscopal See and has had four Archbishops. The Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona established in 1868 became the Diocese of Tucson in 1897, and

some of its former territory has been merged into the recently (1914) erected Diocese of El Paso, Texas, leaving only the State of Arizona to the Diocese of Tucson. The episcopal city of Tucson can now boast of three churches, besides the Cathedral of St. Augustine, together with a Marist college, a hospital and sanitarium, an orphan asylum and a parochial school. As an evidence of the interest taken in Catholic education in the diocese we find schools at Bisbee, Flagstaff, Indian Oasis, Komatke, Morenci, Nogales and elsewhere. At San Xavier del Bac, a mission that dates back to 1690, the time when the Jesuit missionaries arrived among the Sobahispuris, there is now a school for Papagos, taught by seven Sisters of St. Joseph.

At Phoenix there is a Spanish school conducted by the Sisters of the Precious Blood; there is also a hospital. There is another hospital at Nagales and still another at Prescott, while at St. Michael's, Apache County, there is an Indian school. Monseigneur Henri Granjon, the present Bishop, consecrated in 1900 in the Cathedral of Baltimore, has carried on the work of his predecessors. He has under his jurisdiction some twenty-six secular priests and forty-two regulars: Carmelites, Franciscans and Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and a community of Marist Brothers. The communities of women have been mentioned above, in connection with their work. At the present time the academies and schools are attended by some 2,360 pupils; over one hundred orphans are cared for and the Indian children are taught in six schools carried on for their special instruction. The Catholic population of the diocese is estimated at about 50,000 souls.

In reviewing the events related in the foregoing pages we see how God has blessed the work of the good missionaries. The names of Lamy, Macheboeuf, Salpointe, Bourgade, the Jouvanceau brothers and many others, who bore the brunt and the hardships of the more recent formative period, will be held in grateful remembrance. The mustard seed they planted amid toils and dangers has grown into a great tree; it has attracted immigration and been a consolation to the Christian souls who have sought refuge under its loving shelter.

MARC F. VALLETTE.



ONE MORE GLANCE AT THE RISE AND FALL OF  
EVOLUTION.

THE passing of Ernst Haeckel from the sphere of cosmic evolution naturally suggests a consideration of the famous theory of which he was so enthusiastic a pioneer and so vehement a champion. One of the most obvious questions which his demise introduces is: How stands the mighty problem to the establishment of which he devoted his life and labors? No one needs to be told that that problem was evolution. One of the earliest exponents of the theory of Darwin, Professor Haeckel led the van, in Germany, in the fierce warfare which raged around the cradle of the new doctrine; and his battles in its behalf were waged with the same fierceness, ferocity and recklessness with which Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer carried on the conflict in the English-speaking world. He was among the very first to come to the defence of Charles Darwin's renowned speculation. Nay, he acted in the capacity of wet nurse to the infant theory on Teuton soil; and it may be safely said that whatever progress the new theory made in Germany was owing to the incessant propaganda which Haeckel instituted in its behalf, and which he continued to conduct, in person, until the pen dropped from his hand in death. To the very last, his sword was unsheathed. Throughout the last half of the last century and even during the period of almost two decades in this, he never laid aside his armor; and even in his latest years he carried on the warfare with the same unslacking energy and with the same unrelenting fury which he first brought to the field. To the last, his onslaughts were as savage, his outbursts as furious, his methods as unscrupulous, his insolence as haughty, his arrogance as domineering, as when he first girded on his armor to join the ranks of the Darwinian legion. He entered the field of speculation, too, on his own account, with the result that his observation and research carried him far beyond the bounds of organic phenomena. He soon left Darwin behind and was fully abreast of Spencer in extending the theory of evolution beyond the realm of biology, insisting on its activity throughout the whole universe, as well in inanimate as in animate nature. He spent a long lifetime in propagating the doctrine of Darwin and its Spencerian extension, and he died, the last of the Romans, with the unmistakable evidence before his eyes that, in spite of all his efforts, his cherished theory was as absolutely destitute of anything like proof, in the true sense of the word, as when he first enlisted as a fiery recruit in the new cause to which he had consecrated his life.

It is not the intention here to follow the career of Professor

Haeckel. All his activity and energy have long been discounted by the exposure of his methods. The utterly reckless part which he played; the disgraceful methods which he adopted to further his cause; the bold frauds which he perpetrated in the name of science; the wild extravagance of his unsupported claims in behalf of his pet principle, have all been exposed again and again by his brother scientists—by Agassiz, by Nis, by Rutimeyer and others. Even the contemporaries of his earlier career were wont to smile at the extravagances of his statements; but neither the cry of fraud raised against him by Rutimeyer, nor the exposures by Nis, nor the unmasking of knavery by Agassiz had the slightest influence in effecting a change of procedure on the part of the distinguished apostle of evolution. And perhaps this is not to be wondered at. For Professor Haeckel had beheld wonders in his day. He had been eye-witness to the rise of a foundationless theory, a groundless speculation. He had seen a new doctrine—distasteful withal—bound suddenly into the air and reach even dizzy heights. He had seen it rise, in spite of opposition, like a kite against the wind. He had not merely been an eye-witness, but he himself had been one of the most active agents in its success. His own consciousness had told him by just what arguments it had achieved success. He saw it questioned, combated, contested on every inch of its upward path. He beheld it reach in pride and splendor the full zenith of its power and glory. And then he saw it, after two generations had spent themselves in its behalf, in investigation, inquiry, observation and experiment, in every realm of science, shrivel up like a scroll of parchment, leaving nothing but a burnt odor behind. After more than half a century of proud domination he saw it without rag or vestige of proof to cover its nakedness, and without credentials of any kind which could pass muster for a moment in any assemblage of intelligent and unbiased men—a helpless prey to its opponents.

Indeed the evolution hypothesis is one of the marvels of the scientific world. The suddenness of its rise; the flimsiness of the evidence in its favor; the strong prejudice against it—even in the realm of science; the sudden reaction in its favor; and then the eagerness and enthusiasm of those who embraced the new doctrine—all are profound illustrations of the fickleness of the human mind even in the very quarters of learning where we should naturally look for solid reason and sober judgment. How the evolution hypothesis attained such strength, only to lose it; how it accomplished so much, yet could do no more; how it swelled to such immense dimensions, only to fall back into a condition of absurd negligibility; these are questions which constitute, in their answer, some of the most curious

phenomena of the human mind and throw a flood of light on the methods by which science attains its end, compelling us against our will to realize that, even in the domain of science, the adage holds good that all is not gold that glitters. It is interesting then to trace the Darwinian speculation in its marvellous rise and to follow it in its still more marvellous fall.

The doctrine of evolution had, in some form or other, been floating around the world from the earliest times. Questions about the nature of the universe in which we live have been asked from the very beginning. The moment the human mind began to reflect the notion that the vegetation which covers the earth, the animals which inhabit it, the rocks and hills, the mountains and valleys which constitute its physical features, may have undergone changes in past time, and that all the phenomena which constitute the animal, vegetable and mineral worlds as they now exist, are but modifications of other forms which have had their day and their philosophy, was the natural speculation of reflecting minds. The Greek philosophers were the first to attempt answers to these problems. Many of them held that all things natural sprang from what they called the original elements—fire, air, earth, water. Anaximander held that animals were begotten from the earth by means of heat and moisture; and that man was developed from other beings different in form. Empedocles had a fantastic theory, viz., that the various parts of man and animals at first existed independently, and that these—for instance, arms, legs, feet, eyes, etc., gradually combined—perhaps, after the manner in which automobiles are assembled—that these combinations became capable of existing and even of propagating and reproducing themselves. Anaxagoras was of opinion that animals and plants sprang from the earth by means of germs carried in the atmosphere which gave fecundity to the earth. Aristotle held opinions not very unlike those of our own day; all of which goes to show that speculation about the origin of the universe and the why and wherefore of living things did not come into existence with the Darwinian hypothesis and that the doctrine of descent with modification as an explanation of all biological phenomena antedates by over two thousand years the publication of the “*Origin of Species*.”

Coming down to more recent times, we find that in the first half of the eighteenth century, the term “evolution” was introduced into biological literature to explain, not the manner of the evolution of species, but the manner in which, according to the opinions of some distinguished physiologists, living things were generated. It was rather the evolution of the individual than the evolution of the



species that then engaged men's minds. The opposite opinions of the followers of Harvey on one side, and Malpighi on the other, which had come down from the preceding generation, relate not to the evolution of species, but to the development of the individual organism. And when the opposing camps of "metamorphosis" and "epigenesis" were pitched, the contention was, whether, as Harvey had formerly maintained, the process of individual development was, by a "successive differentiation of a relatively homogeneous rudiment into the parts and structures which are characteristic of the adult," or whether, as Malpighi contended, the chick, as a whole, really exists in the egg prior to incubation, and consequently what takes place in the process of incubation is a simple unfolding, or expansion, or evolution of the organs which already existed, though in so minute a form as to be undiscoverable. The weight of Leibnitz's authority was added to that of Malpighi on this point; for Leibnitz saw in the theory of Malpighi a support for his own doctrine of monads; and we find him thus arguing against his own opponents and those of Malpighi—

"Mais cette imagination est bien éloignée de la nature des choses. I'l n'y a point de tel passage; et c'est ici où les transformations de Messieurs Swammerdam Malpighi, et Leeuenhoek, qui sont des plus excellens observateurs de notre temps, sont venues à mon secours, et m'ont fait admettre plus aisement, que l'animal, et toute outre substance organisée ne commence point lorsque nous le croyons, et que sa generation apparens n'est q'une developpment et une espee d'augmentation."

A little later, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the opinions of Leibnitz and Malpighi were adopted by Bonnet and Haller regarding the relative merits of metamorphosis and epigenesis, Bonnet maintaining that, prior to incubation and fecundation, the hen's egg contains the complete chick—though infinitely small—which, by the processes mentioned above, begins to develop, by intussusception, or an absorption of nutritious substances, which are deposited in the interstices of the miniature bird's miniature structure. All this, however, related to the individual plant or animal and the process by which it was generated, and had no bearing whatever on the larger problem of biologic evolution, much less on the theory of evolution as related to the inorganic world. Bonnet, however, had extended his notions on evolution from the individual to all living things. In his "*Palingénésie Philosophique*" he broaches a hypothesis which he calls "evolution naturelle" and which bears a very close resemblance to some modern views on the subject of evolution. In fact, in searching

among the fossiliferous strata of science for an ancestor from which the modern theory of evolution may or may not have evolved—the paleontology among which we might expect to find original types from which the present species of evolution has been evolved we come upon this rare specimen :

“Si la volonté divine,” wrote Bonnet, “a crée par un seul Acte, l’Universalité des êtres, d’où venoient ces plantes et ces animaux dont Moyse nous décrit la Production au troisieme et au cinquieme jour de renouvellement de notre monde?”

Abuserois-je la liberté de conjectures si je disois, que les Plantes et les Animaux qui existent aujourd’hui sent parvenus par une sorte d’évolution naturelle des êtres organisés qui peuplaient ce premier Monde, sorti immédiatement des Mains du Createur?” \* \* \*

And then comes his speculation :

“Ne supposons que trois revolutions. La Terre vient de sortir des Mains du Createur. Des Causes préparés par sa Sagesse font developper de toutes partes les Germes. Les Etres organisés commencent a jouir de l’existence. Ils étoient probablement alors bien différents de ce qu’ils sont aujourd’hui. Ils l’étoient autant que ce premier Monde différoit de celui que nous habitons. Nous manquons de moyens pour juger de ces dissemblances, et peut-etre que le plus habile Naturaliste qui auroit placé dans ce premier Monde y auroit entièrement meconnu nos Plantes et nos Animaux.”

Here we have unmistakably the doctrine of “descent with modification,” quite as clearly as that propounded by Lamarck or Darwin, although there is no attempt to assign cause or factor of any kind in the transformation of species. And although the speculations and controversies of the eighteenth century related more especially to the process of the generation of the individual rather than transformation of species, the notion of evolution was in the air, and we find even Leibnitz, in proof of his doctrine of continuity and of the endless process of evolution and involution with which he invested his monads, telling us :

“Alii mirantur in saxis passim species videri quas vel in orbe cognito, vel saltem in vicinis locis frustra quaerás. Ita ‘Cornua Ammonis,’ quae ex nautilorum numero habeantur, passim et forma et magnitudine (nam et pedali diametro aliquando reperiuntur) ab omnibus illis naturis discrepare dicunt, quas praebet mare. Sed quis absconditos ejus recessus aut subterraneas abyssos pervestigavit? quam multa nobis animalia antea ignota offert novus orbis? Et credibile est per magnas illas conversiones etiam animalium species plurimum immutatas.”

Here Leibnitz undoubtedly suggests the possibility of changes in species; so that we find, in a confused or undefined form, the notion

of the mutability of species appearing and disappearing like a rock in the midst of the ocean waves. As Huxley puts it:

"In the end of the seventeenth century the seed was sown, which has, at intervals, brought forth recurrent crops of evolutionary hypotheses, based, more or less completely, on general reasonings."

We also catch glimpses, more or less vague, of the notion of the development of living things from two or more forms, and of the modifications of these in the course of ages, in the works of Haller and Hutton and Linnæus; but all of them are comparatively negligible. Even De Maillet, who seems to stand midway between the ancient (if we may so call them) evolutionists and the moderns, while he had a fairly well-defined conception of the plasticity of biological phenomena, as well as of the notion that existing things were brought into being by some process of modification of the forms that preceded them, does not seem to have had so clear a conception of the cause which produced them, or even of the necessity of such a cause. Indeed, up to his time there does not seem to have been any conception of a cause, and among those who broached the doctrine of evolution, the notion of a cause by which it was effected was vague, confused, indefinite, formless, void. This is true of Goethe and Spinoza, of Robinet and Maupertuis. Adumbrations and approximations and inarticulate attempts to give intelligent expression to the theory of evolution, there were many; but it was only in the next century, when Treviranus and Lamarck—almost as coincidentally as Wallace and Darwin, half a century later—gave expression to their views, that the world at large, or even the scientific world began to consider the question at all worthy of attention. It is, however, a matter of fact that Lamarck, who, by the way, seems to be coming into his own in these latter days, held views diametrically opposite to those with which his name is now usually connected; and this only a very short time previous to the launching of his theory of evolution. The evolution of life from inanimate nature he flatly rejected only a few years previous to the publication of his "*Philosophie Zoologique*" in 1809. In a previous work he tells us that although his only object in his treatise was to treat of the physical life of organic beings, nevertheless,

"J'ai osé avancer en débutant, que l'existence de ces êtres étonnants n'appartennent nullement à la nature; que tout ce qu'on peut entendre par le mot *nature*, ne pouvoit donner la vie, c'est-à-dire, que toutes les qualités de la matière, jointes à toutes les circonstances possible, et même à l'activité répandue dans l'univers, ne pouvaient point produire un être muni du mouvement organique, capable de reproduire son semblable, et sujet à la mort."



And so far was he, at this time, from advocating his later doctrine of mutability of species by means of inherited changes by use and disuse, that he expressly tells us:

"Tous les individus de cette nature (organic beings), qui existent, proviennent d'individus semblables qui tous ensemble constituent l'espèce entière. Or, je crois qu'il est aussi impossible à l'homme de connoître la cause physique du premier individu de chaque espèce, que d'assigner aussi physiquement la cause de l'existence de la matière ou de l'univers entier. C'est au moins ce que le résultat de mes connaissances et de mes réflexions me portent à penser. S'il existe beaucoup de variétés produites par l'effet des circonstances, ces variétés ne denaturent point les espèces; mais on se tromp, sans doute souvent, en indiquant comme espèce, ce qui n'est que variété; et alors je sens que cette erreur peut tirer a conséquence dans les raisonnements que l'on fait sur cette matière."

It is plainly evident, then, that Lamarck, whose name in these latter times is especially invoked by Catholic evolutionists, held very different views on the subject of descent with modification, from those of his later years. Compare the words just quoted with those which he gave to the world only a few years later, in which he tells us,

"Dans sa marche, la nature a commencé, et recommence tous les jours, par former les corps organisés les plus simples." And he further adds, "L'es premières ébauches de l'animal et du végétal étant formées dans les lieux et les circonstances convenables, les facultés d'une vie commencante et d'un mouvement organique établi, ont nécessairement développé peu à peu les organes, et qu'avec les temps elles les ont diversifiées ainsi que les parties."

The transition of views shown here is of the most radical kind, though, of course much depends upon the meaning of the term, "la nature," which "a commencé, et recommence encore tous les jours, par former les corps organisés les plus simples." Whether by it he means a purposive nature with a teleological influence, or whether it means, as in our first quotation above, "tout ce qu'on peut entendre par le mot nature," we have no means of ascertaining. Unquestionably he held the doctrine of final causes. Not only that, but he held that there was in living things a fixed progression—and ascending succession—or, as Herbert Spencer puts it: The inherent tendency which organs have to develop into more perfect forms, would, according to him (Lamarck), result in a uniform series of forms, but varieties in their conditions work divergencies of structure, which break up the series into groups."

Treviranus had preceded Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin preceded Treviranus and closely following him came Robert Chambers'

remarkable work, "Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation," in which the author says "that the several series of animated beings, from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are, under the Providence of God, the results, first, of an impulse which has been imparted to the forms of life, advancing them, in definite times by generation, through grades of organization terminating in the highest dicotyledons and vertebrata." The notion of evolution then was rife towards the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth; but most probably, as the scientists of the next generation maintain, owing to the towering figure of Cuvier, who then dominated the world of science, the views of Lamarck, and the idea of evolution were either ignored or ridiculed, or scouted or flouted, until in 1859, when, on the first day of October, Darwin published to the world his famous "Origin of Species," and the theory of evolution stepped into the world full-armed like Minerva from the head of Jove. From that day forth evolution, as a scientific hypothesis, claimed a place and obtained a footing in scientific circles. Henceforward it assumed a position and acquired an importance which it had never before possessed.

All biological phenomena were included in the famous generalization of Charles Darwin; but he did not carry his speculations into the inorganic world. Professor Haeckel, in Germany, however, and Herbert Spencer in England, extended the idea and claimed for the realm of evolution not merely all living things, but also all nature, both animate and inanimate. Nay, more, Spencer accounted for the appearance of all phenomena of every description by the operation of evolutionary forces, claiming for its realm not merely the material world, but all social, political and religious phenomena as well.

Darwin, at first, did not include man in his great generalization. Whatever his personal views on the relation of man to the rest of living things might have been, they were carefully held in abeyance when he first proclaimed his famous hypothesis to the world. He doubtless was unwilling to risk the results of his theory; possibly fearing a revulsion of human feelings against the revolting novelty which might carry off, with the distasteful doctrine, his main theory of evolution, on the establishment of which he had set his heart. It was only when Huxley and Spencer, and Lyell and Lubbock and Haeckel and Vogt, besides many others had broached the question of the similarity of structure between erect and two-handed man and quadrupeds, pointing out that the arm of a man and the forelimb of a quadruped, the wing of a bird and the

fin of a fish are all homologous; that is, that they contain the same essential parts, only differently modified, that Darwin seems to have taken courage and given to the world his "Descent of Man," in which he announced that *homo sapiens* was the lineal descendant of a Catarrhine ape. The world at first was inclined to be amused at the strange theory what many were inclined to regard as a jest; but no one who took the trouble to read his Darwin could fail to be impressed with the intense earnestness of the founder of the new doctrine, or the patient, plodding industry which had accumulated such a vast store of natural facts, which in time were calculated to lend to the hypothesis all the glamour of a Baconian induction.

At first the mass of scientists held shyly aloof from Darwin's speculation. The uncouth visitor was viewed askance. A few made the somersault and clasped the strange visitor to their bosoms; but the older and conservative men of science would have none of it. It was at best an hypothesis and an unproven one at that. All the vast array of evidence accumulated by Darwin was unconvincing and inconclusive. The most that Darwin had accomplished with all his industry and patience was to show that his theory was not metaphysically impossible. All else was a mere begging of the question. His strongest argument was "Might it not be?" and "Could it not be?" Of proof, in the true acceptation of the term, it was absolutely destitute. The whole was a case of special pleading for a favorable verdict. A show of plausibility was imparted to the plea, but nothing that could move the leading scientists of his day to lend the freak hypothesis the slightest countenance. Darwin himself perceived this and made his appeal to the new generation of scientific men.

"I look with confidence," he says in his famous volume, "to the future, to young and rising naturalists, who will be able to view both sides of the question with impartiality. Whoever is led to believe that species are mutable, will do good service by conscientiously expressing his conviction; for thus only can the load of prejudice by which the subject is overwhelmed be removed." It was then a question not of proof but of plebiscite which was certainly a new attitude for science.

This to solid minds was a strange kind of scientific argument. It was evidently not a question of proofs but a question of votes and this, too, in a question which called for scientific demonstration. His agency by which evolution was accomplished was equally cryptic. Natural selection was the main instrumentality by which the work was effected. But who had seen natural selection? Was it true that there was in existence such an agency? Artificial selection was



certainly in operation; but no sane man would for a moment maintain, that because artificial selection was a fact, natural selection must also be a fact. Man certainly selected, but man was an intelligent agent. Did it necessarily follow because of this, that nature must also possess intelligence and do precisely what breeders do? Neither was his definition of natural selection very clear to any one. In Darwin's own opinion it was compounded of so many elements that he never really attempted anything like an exact definition of it. The questions by which Huxley, sixty years ago, would test the truth of the theory are yet to be answered. "Is it satisfactorily proved that species may be originated by selection? that there is such a thing as natural selection? that none of the phenomena exhibited by species are inconsistent with the origin of species in this way?" Huxley further maintained that there was no proof that a group of animals, having all the characteristics exhibited in Nature, has ever been originated by selection, whether artificial or natural. Groups having the morphological character of species, distinct and permanent races in fact, have been so produced over and over again; but there is no positive evidence at present that any group of animals has, by variation and selective breeding, given rise to another group which has even in the least degree been infertile with the first. These were some of the difficulties which even the friends of the Darwinian hypotheses found it impossible to adjust satisfactorily, and now that two generations of "young and rising naturalists" have expended their energies in this exposition, they remain exactly where Huxley found them.

Nevertheless, the theory found ardent defenders and vigorous champions and in the foremost ranks, the foremost was Huxley himself. A propaganda for the spread of the new doctrine was forthwith inaugurated. With Huxley and Spencer and Tyndall and Haeckel in the lead the ranks were soon filled up with intrepid scientists of every rank and grade. The old, vigilant school of scientists looked on warily and suspiciously. Virchow and Youmans and Agassiz steadfastly refused to lend the sanction of their names to the new prodigy which had nothing higher than mere speculation to offer as a guarantee of its scientific worth. But alongside the older and wiser men a new generation of scientists, for whom Darwin had yearned and to whom he had made his appeal, sprang into being. To shallow minds, notoriety is but another name for fame—and here was a short cut to notoriety. A new race of scientists arose all over the civilized world. Adventurers who had no reputation to lose espoused the new doctrine and soon found themselves famous as pioneers in the new field of progress and enlighten-

ment. Men whose names would have rested forever in obscurity or oblivion, paraded before the world as budding Keplers or emancipated Newtons. Observation and experiment called for little brains and less genius in their operations; and observation and experiment became the shibboleths of the propaganda. They were the most exalted virtues beside which all others paled into insignificance, while compared with them, the religious, social and domestic virtues were sheerest folly. Huxley never grew tired of expatiating on the blessings they were to bring into the world. All the wisdom of mankind was stored up in observation and experiment. This was preëminently man's work and business in life. For this alone was man born into the world. And so the world betook itself to the duties of observation and experiment. Indeed there is nothing simpler than to study nature, to watch its growth and decay, to follow its changing courses, to study the habits of birds, of animals, of insects; and all natural science which was not engaged in industrial, useful and productive pursuits, flocked to the woods, the rocks and the anthills, sometimes, too, with most grotesque results, as we shall later see. Of course there were many sincere and earnest workers, who, awed by the vast array of Darwin's facts, concluded that his inferences from them must be as infallible as the facts themselves, and who lived and died in the best of scientific faith in the Darwinian hypothesis.

The marvellous advance in the industrial sciences favored the new doctrine. Steam and electricity, and all the other industrial sciences were pouring their flood of wealth in its various forms into the lap of mankind. The very name of science became popular. Like the wren carried up in the plumage of the eagle, the new doctrine was carried to dizzy heights and imagined the glory of its flight to be all owing to its own inherent powers of ascension. Speculative science audaciously appropriated all the glory of all scientific progress as if it had been the fairy godmother that had bestowed the gifts on mankind. With this conceit it became insolent. The fledgling who had just equipped himself with a microscope and scalpel sneered at him whose inventions had brought argosies to the seas. The mountebank who came upon a new specimen of fossil became the hero of the hour. The dunce who could lecture on the age of the Belemnite or who had pried into the habits of the white ants, looked down with contempt or pity on the man who had left an imperishable name because of imperishable services to mankind. Next it claimed the realm of culture. Scientific culture, Huxley told the world, must supplant literary culture. Scientific culture must also supplant intellectual culture. History must also yield to it. Science

was the watchword of the hour and speculation was the watchword of science. In a word, speculative science was the be-all and end-all of human existence.

Soon it became intolerant. There is more of the spirit of Satan in a single fact of science than in all the volumes of literature or history that have ever been written. Scientific facts, as Oliver Wendell Holmes long since told, are great bullies and get people into a bullying habit of mind. A reign of terror was inaugurated; and woe betide the unlucky wight who had the hardihood to question the truth of the new dogmas or manifest any doubts of their scientific value. To those of us who can recall the fierce conflicts of those palmiest days of Darwinism; the rounds of abuse and threats of annihilation so liberally bestowed on dissenters and doubters; the fierce scorn and bitter denunciation with which the supernatural was scouted; the tempests of the present day are like a balmy, gentle zephyr. Haeckel and Huxley flayed and scourged. Tyndall was arrogant and insolent. The mild, injured air of Darwin was more cutting than scathing censure. The disdain of Spencer was overwhelming and blighting, while the blistering sarcasm of Huxley was one continuous, unceasing, red-hot lava torrent. The tirades of the school soon became rankest Bolshevism. It halted everything. It questioned everything. It challenged everything. It pulled down everything, especially authority. These seem like extravagant statements; but here is the boast of Huxley himself:

"Change is in the air. It is whirling featherheads into all sorts of eccentric orbits and filling the steadiest with a sense of insecurity. *It insists (italics our) on re-opening all questions and asking all institutions, however venerable, by what right they exist and whether they are, or are not, in harmony with the real or supposed wants of mankind.*"

Revolutions are like avalanches; the increase in the mass is in proportion to the motion. The revolution in scientific thought was no exception. It attracted to itself scientists of every school and disciples from every walk of intellect. Alfred R. Wallace could, in 1880, write of Darwinism:

"In a very few years after the publication of his theory, it had literally extinguished among all thinking men the doctrine of special creation which had before largely prevailed: and some, who were its most violent opponents at the outset, now accept the fact of evolution as applied to almost every group of organized beings. At the present day there is perhaps no single naturalist of reputation who upholds that doctrine of the independent origin of each species of animal and plant, which was a very few years ago either tacitly



accepted or openly maintained by the great majority of naturalists. Surely no such revolution in scientific thought was ever effected by one man in so short a period."

Intoxicated with success, Darwinism was not content with its absolute sway in the realm of science. It crossed over into the domain of religion. In accordance with Huxley's programme, just quoted, it challenged religion and even bade it give a reason why it should not be despatched forthwith. Huxley reminded it that "Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules; and history records that whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, bleeding and crushed, if not annihilated." He essayed the role of supreme dictator in religion as well as in science. It informed religion that the questions about which it busied itself were of no more consequence than the question "what are the politics of the inhabitants of the moon?" Scientists must not "trouble themselves about" such questions at all. "A proper regard for the economy of time" forbade wasting it on subjects which "are essentially questions of lunar politics \* \* \* not worthy the attention of men who have work to do in the world." Indeed that religion of any kind was to be at all tolerated was a benign condescension on the part of evolution; but if it deigned to permit such unscientific questions as those religion propounded, it was going to make itself ample amends by reserving to itself the right to dictate precisely what and how much of these "lunar politics" it was going to tolerate. It gave its own directions on the proper form which religion must assume. Religion "must see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs; and of cherishing the noblest of man's emotions by worship 'for the most part, of the silent sort' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable." So evolution was not content with merely presiding over the destinies of science, but promulgated its *ex cathedra* decrees on the proper form—even to its rites and rubrics—which religion must assume. Hence we see that not only in its own realm but also in that of the conquered territory of religion, evolution held boundless sway.

But pride goeth before a fall, and evolution was no exception; for soon came the great humbling. Nothing certainly could be more injurious to the cause of evolution at this juncture than a loss of faith in the infallibility of Darwin. The world had come over to his side. The scientists had all flocked to his standard. The opponents of evolution—if any there were—were sandbagged into silence. He had reached the highest pinnacle of fame, almost of

human greatness, and men had adopted his theory not on its intrinsic merits, but on faith in Darwin himself. Consequently nothing could be more disastrous than that that faith should be shaken in any quarter whatever. Yet this was what happened. Evolution by means of natural selection was by no means the only great generalization of Darwin. Long before he had linked his name with evolution, he had given to science another which met with the same unquestioning faith and acceptance. In point of fact it was, in its general features, a type or figure of his great, immortal hypothesis. It was his exposition of the formation of coral reefs. The late Duke of Argyle, in the columns of the *Nineteenth Century*, dealt so luminously with the whole matter at the time that we cannot do better than condense his statements, which are somewhat lengthy. In the confidence, cocksureness and unquestioning acceptance of the theory we have an exact parallel of the doctrine of evolution. "I have heard eminent men affirm," says Argyle, "that if he (Darwin) had done nothing else, his solution of the great problem of the coral islands of the Pacific would have sufficed to place him on the unsubmergible peaks of science, crowned with an immortal name." And Darwin himself was quite as positive of the irrefragable truth of his explanation. "So certain was Darwin" (we are quoting the Duke of Argyle) "of these conclusions that he adds, in a tone of most unwonted confidence: 'I venture to defy any one to explain in any other manner how it is possible that numerous islands should be distributed throughout vast areas—all the islands being low, all being built of corals, absolutely requiring a foundation within a limited depth from the surface.'" The coral workers cannot go beyond a certain depth, say of from twenty to forty fathoms, for their foundations on which they build. The difficulty that baffled the scientists before Darwin's time was, how, throughout the vast expanses of the coral islands of the Pacific, it happened that foundations at the proper depth could be found for the innumerable coral islands and atolls which are so marked a feature. What was the agency which left for the coral workers their foundations exactly at the proper depths for their wonderful operations? After his tour of the island as naturalist on H. M. S. the "Beagle," Darwin had satisfied himself that he had arrived at the solution of the difficulty. The land had subsided, a whole continent had been submerged beneath the waves of the Pacific, and when the land had reached the proper depth for the work of the corals, they began to erect their marvellous structures. In May, 1837, he (Darwin) read before the Geological Society of London a paper which gave his solution of the problem. Not elevation, but "subsidence" was the key to the difficulty. "His theory,"

the Duke says, "took the world by storm." Sir Charles Lyell adopted it. "The theory of the young naturalist was hailed with acclamation. It was a magnificent generalization. It was soon almost universally accepted with admiration and delight. It passed into all popular treatises, and ever since for the space of nearly half a century, it has maintained its unquestioned place as one of the great triumphs of reasoning and research." We have said above that the history of this generalization was an exact parallel with that of his theory of evolution. Indeed the language we have just quoted might without a change of word or syllable be applied to what is now known as Darwinism, "*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*" But let us hear the Duke of Argyle further:

"And now comes the great lesson. After an interval of more than five and thirty years the voyage of the 'Beagle' was followed by the voyage of the 'Challenger,' furnished with all the newest appliances of science, and manned by a scientific staff more than competent to turn them to best account. And what is one of the many results? \* \* \* It is that Darwin's history is a dream. It is not only unsound, but it is in many respects directly the reverse of truth. With all his conscientiousness, with all his caution, with all his powers of observation, Darwin in this matter fell into errors as profound as the abysses of the Pacific. All the acclamations with which it was received were as the shouts of an ignorant mob. It is well to know that the plebiscites of science may be as dangerous and as hollow as the plebiscites of politics." \* \* \* The parallel still continues even to the sequel. We still quote the Duke: "The cherished dogma has been dropping very slowly out of sight. Can it be possible that Darwin was wrong? Must we indeed give up all that we have been accepting and teaching for more than a generation? Reluctantly, almost sulkily, and with a grudging silence as far as public discussion is concerned, the ugly possibility has been contemplated as too disagreeable to be talked about. \* \* \* But despite all averted looks \* \* \* Darwin's theory of the coral islands must be relegated to the category of those many hypotheses which have indeed helped science for a time by promoting and provoking further investigation, but which in themselves have now finally 'kicked the beam.'"

Mr. John Murray's (for that was the name of Goliath Darwin's David) discovery, which was complete and incontrovertible, shook faith in Darwin to its very foundations. It is true his theory of coral reefs had no bearing whatever, but where the acceptance of a theory depends not on proofs of its truth but in faith in the infallibility of its author, anything which suggests doubt in the author's



judgment is perilous. And it was soon followed by another shock from the same source which resulted in a somewhat farcical denouement for evolutionists. These were the balmy days of protoplasm. The name had just been assigned to that body of matter which is supposed to be the mother of all of us. We shall let the Duke of Argyle tell the story here also. He says:

"Nor is this the only case in which Mr. Murray has had strength to be a great iconoclast. Along with the earlier specimens of deep sea deposits sent home by naturalists during the first soundings in connection with the Atlantic telegraph cable, there was very often a sort of enveloping slimy mucus in the containing bottles which arrested the attention and excited the curiosity of the specialists to whom they were consigned. It was structureless to all microscopic examination. But so is all the protoplasmic matter of which the lowest animals are formed. Could it be a widely diffused medium of this protoplasmic material, not yet specialized or individualized into organic forms, nor itself yet in a condition to build up inorganic skeletons for a habitation? Here was a grand idea. It would be well to find missing links; but it would be better to find the primordial pabulum out of which all living things had come. The ultra-Darwinian enthusiasts were enchanted. Haeckel clapped his hands and shouted Eureka! loudly. Even the cautious and discriminating mind of Professor Huxley was caught by this new and grand generalization of the 'physical basis of life!' It was announced by him to the British Association in 1868. Dr. Will Carpenter took up the chorus. He spoke of 'a living expanse of protoplasmic substance,' penetrating with its living substance the 'whole mass' of the oceanic mud. A fine new Greek name was devised for this mother slime, and it was christened 'Bathybius,' from the consecrated deeps in which it lay. The conception ran like wildfire through the popular literature of science, and here again was a coming plebiscite in its favor. Expectant imagination soon played its part. Wonderful movements were soon seen in this mysterious slime. It became an 'irregular network,' and it could be seen gradually 'altering its form,' so that 'entangled granules changed their relative positions.'"

Such was Bathybius, which once raised such a commotion in the world of science, but which is never heard of or even alluded to in scientific circles today. And now for the issue of this such mighty promise.

"The naturalists of the 'Challenger' began their voyage in full Bathybian faith. But the sturdy mind of Mr. John Murray kept its balance—all the more easily since he never could himself find or see any trace of this pelagic protoplasm when the dredges of the 'Chal-

lenger' came fresh from bathysmal bottoms. Again and again he looked for it, but never could he discover it. It always hailed from home. The bottles sent there were reported to yield it in abundance, but somehow it seemed to be hatched in them. The laboratory in Jermyn street was its unfailing source, and the great observer there was its sponsor. The ocean never yielded it until it had been bottled.

"At last, one day on board the 'Challenger,' an accident revealed the mystery. One of Mr. Murray's assistants poured a large quantity of spirits of wine into a bottle containing some pure sea-water, when lo! the wonderful protoplasm *Bathybius* appeared. It was the chemical precipitate of sulphate of lime produced by the mixture of alcohol and sea-water. This was bathos indeed. The Duke adds, "On this announcement '*Bathybius*' disappeared from science, reading us, in more senses than one, a great lesson in precipitation." The title of the Duke's article was "A Great Lesson" and one of the conclusions which he drew was that both incidents teach us "that neither the beauty—nor the imposing character—nor the apparent sufficiency of an explanation may be any proof whatever of its truth."

It is said that when the news of the destruction of "The White Ship" on which his son, the heir to the English throne, perished with his sister, was broken to King Henry the First, of England, he never smiled again. We believe that history could record of Huxley, that after the evolutionary developments just mentioned, he was never known to resort to his swashbuckling methods, that the Pope or the College of Cardinals were never afterwards assailed by him, and that he was not even known, ever again, to allude to Christian believers as fools; so sweet, as Shakespeare tells us, are the uses of adversity. Indeed so low had science fallen in the estimate of the world at large, that hempen homespuns did not hesitate to perpetrate the hoax of the famous Cardiff Giant and its numerous imitators, even the story of the Marsh-Huxley famous hippodrome was, quite irreverently, wedded to immortal verse in laughable lines of doggerel pentameters.

Whether these ridiculous episodes had opened the eyes of the intrepid chiefs of evolution it is difficult to say; but certain it is, that soon came the famous revolt of both Spencer and Huxley, if not from the theory evolution, at least from that of natural selection. This constitutes one of the most remarkable and important, as well as one of the most significant episodes, in the history of evolution. Whether the rebellion was owing to fear that their own share in the rise of the famous theory was going to be overshadowed by the growing fame of Darwin, or whether their faith in evolution

had actually undergone a change, or whether both influences were at work together, it is difficult to say; but it is doubtful if the history of any scientific doctrine presents to us so complete a *volte face* movement on the part of leaders in any special science as that to which evolution now treats us. How men came to burn what they had so recently worshipped; how they undertook to tear down what they had been at such pains to build; how they used all their forces and energy to dethrone what they had labored so hard to enthrone, is one of the curiosities of literature as well as science. In religion, in politics, in social life, such movements are not at all unfamiliar; but in mathematics and in science men are supposed to be sure of their ground before they undertake a propaganda in favor of any doctrine. The case is so important that we shall outline it as briefly as possible.

"Natural selection" was the acknowledged agency by which evolution accomplished its ends—such was the doctrine of Darwin. But natural selection never became a really popular term. It never became a favorite. Men of science, it is true, accepted it, but it was caviare to the general. Instinctively men with minds sensitive to truth, or even to the proper becoming of things, shrank from the unpopular phrase. The implication that an agency existed in nature, with all the faculties of intelligence necessary to select the forms of life which should survive in the struggle for existence, raised a silent revolt in the consciousness of intelligent men. Spencer himself had perceived this. A firm believer not merely in the theory of evolution, but also in the instrumentality of natural selection, he liked the phrase as little as any one. And master of language that he was, he substituted for this incomprehensible term a new but equivalent phrase, "the survival of the fittest," in his own philosophy of evolution. Instantly the new term was taken up by the scientific world. It was alliterative. It slipped more easily from what George Eliot somewhere styles the lazy English tongue. It did not carry so active or aggressive—and, consequently, so objectionable—an idea to the mind as natural selection. It was more plausible, inasmuch as it implied passivity rather than activity, and hence raised no revolt in the intellect. Nevertheless it accomplished the purpose quite as well as the Darwinian phrase without creating opposition or rebellion. It sprang at once into popularity. It found its way into the literature of the period. Its effect was magic. No orator swaying his audience, no political aspirant appealing for the people's suffrages at the hustings, no sweet girl graduate enlightening the world through her valedictory, no aspiring poet with heart and pen on fire, felt that justice had been done to the theme, or to the audi-



ence, or that the pleaded cause had been secured beyond peradventure, had they neglected to introduce the soft sibilant, insinuating phrase—now, alas! fallen completely into innocuous desuetude.

And then came the startling change. In the very heyday of its popularity, at the high noon of its brilliancy and power, at the very zenith of its glory, after more than a quarter of a century of the most earnest, eloquent and zealous apostolate ever devoted to the propagation of a scientific doctrine, had been spent in its propagation, Herbert Spencer, who had given "the survival of the fittest" life, being, existence, dominion and power, deliberately turned on his own cherished offspring, and, with one fell stroke, cut in twain the thread of its existence. After twenty-seven years' apostleship in its cause, and after bringing the world of science to bow at its shrine he relentlessly unmasked it before the whole world and showed it an impostor. No angel hand stayed the axe of the scientific Abraham as it was raised above the well-beloved Isaac of science. The blow fell and the term (with all that it implied), which had so long dominated the world of science became extinct. The fall of the "survival of the fittest" in the world of literature is quite as remarkable as its fall in the realm of science. None now so poor to do it reverence. The curse of the parent seems to have extended to lips of the literary world which seems to reëcho it. Like the cairn of stones which marks the funeral mound of the child of malediction, and past which even dumb animals are said to scurry with furtive glance, the "survival of the fittest," once a popular idol and a charm to conjure with, is shunned, neglected and forsaken. In two of the most remarkable essays which ever appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, now over thirty years ago, Herbert Spencer stepped on to the stool of repentance and read his recantation and renunciation of the doctrine of natural selection and the survival of the fittest; first doing vicarious penance (unauthorized, however) for Darwin, and then, in no uncertain terms, for himself. There was no mistaking Spencer's meaning. His language was explicit. "The phrases (natural selection and survival of the fittest) employed in discussing organic evolution," he told his readers, "though convenient and needful, are liable to mislead by veiling the actual agencies." "The words 'natural selection,' do not express a cause in the physical sense." He first leads Darwin to the stool of repentance, puts the words of abjuration into his mouth, and all but formulates for him the terms of his renunciation. He says: "Mr. Darwin was conscious of these misleading implications. \* \* \* But while he thus clearly saw, and distinctly asserted, that the factors of organic evolution are the concrete actions, inner and outer, to which every

organism is subject, Mr. Darwin, by habitually using *the convenient figure of speech* (italics ours), was, I think, prevented from recognizing so fully as he otherwise would have done, certain fundamental consequences of the actions." And having thus done vicarious penance for Darwin, he courageously, nay, heroically, reads the recantation and retractation of his own follies and heresies, which, for a quarter of a century, he had, with all the force and energy of a zealot, been trying to persuade the world to adopt. Nothing could be humbler or more mortifying to a proud spirit than the language he adopts. Unsparingly he lays the axe to the root and flinches not, cost him what it may. "Kindred objections," he continues, "may be urged against the expressions into which I was led when seeking to present the phenomena in literal terms rather than metaphorical terms—the survival of the fittest; for in a vague way the first word, and in a clear way the second word, calls up an anthropocentric idea." That is, the words "survival" and "fittest" had imposed on him, precisely as the term "natural selection" had imposed upon Darwin; but in neither case was the language more scientific than a mere figure of speech. And he adds: "Again in the working together of those many actions, internal and external, which determine the lives and deaths of organisms, we see nothing to which the words fitness and unfitness are applicable in the physical sense." And he continues: "Evidently, the word fittest as thus used is a figure of speech." Had the sun fallen from the heavens the shock to the followers of Darwin could not have been more stunning than this open apostasy from the Darwinian faith. The disciples of Darwin were, however, now becoming accustomed to strange fluctuations and changes. They beheld the sun of Darwinism begin to sink in the western sky. Natural selection and the survival of the fittest fell like Lucifer from heaven; and the cocksureness of the statements on the subject of evolution began gradually to abate. Neither Spencer nor Darwin, nor yet Huxley ever again attempted the dogmatic or arrogant tone and "Io Triomphe" ceased to be the chant of the school. Throughout the whole school of evolution the sentiment could not be other than of despair. They had seen an awful example of Darwin's self-opinionated wrong-headedness in the question of coral reefs. They had been eye-witnesses to the farcical credulity in the Cardiff giant and the unfortunate Bathybius; they had just been treated to the extravagant claims of Marsh and Huxley's worshippers, and now they beheld the open revolt of Huxley and Spencer, and naturally, thinking men asked themselves whether their faith had not been sadly misplaced. Their leaders openly acknowledged that they had been deceived;

what guarantee was there that what was still untouched would not crumble beneath their feet as natural selections, survival of the fittest and the whole Bathybian species had done? Haeckel, it is true, never yielded. To the last, evolution was, as far as he was concerned, a proven theory, an established doctrine, an irrefragable dogma of science. But men had long since learned to distrust Haeckel's methods, and outside of Germany his opinions carried no weight. The fact was that the world had accepted Darwinism not as a demonstrated hypothesis clearly proven by science but as an article of faith, relying on their scientific leaders. It now dawned upon them that in their breakneck speed, they had not stopped to examine the evidence but had accepted the entire teachings of science on faith. As a matter of fact more blind, unquestioning faith had been lavished on evolution as a whole and in its details than would have sufficed for all the mysteries and all the miracles of all the creeds, both Christian and pagan. And this, too, in the field of science where there should be no assent without demonstration. It began to occur to them that the whole process by which they were beguiled into Darwinism, while boasting to be one of science, proved, in reality, to be one of faith. In spite of all its pretensions, evolution could not produce one single argument in its favor. Semblances of arguments there were, indeed, in abundance. Of plausible formulæ, high-flown probabilities, persuasive pleadings, there were enough and to spare. But proofs—they found they had none. Indeed they had not asked for proofs. And now the revolt of Spencer shakes the very ground beneath the feet of Darwin.

Nor was this all. New surprises were still in store for the faithful who still clung to the cherished dogma. Now they find their faith itself assailed, and this, too, by these very selfsame leaders, who had been at such pains to make them proselytes. There can be little doubt that misgivings regarding the truth of their claims began to haunt the champions of the Darwinian hypothesis. They were just then masters of the whole field of scientific thought. They had brought all science to the feet of Darwin. The few benighted dissenters who still held out against the doctrine were looked upon as not worthy even of contempt. The whole world had adopted the creed of evolution. Was it wantonness then, or was it conscience, that prompted Huxley, in what is now a historically famous speech, delivered at the unveiling of a statue to Darwin in the Museum at South Kensington to openly declare that it would be wrong to suppose "that an authoritative sanction was given by the ceremony to the current ideas concerning evolution?"



Well might his hearers be astounded! But they must have held their breath, when they heard him add boldly and bluntly, in no uncertain tones, that "science commits suicide when it adopts a creed." A creed, indeed! What had science been doing in the field of evolution ever since Darwin had given his doctrine to the world, but proclaiming its faith in the Darwinian creed? What were all the arguments of all the evolutionists since the day that "The Origin of Species" had first seen the light but a mere begging of the question and a childish pleading for its acceptance? This creed the disciples are now told is suicidal; evolution must be dropped. To drive home the lesson and leave no room for ambiguity in the matter, Spencer, too, felt it his duty to make it emphatic. In the articles from which we have been quoting above, he takes the pains to place not merely in juxtaposition but in striking contrast Huxley's famous statement "science commits suicide when it adopts a creed" with a former foolish statement by the same man of science. In one of Huxley's braggadocio moods in the days when he had unbounded faith in the new evangel of science, he swaggeringly assured his followers that "On the evidence of the science of palaeontology, the evolution of many existing forms of animal life from their predecessors is no longer an hypothesis, but an historical fact." This dictum Spencer now contrasts with his present warning against too easy credulity. Quite evidently the purpose of Spencer in placing both statements side by side, was to cancel the latter statement by the former. Huxley's statements about the certainty of evolution were not supported by the evidence, in other words; and this was a warning that his former boastings were to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. And Spencer emphasizes Huxley's statement by a still more striking one when he explains that it was Huxley's "desire to point out that already among biologists, the beliefs concerning the origin of species have assumed too much the character of a creed." And he instantly adds—very significantly: "Thus there seems occasion for recognizing the warning uttered by Professor Huxley, as not uncalled for." Surely if words have any meaning, we have here an acknowledgment from both Huxley and Spencer that up to that time at least the doctrine of evolution had been taken on faith. And now they are informed that this faith had been misplaced. What wonder that men began to awaken to the fact that science had betrayed them. They began to realize that whereas they had supposed they were being treated to science, they received only faith, that the bread of evolution was merely a stone and its fishes merely serpents.

The truth is that evolution had previous to that time reached the

flood tide of its popularity. The high water mark, not only of evolution by means of natural selection or the survival of the fittest, but of evolution as a working principle in nature—regardless of the agencies or factors by which it accomplished its purpose—had been reached about the time when Darwin's famous work, "The Origin of Species" attained its majority. This was in 1881. Huxley at that time in one of his characteristic extravaganzas which he called "The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species," canonized the disciples of Darwin and anathematized his opponents. The flow had just reached its highest point and the ebb soon set in. In 1886 the preachments of Huxley and the warnings of Spencer startled the world of science. What did it all mean? Was their idol a false god? The high priests had sounded the first note of distrust and ever since the waters of faith have been steadily receding. Spencer and Huxley had made the most damaging admissions. There was no blinking the inevitable conclusions. Both Huxley on the platform and Spencer in the *Nineteenth Century* had acknowledged before the whole world that they had lost faith in the idol which for thirty years they had so vociferously worshipped. It was true that both Spencer and Huxley might have warned biologists merely against an implicit faith in natural selection or the survival of the fittest. But even so, the position of their followers was little to be envied. Their leaders had confidently assured them that Darwin had given to the world coveted knowledge never known until he had discovered it. This had been loudly and confidently proclaimed from the housetops of science; and now—strange reversal—those same leaders tell them that their preachments were of a faith without foundation. But while natural selection was made the scapegoat, it was also certain that the blow, whether directly or indirectly could not fail to strike the very principle of evolution itself. Spencer's reasonings, whether he so intended them or not, could have no other effect than that of weakening men's faith in that principle; for he was at considerable pains to show its inefficacy. Spencer's reasoning was thuswise: Darwin insisted from the outset that the sole factor by which evolution accomplished its results, was natural selection. Later, it is true, he had made some concessions in behalf of the Lamarckian factor, that is, the inherited effects of use and disuse. It is now certain (we are paraphrasing Spencer) that if we confine ourselves to natural selection as the sole factor, we can never account for the biological changes around us, for "there are certain extensive classes of phenomena which are inexplicable if we assume the inheritance of fortuitous variations (natural selection) to be the sole factor." Hence he says: "It by no means ex-

plains all that has to be explained," and again he tells his followers: "With it alone we are without a key to many phenomena of organic evolution." Thus he disposes of the claims of natural selection. It was inadequate to explain all the facts of biological phenomena; therefore, he claimed the necessity for Lamarck's theory (which had been scouted from the first), the inheritance of functionally-produced modifications. He insisted that "a very extensive portion of the facts could not be explained without it." Natural selection, it was true, accounted for a major portion of the facts, but there was "a minor part \* \* \* very extensive, though less, which must be ascribed to" the Lamarckian despised factor.

So far indeed, Spencer's attitude seems to be merely a plea for the inherited effects of use and disuse; but more follows. Having made out his case for the claims of the latter, apparently unconscious of the inevitable conclusion to which his admissions led, he openly confessed that not only, as we have seen, was natural selection unable to account for all the facts, although it might account for a large part of them; and not only could his supplemental factor of the inheritance of functionally-produced modifications not account for the remainder of the facts, although it might account for a minor portion of them, but not even could all the facts accounted for by an entirely new factor which he evolved from his inner consciousness and of which he confessed he knew nothing, although he quite nonchalantly styled it "the direct action of the medium." Spencer did not seem to perceive that such an admission not only undermined natural selection (which was his intention) but that it cut the ground from beneath the principle of evolution as well. For, if natural selection as a factor, plus the inherited effects of use and disuse as a factor, plus the direct action of the medium (whatever it might happen to be) as a factor, could not account for all the biological phenomena of evolution; in other words, if evolution as a principle, with the aid of all the factors, real or imaginary, which the imagination assigned to it, could not accomplish its ends, it was quite evident that it was an impotent principle and might be dropped out of sight without any great detriment to the science of biology. In an article in this REVIEW we called attention to the weakness, as the time, perhaps in a too irreverent manner, and for which we were severely rebuked by a Catholic evolutionist, who, however, admitted that he knew nothing of the subject and was obliged to have recourse to the keeper of a museum in order to be able to make reply at all; in other words, who had taken his evolution not on demonstration but on faith.

With this last statement of his views, Herbert Spencer may be



said to have closed his militant career as a soldier of evolution by means of survival of the fittest or natural selection. His discussion with Professor Weismann some six or seven years later was but a reiteration of the views above expressed. He seemed to lose interest in the cause. His ardor was gone. Like an old soldier of many battles whose once invincible *excalibur* has at last broken beneath him, he spent his doddering days moping and groping among his cherished weapons; but from heart and soul the spirit had gone forth forever. In the last edition of his "*Principles of Biology*" the wearied spirit left its last message on the subject of evolution. It was that with all that could be said in favor of evolution, still "there remained many unsolved problems." "The process of organic evolution was far from being fully understood." The great question of the evolution of species about which he had wrangled for close to half a century was of little consequence at best. The question of species was but "a secondary one." It had "vitiating the biologic atmosphere" through the misconceptions of "past naturalists with whom the identification and classification of species was the be-all and end-all of their science." "These technical ideas" could be safely ignored, for "the distinctions, morphological or physiological, taken as tests of species, are merely incidentally phenomena." The whole matter, so far from being clearly explained by evolution, as was once the proud boast, was like one of the "many puzzles apparently unanswerable until the answer is given," or, perhaps, as the "ultimate nature of life was inconceivable, there is probably an inconceivable element in its workings." So that the final word of the greatest philosopher of evolution was that the whole problem about which he undertook, with others, to educate mankind, proved to be an insoluble enigma.

And there it remains to this day. Darwin maintained a sphinx-like silence throughout, leaving his books alone to protest. All that has since been done to resuscitate the hypothesis of evolution, whether Darwinian or Lamarckian, has been absolute failure. When, some years ago, the late M. Brunetiere announced to the world that "science (meaning evolutionary science) was bankrupt," in all its ranks there was none who dared to say him nay. It is, indeed, true, that we are again and again told that the doctrine has made gigantic strides since the days of Darwin, but the moment we ask for a bill of particulars, the braggarts are dumb, or, if they choose to speak, they merely attempt to refurnish Darwin's old weapons and try to palm them off as new ones. It is perfectly safe to say that all that science has discovered since Darwin's day, in favor of evolution, together with all the scientists who have appeared on the evolutionary

stage, are absolutely negligible. Possibly an exception might be made in the case of Abbot Mendel, who has at least given us new facts. But Mendel was a contemporary of Darwin, and the value of his discovery cannot even now be rightly estimated. And at best, even should further experiments with his "resultants" and "dominants" prove his law to be a true one, the only resultant conclusion of any value would seem to be that, what scientists had previously regarded as species proved to be only varieties. The claims of the rest of the evolutionary world is but the crackling of thorns under a pot. Their disputes are but the wranglings of Lilliput. All their din and clatter about gemmules, determinants, panmixia, inner and outer factors remind one of the disputes of the Little-endians and Big-endians as to which end of their eggs should be assailed. All that has been said or written on the subject of evolution since the days of Darwin might be dropped into the gulf of destiny, without any appreciable loss to the world or to the theory of evolution.

Nevertheless, by a strange fatuity, there is one part of the world where, the more the evidence for evolution fades, the stronger the faith in the tardy hypothesis seems to become. It is the region of the Catholic scientist. This is really a strange phenomenon and one well worthy of investigation. On examination of the writings and on inquiry of some of the leading American Catholic men of science who advocate the theory of evolution, we find, as a rule, that as far as our observations have carried us, there is a tendency among all of them to fall back on Father Wasmann, as their leader and guide. Our interpretation of the attitude would be that in deference to the *Zeitgeist*, they have deemed it necessary to adopt the theory, lest they appear behind the times, even though they recognize the evidence in its favor as lame, maimed and halting. At the same time they are pleased to find a distinguished Jesuit priest to whose example they can appeal. Doubtless, indeed, many among them are independent thinkers and like the great body of evolutionists, imagine that the evidence in favor of the doctrine is, in spite of Huxley (even at his best), compulsory. We could name names where we have been referred to Father Wasmann, whom they said, they were content to follow; evidently, again, a matter of evolution by faith. It is barely possible, that for this implicit and explicit faith in Father Wasmann's infallibility in the matter, the writer of this article is more or less to blame. At least, a strong case of what, in lawsuits or accidents, is called "contributory negligence" could be made out against us. Some seven or eight years ago, we criticized, in the pages of *THE CATHOLIC QUARTERLY RE-*

VIEW, a work of Father Wasmann's on the subject of evolution. We went somewhat deeply into the subject, and with the result that many wishes were expressed that the article appear in independent form—a wish that was complied with to the extent that the article was re-issued as a pamphlet. This seems to have alarmed the American friends of Father Wasmann, and they instantly wrote him that a reply to our pamphlet was necessary. Father Wasmann, contrary to his custom, as he tells us, took up his own defense, which was published serially, through many numbers of a small magazine. A rejoinder on our side would naturally have been expected and was, in fact contemplated when Father Wasmann's series of articles should come to a close. His serial reply, appearing bi-weekly, was a tedious affair; and before its conclusion we were called to the charge of one of the busiest parishes in the United States, where writing for magazines was out of the question, at least for a time. Nor was Father Wasmann's reply by any means formidable, except in the matter of abuse and ridicule, inasmuch as he saw fit to steer at a safe distance from my arguments. Moreover, the small bi-weekly must have but a limited number of readers. Neither for ourselves nor for the cause of the truth which we were defending, therefore, did we feel any grave concern; especially in case of those who had read our arguments. What was our surprise, however, when some months ago, on glancing over the advertising pages of a reputable Catholic publishing house, we read, among others, "Rev. Simon FitzSimons' Ideas of Evolution, by Rev. Eric Wasmann, S. J.," which proved to be Father Wasmann's reply—also published in pamphlet form. Although Father Wasmann took the utmost precaution to avoid my arguments, he showed unusual adroitness in dealing with them. If they could not be answered they could be discredited, and the surest way to discredit them was to discredit their author. Their author discredited, they could then be ignored. We have seen anxious birds resort to similar stratagems to distract the attention of the intruder from the nest where their helpless and defenseless young lay unguarded. Father Wasmann's sole effort lay in trying to hide from his readers the fact that there were arguments in our criticism, which he dare not, and as a matter of fact did not, attempt to face. His reply is a desperate attempt to keep our arguments from the knowledge of his readers. Instead of manfully meeting them, he entertained his readers with abuse and ridicule, in genuine German fashion. Yet there they can still be found unanswered and unanswerable, so much so, indeed, that Father Wasmann deemed it the better part of valor to ignore them. Here are his own words. "I have examined the first forty-three pages of this



pamphlet, fifty-four pages more remain. If I were to go over these, etc., etc." The good Father was nothing if not discreet. Now it happens that the first "forty-three pages" which he so carefully examined are merely expository and expostulatory, and have no bearing whatever on the truth or falsehood of the doctrine of evolution of Father Wasmann's arguments in favor of it. "The fifty-four more pages," however, which he was so careful to avoid, deal directly with Father Wasmann's proofs for evolution, our disproofs beginning exactly on the forty-fourth page and running through the "fifty-four more" which he has so sedulously shunned. Evidently silence here was golden. When a distinguished scientist allows himself to be persuaded by his friends (as Father Wasmann's pamphlet tells us) that a reply to certain damaging arguments is necessary, when he tells us that on having read the arguments, he dispenses with his usual custom and makes reply, and when in that reply he takes particular pains to avoid giving the slightest hint to his readers either of the nature or character of those arguments, and when he tries to divert the minds of his readers from these arguments completely, there is only one interpretation of such a strange procedure, and that is, that he has found the arguments unanswerable. We hope some day to be able to find the time to return to this matter. Meanwhile our proofs and disproofs of Father Wasmann's position are to be found both in our pamphlet and in *THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW*. Father Wasmann's peculiar method of meeting our contention is but another proof of what we have been showing throughout the present article, viz., that evolution and evolutionists have at last reached their proper level and are now floundering in their last ditch.

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## THE SYMPHONY OF THE HOURS.

## PART IV.—THE PASSION OF CHRIST IN THE "LITTLE HOURS."

## FERIA QUINTA.

- Prime.* Ps. xxii.: "Dominus regit me." \* \* \* Ps. lxxi.: "Deus,  
judicium tuum." (2)
- Terce.* Ps. lxxii.: "Quam bonus." (3)
- Sext.* Ps. lxxiii.: "Ut quid Deus." (3)
- None.* Ps. lxxiv.: "Confitebimur" \* \* \* Ps. lxxv.: "Notus  
in Judaea." (2)

**T**HURSDAY comes to us, laden with memories of the Blessed Sacrament: "qui pridie quam pateretur, accepit panem in sanctas ac venerabiles manus suas. \* \* \*" The lyric strains of the "Dominus regit me" sound sweetly in our ears on the Feast of Corpus Christi; and all the psalms named above, from 71 to 75, are retained in the Tenebrae of Maundy Thursday; so that all through the Little Hours on this day of the week, the sorrowful music of the Passion alternates with the mysterious harmonies of Eucharistic worship—the rich pastureland of the New and Eternal Covenant, "in quo Christus sumitur," opens out its manifold beauties, and through it, in every direction, we can clearly trace the streams of the Precious Blood, irrigating and fertilising it, as they flow onward unceasingly to the broad ocean of eternity.

The opening words of the first of this group of psalms strike both these notes—*Dominus regit me*—it is the Psalm of the "Good Shepherd," who gave His life for His flock; who gives Himself as their food. These are the two broad divisions of the Psalm—the "*Allegoria Pastoris*," and the "*Allegoria Hospitis*"—and taken together, they give a remarkably succinct summary of the whole sacramental system and of the rich and varied blessings that flow uninterruptedly through the medes and pasturelands of the Church. "They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in every plain. They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor the sun strike them: for he that is merciful to them, shall be their shepherd, and at the fountains of waters he shall give them drink \* \* \* for I will pour out waters upon the thirsty ground and streams upon the dry land: I will pour out my spirit upon thy seed and my blessing upon thy stock. \* \* \* I will open rivers in the high hills and fountains in the midst of the plains: I will turn the desert into pools of waters, and the impassable land into streams of waters. \* \* \* Give praise O ye heavens, for the Lord hath shown mercy: shout with joy ye ends of the earth; ye mountains resound with praise, thou O

forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob.  
\* \* \* Behold God is my Saviour, I will deal confidently and will  
not fear \* \* \* He is become my salvation. You shall draw  
waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains." (Isaias 41,  
44, 49, 12 passim.)

Rich Messianic passages like these will leap into vision with every word of the 'Dominus regit me' \* \* \* "The Lord is my shepherd." It is the "pastoral symphony" in the oratorio of Messianic psalmody. There are five "open rivers" on the hill of Calvary; and down in the valley, "in the midst of the plains," on the spacious demesne of the Church militant, are ever-fresh, ever-surging "fountains" fed from the heights, a new and mysterious elixir of life inebriating the soul and impregnating it with the hidden germs of immortality—"ut inhabitem in domo Domini, in longitudinem dierum." v. 9. This spiritual exuberance is well displayed by the use of the three words: mensa, oleum, vinum: "parasti mensam," "impinguasti in oleo caput," "calix, i. e., plenus vino, quam praeclarus;" and by the enumeration of the five special benefits conferred upon each member of the flock, guided and cared for by the Good Shepherd. Taking these in order, we have first, the privilege of being the "commensales" here and hereafter of Him who gave the solemn assurance: "Amen I say to you, that he will gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and passing, will minister to them." Luke XII., 37. \* \* \* Qui nos pascis hic mortales,

Tuos ibi, commensales,  
Coheredes et sodales  
Fac sanctorum civium.

Secondly, as Schouppe remarks (in Loco): Oleum insinuat alia sacramenta in quibus est usus chrismatis et unctionis" \* \* \* symbolum est gratiae ac donorum Spiritus sancti; immo ipsius Spiritus Sancti personae, quae vocatur *spiritalis unctio*."

And thirdly, at this Divine banquet, there is no stint of the things that make for joy; of the 'wine that cheereth the heart of man:' it will be plentiful, it will be of the very best: "inebrians, quam praeclarus." All which is a forecast of the happy times to come under the Covenant of generous, redeeming love, as announced by the prophet Joel: "You shall eat in plenty, and shall be filled \* \* \* and the floors shall be filled with wheat, and the presses shall overflow with wine and oil." Joel. II. 24. The five special offices of the Good Shepherd are clearly stated:

I. He sees to the pasturage; as the Hebrew has it, "He makes me to lie down in verdant pasture-lands;" signifying revealed truth, sacred doctrine, the sacraments, etc.



2. Super aquas educavit me—signifying the living streams of grace, flowing from the Author of grace—"qui biberit ex aqua quam ego dabo ei, non sitiet in aeternum." John IV., 14.

3. Animam convertit—here is the grace of a conversion. It is one of the offices of the Good Shepherd, to go in search of the lost sheep, to follow them up when they stray from the fold in dangerous side-tracks of sin and infidelity, and to bring them back on his shoulders, rejoicing.

4. \* \* \* in medio umbrae mortis non timebo mala: for not unfrequently, the shepherd was face to face with death in defence of his charge, more especially in lonely districts infested with wild beasts, or when compelled to effect a rescue in some precipitous mountain region; all which is a figure of the confidence begotten in our hearts by the ever-watchful presence of the "Pastor ovium" in His church;" quia tu mecum es.

5. The reference to the "virga" and "baculus" is instructive, and comforting; for the shepherd's rod had three uses—first to count the sheep one by one; (Lev. XXXVII., 32), from which, the mind easily passes to the thought of the personal interest which the Good Shepherd takes in each one of us—secondly to urge on though not to over-drive the less active of the flock. Sometimes we need from God a reminder to quicken our lagging footsteps; to serve Him with more alacrity and fervour—and thirdly to draw the wanderer towards him when it has followed devious paths leading to danger. This "rod" is not the goad of the ploughman, though on occasion it may be used for correction; rather does it stand for rule and guidance and authority, as the pastoral staff in the hand of the Bishop: "ipsa me consolata sunt." And Theodoret suggests "virga et baculus divini Pastoris, est ejus *crux salutaris*, quae omni modo nobis, non tam dolorem quam consolationem affert et sustentaculum." The crozier may terminate in cross or crook; the ultimate significance will be practically the same, for if I be lifted up (i. e., on the Cross) I will *draw* all things to Myself.

Our devotion may enable us to detect here an allusion also to the consolations experienced by Christ in the course of His sacred Passion; for as we find in Psalm 93: "According to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart thy comforts have given joy to my soul." These "comforts" are stated in v. 5 of our psalm: Against them that afflict me \* \* \* thou hast prepared a table \* \* \* anointed my head \* \* \* etc. One cannot but think of the 'Angel of the Agony' who came with healing on his wings; no doubt unfolding before the gaze of the Divine Sufferer the future glorious triumphs of the Sacrament of the Altar, the efficacy of all the sacra-

ments—perennial blooms on the tree of the Cross—the constancy of the martyrs, the perseverance of the elect, the wonderful spread of the Church, the overthrow of paganism, and Satan falling like lightning from heaven.

This train of thought forms a fitting introduction to the next psalm (71, *Deus judicium tuum regi da;*) which by accommodation, may be translated into a noble paean of joy and victory telling of the "reign of the Eucharist." It is a prophecy of the coming of Christ and of His Kingdom; prefigured by Solomon and his happy reign; and the Fathers of the Church, with common consent, regard the glories of Solomon's reign as a type of the glories of the Church militant. More conspicuous than anything else in the reign of Solomon was the almost fabulous beauty of the Temple, the grandeur of ceremonial worship therein, and the torrent of religious enthusiasm that surged up in the hearts of God's people. The worship consisted of one continuous round of sacrifices—burnt-offerings daily; "unum agnum mane, et alterum vespere:" "double burnt-offerings" "every Sabbath for a perpetual holocaust;" "on the first day of the month, a holocaust: incense morning and evening: and innumerable Offerings of every kind on great festivities like the Passover, Pentecost, the Feast of Trumpets and of Tabernacles.

All these were to pass away, for "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation:" *Mal. I., 11.* Night has passed into day. Behold a greater than Solomon here: and of His kingdom there shall be no end. He will remain with His mystical body till the consummation of the world; and He will reign from the tabernacle. All the earth will be His Temple; one all-embracing Sacrifice will reach from earth to heaven; from sunrise to sunset it will lead; and in these days especially, when the Spirit of God is leading us on through His Vicar, to still greater efforts of love and personal sacrifice in the cause of the Holy Eucharist: days when the Eucharist Congress is making history in the Church: days, too, in which we are privileged to see a wonderful expansion in missionary enterprise which introduces into every known land, the knowledge of Jesus really present in the Blessed Sacrament—we may well recite this psalm with the glow of gratitude in our hearts that the real King of Peace is in our midst, enthroned on countless altars, the very centre of all hearts.

A further outstanding feature of Solomon's reign, set forth in the melodious lyric strains of this psalm, was the welding together of a whole kingdom, in peace and unity. Here again we have a figure of the reign of Christ in the Holy Eucharist: as is sung in

the Office of Corpus Christi; "posuit fines tuos pacem." And the "Secretum" in the Mass for the feast embodies the same idea: "Ecclesiae tuae, quaesumus Domine, unitatis et pacis propitius dona concede; quae sub oblatis muneribus mystice designantur." Suscipiant montes pacem populo; et colles justitiam \* \* \* orietur in diebus ejus justitia, et abundantia pacis: the peace, that is, which the world cannot give; which surpasseth all understanding; which no man can take away—the peace, in fine, which was bequeathed as a sacred legacy to the "little flock" in the self-same hour that they received also the Blessed Sacrament itself. Furthermore, the priesthood of Christ was "according to the order of Melchisedech," "who first indeed by interpretation, is king of justice; and then also king of Salem, that is, king of peace" (Heb. VII., 2,) thus suggesting more than a mere casual connection between the reign of Christ from the Altar-throne of the New Dispensation, and the twin blessings of justice and abundant peace concomitant with it.

With these thoughts in mind, it will be easy to recite the seventy-first psalm as a glowing tribute to the glories of the Holy Eucharist. The common application is to the Incarnation; but the transition is simple, inasmuch as the Eucharist has been very forcibly termed the "extension of the Incarnation." It will "continue with the sun, and before the moon, throughout all generations" v. 4 \* \* \* the real presence of the God made man will take the place of the substance of lowly earthly elements "coming down like rain upon the fleece: and as showers falling gently upon the earth;" sicut pluvia in vellus, sicut stillicidia stillantia super terram: v. 5 \* \* \* this "Presence of the King" will not be as in the days of His earthly sojourn of thirty-three years, confined to one land, but from the Tabernacle "He shall rule from sea to sea \* \* \* unto the ends of the earth" (v. 7), \* \* \* the great and the lowly will bend their intellect before Him and render Him the homage of faith and adoration, for (v. 8, seq.) "before Him the Ethiopians shall fall down \* \* \* the kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents; the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts \* \* \* and all the kings of the earth shall adore Him: all the nations shall serve Him \* \* \*" in all which one may almost be justified in recalling the wonderful triumphs of a Eucharistic Congress in our own day when all classes and colours are drawn from every nation under the sun to do homage to the King of Peace. \* \* \* To Him shall be given the gold of Arabia \* \* \* mighty fanes erected in His honour of which no man could count the cost; precious gifts and ornaments and jewels scattered in profusion in His sanctuaries \* \* \* "and He shall live and they shall bless Him all the day;" and in response "He shall



redeem their souls from miseries and iniquity \* \* \* for there shall be a firmament on the earth on the tops of mountains," signifying an abundance of spiritual food even in places naturally barren, so that "they of the city shall flourish like the grass of the earth," vv. 8-15. In a word the whole psalm is a rhapsody of praise of the future Messias:

Lauda Sion Salvatorem  
Lauda ducem et pastorem  
In hymnis et cantis \* \* \*

Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel, qui facit mirabilia solus: Benedictum nomen majestatis ejus in aeternum: et replebitur majestate ejus in aeternum. v. 18. Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum sacramentum.

Terce gives us the psalm "Quam bonus" (72), in three sections. The joy that came to the hearts of the Apostles at their ordination on that first Maundy Thursday: at their being present at Holy Mass for the first time: at their first Communion and their assurance that their Lord and Master would always remain with them under the Eucharistic veil: that joy, great though it was, had to make way for the approach of a sea of sorrow; the floodgates of the Passion were about to be opened. This experience may well be recalled by the great contrast between the psalm last considered and the one we have before us. The antiphon on Fer. V. in Holy Week shows how the psalm may be read in terms of the Passion: "Cogitaverunt impii, et locuti sunt nequitiam; iniquitatem in excelso locuti sunt:" which is really the eighth verse of the psalm. It is not difficult to detect here the initial stages of the Passion; and as the psalm unfolds itself, further details are supplied: "Their pride hath held them fast: they are covered with iniquity \* \* \* they have thought wickedness \* \* \* spoken wickedness \* \* \* and the wickedness has been 'on high'—the chief priests and leaders of the people from their exalted station \* \* \* and I have been scourged all the day, flagelatus tota die, and my chastisement hath been in the mornings \* \* \* and I am brought to nothing \* \* \* and I am become as a beast before thee, jumentum, carrying the heavy wood of the Cross \* \* \* in vain have I justified my heart, and washed my hands among the innocent" \* \* \* but through it all I said: "How good is God to Israel \* \* \* and what have I in heaven? and besides thee what do I desire upon earth? \* \* \* For Thee my flesh and my heart have fainted away: Thou art the God of my heart and the God that is my portion for ever." 25, 26.

The whole psalm in its first, literal sense describes the tempta-

tion of the weak upon seeing the prosperity of the wicked ; it is the problem threshed out in the Book of Job ; and it is the Passion of Christ which alone embodies the problem and the solution together. Surely success never seemed more complete than when the Saviour of the world was crucified, dead and buried ; success that is, as Scribe and Pharisee intended it : " Their iniquity hath come forth, as it were from fatness : they have passed into the affection of the heart" \* \* \* *prodiit quasi ex adipe iniquitas eorum ; transierunt in affectum cordis* \* \* \* signifying how abundantly their malice was poured out in dealing with their Victim, v. 7. The terrible injustice of it all makes the psalmist exclaim : " I studied that I might know this thing, it is a labour in my sight" \* \* \* *existimabam ut cognoscerem hoc, labor est ante me*" v. 16 ; and he was sensible that no satisfactory answer was obtainable from human reason alone. Light must needs come from a higher source \* \* \* *donec intrem in sanctuarium Dei ; et intelligam in novissimis eorum*. The High-Priest was wont to learn the counsels of God in the Holy of Holies ; even so the dark things of God's providence are made known to us through the Great High-Priest, who entered once into the Holy of Holies, having obtained eternal redemption. Thus the Passion and death of Christ are the mirror in which alone can be found an adequate solution of the problem with which the psalmist finds himself confronted ; and bound up with this, is the further consideration that persecuted innocence will secure ultimate vindication from the justice of God \* \* \* " for behold they that go far from thee \* \* \* *qui elongant se a te, peribunt*" \* \* \* the clouds disappear, confidence is restored, and there is nothing left but to sing the eternal praises of God : " *Mihi autem adhaerere Deo bonum est : pueri in Domino Deo meo spem meam : ut annuntiem omnes praedicationes tuas, in portis filiae Sion.*"

*Sext.* like *Terce* on this day of the week has only one psalm ; set out in three sections : " Ut quid Deus repulisti in finem ;" (lxxiii.) and its subject-matter is thus indicated in the heading : " oratio qua in populi et templi calamitate in auxilium appellatur Deus," and in the Douai, " a prayer of the Church under grievous persecutions." This is almost identical with psalm 78 : " *Deplorat urbis et templi ruinam, et implorat Dei opem :*" the opening words of which form the Introit of the Mass for the English Martyrs, " *Deus venerunt gentes in hereditatem tuam, polluerunt templum sanctum tuum : posuerunt Jerusalem in pomorum custodiam.*" We have not to go far, therefore, in search of evidence for what may be termed a eucharistic bearing in this psalm of *Sext.* Our English Martyrs witnessed all the horrors of desecration detailed in this psalm ; and

as we read it we cannot but experience poignant grief over the dereliction of soul which well-nigh overwhelmed the pious faithful, when the hand of the spoiler was outstretched against their most sacred treasures, when the Holy of Holies was rifled, and the Sacrament of the Altar ruthlessly torn away. Our devotion, consequently, at this stage of the Office, will echo the solemn note of reparation for sins of sacrilege against the Blessed Sacrament; the sins especially of our own country during the bitter days of persecution and the whole period of penal times. How often the cry of the psalmist must have escaped from those loyal hearts wrung with anguish: "Ut quid Deus repulisti in finem \* \* \* usquequo Deus improperebit inimicus \* \* \* "; for "who can paint the desolation of that hour? We speak not of lesser profanations, of the broken roods, the desecrated shrines, of all the graceful ceremonies of Catholic worship with which the daily life of the people had been intertwined for full a thousand years, pitilessly swept away. All this was nothing to the one fact, that God's presence was banished from His own sanctuary. The lamp before the tabernacle was extinguished, and the tabernacle was gone. Nay, the very altars were gone too; Protestantism needed them not, for it had no sacrifice; it needed nothing but four bare walls, and a wooden table in the midst of the aisle; and to this state the parish churches of England were now reduced; the people entered their churches to find them empty; they were called to listen to a new service, which had no meaning in their ears, and with which their hearts had no association \* \* \* and their old devotions were forbidden them. \* \* \*" (Cath. Hist. of England.)

We may turn now to see how realistically all these mournful memories are sifted one by one. The period is one of national disaster: which particular one, matters not. Possibly the Psalmist has in mind the destruction of the tabernacle by the Philistines, or he is brooding over its profanation by Epiphanes (Grot), or it may be in reference to IV. Kings xxv., when "Nabudarzan burnt the house of the Lord, and the King's house, and the houses of Jerusalem, and every great house he burnt with fire;" the central fact stands out. "See what things the enemy hath done wickedly in the sanctuary, v. 3": they that hate Thee have made their boasts in the midst of Thy solemnity \* \* \* they have defiled the dwelling-place of Thy name on the earth \* \* \* with axe and with hatchet they have brought it down \* \* \* (in securi et ascia dejecerunt eam.); for as is a common-place of the history of those iconoclastic times, images were thrown down from the niches and broken to pieces; altar-stones were removed and carefully put at the public entrance where they could be trodden under foot; rich carving and



other ornamentation was crudely plastered over; and every species of studied sacrilege and defilement accompanied the profanity of billeting the soldiers and stabling the horses within the sacred precincts of God's House. There "they have set up their ensigns for signs;" *posuerunt signa sua, signa \* \* \* sicut in exitu super summum \* \* \** hoisting their flag in the most prominent places that all who went out or came in, should have no manner of doubt as to the triumph of the usurper. And they made a clearance "as with axes in a wood of trees; confiscating private estates and abbeylands, and denuding monastery and minster of all that could tell of the hallowed faith that once breathed its fragrance over the Dowry of Mary. And "the whole kindred of them together said in their heart (*cognatio eorum simul*) let us abolish all the festival days of God from the land;" and "there is now no prophet, *signa nostra non vidimus*;" the shepherds of the flock were dispersed, Bishops imprisoned, priests hunted; and the pursuivant came unto his own. Our signs we have not seen; none of the evidences of holy religion left; the grand and sublime ceremonial of the Mass, the confessional, processions, even the Sacrament of the dying, and countless other adjuncts of the Faith that was given to the Saints: all swept away by the merciless tide. "*Utquid iratus est furor tuus super oves pascuæ tuæ.*" (v. I.)

Well may the Psalmist turn from this heartrending picture to the thought of God's power, with deeply fervent prayer on his lips. "Remember this, the enemy hath reproached the Lord: and a foolish people hath provoked Thy name" \* \* \* there was profanity and blasphemy as well as sacrilege in their excesses; \* \* \* "*Ne tradas bestilis \* \* \** deliver not up to beasts the souls that confess to Thee" \* \* \* they that are the obscure of the earth (a wretched set of barbarians, Bell.) have been filled with dwellings of iniquity i. e. they have an abundance of the houses and palaces they have deprived us of \* \* \* their iniquitous hands have been laid even on the consecrated dwelling-places of the Most High. "Arise, O God, judge Thy own cause: remember Thy reproaches with which the foolish man hath reproached Thee all the day" \* \* \* do not let the blasphemies of Your enemies go unpunished. Bell. in loco. vv., 18-23.

The confident prayer of the Psalmist is based on reasons advanced in six verses—11-17. He recalls with conviction the power of God. "God is our king before ages," in the land of promise: "*Operatus est salutem*," having delivered them from bondage under Pharaoh: "*Tu confirmasti mare*" when the Red Sea stood up like a wall: "*contribulasti capita draconum*" when the waters fell back with crushing force on the Egyptians, "*dedisti eum escam populis*,"

for the bodies of Pharaoh and his army were cast upon the shore and became the "prey of the wild beasts"—savage peoples dwelling along the coast-line: "dirupisti fontes \* \* \* siccasti fluvios \* \* \* and so with other manifestations of God's power.

Though the days of priest-baiting and the gibbet are passed, though Holy Mass is coming to its own again and new churches are being dotted about in Mary's Dowry, the welcome flowers of our Second Spring, "*Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra*," there is still room for the prayer of the Psalmist, "Have regard to thy covenant \* \* \* let not the humble be turned away with confusion; *pauper et inops laudabunt nomen tuum*; *Exurge Deus, judica causam tuam*."

It will be seen that this is only a devotional application of the psalm, based on a similarity between the destruction of the Jewish temple with the accompanying direct attack on their worship of the one true God, and the fanatical excesses which attended the change of religion in this country. By looking at the psalm from another angle one can detect a train of thought which is still more immediately connected with the Sacred Passion. The key to such interpretation is found in the words of St. Augustine: "The Temple of Jerusalem is a thing of great mystery, and there is understood from it the Body of Christ" (on v. 8 of Ps. 75.) Consequently the graphic description of the plunder and pollution of the Sanctuary (vv. 4-9.) has its counterpart in the horrors of Calvary. "Destroy this temple and in three days I will rebuild it." "Ut quid Deus repulisti in finem" easily recalls the desolation of the Only begotten Son of God, "*Deus Deus meus quare me dereliquisti*." "*gloriatu sunt qui orderunt te*" v. 5, i. e., "*fremuerunt quasi victores capta praeda*" (Paraph. Molshem.): the hour of darkness when envy was in the ascendant and hatred had done its worst; "*Posuerunt signa sua*," etc. *super summum*, that all who "passed by" might see: the Cross, the scourge, and all the instruments of the crucifixion, and notably the inscription on the Cross, "*Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judaeorum*;" and all the way through the psalm the mystical application to the Passion is not far to seek: the sorrowful pleadings of the Sacred Heart; the unfailing trust in God's mercy, His truth, and His power; the crushing of the serpent's head, "*confregisti capita draconis*;" and as the destruction of the Egyptians was a pledge of the accomplishment of God's promise to cast the Canaanite out of the promised land and give His people possession of it, so the Sacrifice on Mount Calvary is a redeeming sacrifice, liberating from bondage and opening the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem.

Psalm 74 of None (*confitebimur tibi*) is very much in the nature

of a sequel to the *Ut Quid Deus* just preceding it in *Sext.* There we had a nation's cry; now the cry is about to be heard. It is a psalm, therefore, which tells of retribution. The creature may indeed pass judgment on the Creator, may condemn, may crucify; but "hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming on the clouds of heaven." Judgment is given to the Son; and *Lithostrotos* must give place to *Jehosaphat*. Our Psalm is in the main a prophetic announcement of God's final judgment. It is in the form of a *trilogue*. First the combined chorus of the just, then the warning of the prophet, then the voice of God. The opening words are the outpouring of a people's heart, acknowledging the wondrous works of God both past and present: *narrabimus mirabilia tua*. The Supreme Judge approves, promises reward to the just and condign punishment to those who fail in the duty of gratitude and praise: *cum accepero tempus, ego justitias judicabo*. It is the note sounded by Christ: "Woe to him by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed" \* \* \* "and seeing the city He wept over it. \* \* \* Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children," for the day of retribution should assuredly come. And the prophet takes up the same theme "*Dixi iniquis: nolite inique agere* \* \* \* *nolite exaltare cornu* \* \* \* *nolite loqui adversus Deum iniquitatem*," for there will be no escape from the terrors of judgment, "neque ab Oriente neque ab Occidente;" nor will the "desert mountains afford cover from the all-seeing eye of the Judge:" "*quia calix in manu Domini vini meri plenus misto*." This verse is not easily intelligible at first sight. "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup of strong wine full of mixture. And He hath poured it out from this to that: but the dregs thereof are not emptied \* \* \* *inclinavit ex hoc in hoc* \* \* \* *faex non exinanita* \* \* \* all the sinners of the earth shall drink." v. 9. The *Calix vini meri* is a phrase commonly met with in Holy Scripture to signify retributive justice; e. g. *Apoc. XIV., 10.* "He also shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is mingled with pure wine in the cup of His wrath, and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone." \* \* \* He that is punished by God, like a drunken man suddenly falls down insensible under God's judgments, the severity of which is still more accentuated by the words "*plenus misto*," i. e. not merely a "cup of strong wine," but a mixture of various strong wines, telling of the anger of God, His mercy flouted, His justice aroused; and the consequent helplessness of the sinner who must needs fall under their influences. "His iniquities, his blasphemies, his persecutions have strengthened the liquor as with potent drugs." (*Tr. of David in loco.*) The force of the words "*inclinavit (cali-*



cem) ex hoc in hoc" is that already God had poured out the cup of His anger on many individuals and nations; going from the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrha to the Chaldeans, from them to the Egyptians and thence to others; (Bell.); and more than this, the heaviest portion of His retributive justice has not yet been meted out "faex non exinanita;" for at the last judgment "all the sinners of the earth shall drink;" v. 8, the dregs of this terrible draught will be their portion; they must drink on and on for ever, even to the bottom where lie the lees of deep damnation. After this the prophet speaks again, promising to publish God's praise for ever, "annuntiabo in saeculum." I will sing to the God of Jacob, not merely now but in eternity, as a member of the harmonious chorus of the just, while the enemies of the Cross, drunken with the wine of God's wrath, sodden in iniquity, will utter their discordant cries in the place of their damnation. The psalm finishes with the voice of God, heard once again: "I will break all the horns of sinners: but the horns of the just shall be exalted." The "horn" in Holy Scripture stands for strength and ornament; sometimes it is the emblem of pride; the force therefore of the verse is that God will destroy the power of sinners, their glory and their pride; whereas He will cause the power and glory of every just man, and especially of Christ, (Bell.) to be exalted, as Isaias testifies: "My just servant shall justify many." (53.)

Bearing on the Blessed Sacrament, Schouppe reminds us that this psalm comes on Maundy Thursday; and he remarks on the words "quia calix in manu Domini:" "intelligitur calix sanguinis ac passionis Christi, quem Dominus in ultima coena discipulis dedit; tum ille, quem post eandem coenam in horto Olivarum deprecatus est."

In this way, both the devotional thoughts for the FERIA quinta are clearly suggested, namely the Eucharist and the Passion. Or again, the mystical interpretation of the psalm may be made to run altogether on Eucharistic lines; in which case the words of St. Paul will readily come to mind: "Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord; \* \* \* for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself." (I. Cor. xi., 27); and all through the psalm, as we have seen, this judgment of the sinner has been detailed in graphic terms. On the other hand, the "exaltation of the horn of the just" is but another way of expressing the ultimate effect of drinking of the chalice worthily, for "he that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I shall raise him up at the last day:" and in the light of that great promise the devout soul joins in the enthu-

siasm of the Psalmist when he exclaims: "I will declare for ever; I will sing to the God of Jacob \* \* \* we will praise Thee, O God; we will praise, and we will call upon Thy name. We will relate Thy wondrous works."

The last psalm of None on Thursday is No. 75, *Notus in Judaea, Deus*. It is a jubilant war-song telling of victories achieved; so that one can trace a visible unity in the three psalms, 73, 74, 75—the prayer, the assurance of help and now a most striking example of the completeness with which God metes out punishment, when the cup of His wrath has overflowed. In the Title we have "A canticle to the Assyrians," and many of the commentators connect it with the slaughter of the Assyrians in the days of King Ezechias. It will be well first to recall the historical facts before proceeding to show the mystical sense of the psalm. In IV. Kings xix. the account is given of Sennacharib's threats and blasphemies; and then of God's promise to protect Jerusalem: "Thus saith the Lord concerning the King of the Assyrians: he shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow into it, nor come before it with a shield, nor cast a trench about it \* \* \* and I will protect this city, and will save it for my own sake. And it came to pass that night, that an angel of the Lord came, and slew in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and eighty-five thousand. And when he rose early in the morning, he saw all the bodies of the dead." The whole Jewish nation was filled with wonder and with joy; and this psalm is one of the hymns of triumph to celebrate the miraculous overthrow. The onward march of the enemy hosts had been one uninterrupted success. The swollen river had, in the language of the prophet, swollen all its channels and risen even to the neck. City after city had fallen; Jerusalem alone was left, and there seemed little hope of its holding out. It was at this crisis that deliverance came. From the days of Israel's first occupation of the land, when God went forth with their hosts, giving the victory by signs and wonders from heaven, no deliverance so signal had been witnessed. Hence it aroused in an extraordinary degree the religious fervour of the nation, and called forth loud songs of thanksgiving. (Cfr. Perrowne in loco, and on ps. 45.)

This event in the history of God's chosen people may well be regarded as a figure of the complete discomfiture of the arch-enemy of mankind by the signal triumph of the Cross. There in spirit we take our stand once again at the hour of None; at the third hour which witnessed the breaking of the spoiler's power. The silence and stillness of death reigns over all. An unseen but mighty force has been at work. "Terra tremuit et quievit, cum exurgeret in judicium Deus." V. 8. \* \* \* De coelo auditum

fecisti iudicium \* \* \* ut salvos faceret omnes mansuetos terrae." Deliverance as of old has come from heaven. The torrent of iniquity has been rolled back; and every weapon of the evil one shattered: "Confregit potentias arcuum scutum, gladium" \* \* \* tu terribilis es et quis resistet tibi." "At thy rebuke \* \* \* they have all slumbered that mounted on horseback." With every truth can the psalmist exclaim now "factus est in pace locus ejus"; and peace would henceforth be the special message to the redeemed; "My peace I leave you, My peace I give unto you," and thus can we join in the exultant cry of victory: "Notus in Judaea, Deus; \* \* \* habitatio ejus in Sion," for as St. Augustine interprets: "The Church hath become the true Judaea, where Christ is known \* \* \* and the true Sion is the Church of the Christians"; and again: "There was the Scripture of God in Judaea only, now throughout the whole world it is sung. In that one nation, one God who made all things was spoken of, as to be adored and worshipped; now where is He unsaid? Christ hath risen again, though derided on the Cross; that very Cross whereon He was derided He hath now imprinted on the brows of Kings." (in *Loco*.) As the pious Jew loved to recall the national deliverance; and to uplift his voice in psalms of gratitude at all times, especially on the occasion of the great festivities in the temple, so with Mother Church. Her mind is forever turning to the thought of God's merciful intervention which saved the human race for all time from the thralldom of Satan. Her joy bears the bloom of perennial youth; for "the thought of man shall give praise to Thee: and the remainders of the thought shall keep holiday to Thee \* \* \* reliquiae cogitationis diem fastum agent tibi." (v. 10.) On the Church's altars will be a perpetual sacrifice of praise. Praise surely there was of old, but of a different calibre. The period of promise differed in many things from the period of fulfillment. "In the law no man was justified \* \* \* but Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law \* \* \* that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii.) The Church forever basks in the sunlight of that blessing. Her heart is always light and gay; her "thought and the remainders of the thought" that is to say the very recollection of her past deliverance and triumphs, "shall keep holiday to thee" shall make her joyful as a man in times of holiday (Bell); she will "rejoice always in the Lord," will glory even in her infirmities: will count it a blessing to suffer persecution; she does not forget that for four thousand years mankind was shackled with the heavy irons of sin, nor can she forget; for the eucharistic sun is blazing in her heaven: an ever-present and divinely appointed memorial of the Great Act which struck off those shackles forever.



"Vovete, reddite Domino Deo vestro, omnes qui affertis munera (11)" is the cry of the psalmist; and the Church echoes the cry throughout the ages, from a thousand altars. "Vow ye and pay"; promise God those gifts and sacrifices that you know are agreeable to Him; "vow and pay" all you that round about Him (in circuitu ejus) bring presents, you that are in the habit of approaching His altars and offering your gifts upon them. (Bellarmine.) And this is what the Church alone can adequately do by her all-satisfying Sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro; Dignum et justum est.

## FERIA SEXTA.

*Prime.* Psalm xxi.: "Deus Deus meus" (3).

*Terce.* Psalm lxxix.: "Qui regis Israel" (2): Psalm lxxxi.,  
"Deus stetit."

*Sext.* Psalm lxxxiii.: "Quam dilecta" (2): "Psalm lxxxvi.,  
"Fundamenta ejus."

*None.* Psalm lxxxviii.: "Misericordias Domini" (3).

It was quite to be expected that the psalms "Deus Deus meus" should have a leading place in Friday's Office. In the old Ferial Office it was one of the added psalms; it is now divided into three sections and so runs all through Prime. Some older writers ventured to suggest that Our Divine Saviour recited the whole of this psalm when hanging on the Cross; and then continued with the psalm "In te Domine speravi" as far as the words "in manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum"; repeating them both several times: (Ludolph of Saxony); and the same authority quotes St. Jerome as holding that Our Saviour recited the ten psalms beginning with the "Deus Deus meus" and ending with the "in manus tuas, etc" of the "in te Domine"; all "secreto" except the first and last verses, as told us by the Evangelist. Without necessarily falling in with these quaint ideas, they serve at least to quicken our devotion and stimulate the imagination when reciting the psalm with which the Little Hours begin on Friday; and we may recall here that all but one of these ten psalms have been dealt with already in the course of our study on the Passion in this part of the Office. One important point stands out in regard to this twenty-first psalm, namely, that it applies directly to Christ; and Theodore of Mopsuestaa was condemned for asserting that it was only "accommodated" to Him. It matters not whether the Psalmist was recording his own manifold troubles, or the persecutions and trials of the just in a more general way. "His recollection or idea of them was but the starting point, a spot on earth, whence his soul winged her flight into realms beyond this sublunary world. His

spirit, united to that of the divinity, was seized and transported to heights of prophetic contemplation, which almost "entirely withdrew from his sight that spot situated in the far distance beneath."

\* \* \* David is the author, but he sings and prays in the name of a third person; he has sung the psalm, but from the soul of some one else. Never did our poet suffer things similar to those he here describes. He is but a herald proclaiming some extraordinary sufferings, brought "before his vision in some praeternatural way. In short, David is foretelling the Passion of Our Lord. Sweeping the chords of his harp with a holy enthusiasm, he attunes it to a lay, a sacred hymn, with which, one day, the living Harp of God is to make melody on the Cross. He is favoured with the most amazing, the most mysterious vision of his whole prophetic life, the vision of the Crucified. \* \* \* "In the light of the Holy Ghost, a thousand years before its accomplishment, he sees the great work of the world's Redemption, and the God-Man offering it to the Heavenly Father \* \* \* he beholds it depicted in outlines so clear and striking, that the psalm has been called a prophetic Gospel, the fulfillment of which takes place on Golgotha." (Roche's Psallite sapienter.)

The psalm is divided into three sections in Prime; and they correspond to three strophes easily distinguishable:

1. A heartrending cry of distress;
2. A vivid picture of the realities of the Passion;
3. An expression of hope.

In these three divisions we have what a writer has eloquently termed:

"the photograph of Our Lord's saddest hours;

"the record of His dying words;

"the lachrimatory of His last tears;

"the memorial of His expiring joys." (C. H. S. Treas. of David.)

The verses which stand out most prominently after the opening "Deus Deus meus," and which alone would bring to memory the vision of the Passion are the "Ego autem sum vermis et non homo; opprobrium hominis et abjectio plebis." Then the threats and derision: "Omnes videntes me deriserunt me; locuti sunt labiis, et moverunt caput." Then the outspoken blasphemies: "Speravit in Domino, eripiat eum; salvum faciat eum, quoniam vult eum." The Divine Sufferer recalls the covenanted mercies and the unfailing help of God in the past; and we find them mentioned side by side with the pleading cry which unveils the poignant sorrow of the heart: "In te speraverunt patres nostri; speraverunt et liberasti eos \* \* \* spes mea ab uberibus matris meae;" but as yet there seems to be no rift in the storm-laden clouds; "tribulatio proxima

est \* \* \* non est qui adjuvet"; and so this first strophe of the psalm finishes up on the same almost despairing note with which it began.

With the second strophe the night becomes darker still. There is the consciousness of imminent perii from every side. The enemy has summoned all his forces for a final and fearful onslaught; and there is no gainsaying his power, which is limmed by the psalmist in a series of extraordinarily forceful figures. "Tauri pingues obsederunt me"; proud, fierce and sullen in the exercise of their undoubted strength. "Leo rapiens et rugiens," \* \* \* "canes multi circumdederunt me"; the Pharisees, the populace, the soldiery; with hue and cry closing in on their quarry, displaying all through the utmost ferocity. This likening of the enemies of Christ to beasts of prey in the act of hounding the victims to death, is often met with in Holy Writ, and is most expressive. More difficult was it perhaps to describe the cumulative effect of all this savagery on the soul of Christ; yet the psalmist does so with astonishing brevity. The torrent of his eloquence is rapid and carries all before it. Again he betakes himself to the reals of "simile": and we have a series of moving pictures, clear in outline as in detail; each telling the same story in its own particular way, with a conclusiveness that must appeal even to the unimaginative. "Poured out like water":—utterly spent, used and finished with; it is the picture of the complete dissolution of all strength, the elements of which no power can ever gather together again. "Cor meum tanquam cera liquescens":—a similar idea to the last, but introducing a new feature, for the Divine Victim must needs be placed on the sacrificial fires kindled by the justice of God, and the human soul cannot stand firm here; its courage melts away, for the flames are fanned by the consciousness of sin; and it must ever be the uppermost thought in our mind that "Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree." Verse 16 contains no less than three further figures:

"Aruit tanquam testa virtus mea;  
lingua mea adhaesit faucibus;  
in pulverem mortis deduxisti me."

Descriptive alike of the interior agony as well as of the direct physical suffering; though commentaries for the most part favour the latter; in either case the psalmist is striving to convey the idea of finality in endurance. Every vestige of moisture has been burnt out of the soft clay in its passage through the kiln; even so the vital moistures of the body have been gradually but effectively dried up in the course of the long drawn-out excesses of the Pas-



sion: "aruit tanquam testa," a potsherd, a piece of earthenware frequently in a broken state; and the spirit has registered a similar experience in its own domain, for the tributaries of its inner strength have been dried up at the source; every human element that might make for confidence and courage and for sustained vigour in the conflict has been withdrawn—"I looked about and there was none to help, I sought and there was none to aid. \* \* \* I have trodden the wine-press alone"; and if He looked above for divine aid, for cooling showers that might invigorate Him in the heat of conflict, it was to find that the heavens as brass; as St. Lawrence Justinian expresses it:—"The Eternal Father held back the streams of eternal delight, so that they should not flood the soul of Christ with the torrent which ought to be." Following up this same thought, with another rapid stroke of the pen the psalmist indicates the natural result of drying up the strength and moistures of the body, "lingua mea adhaesit faucibus meis." The words are true in the literal sense; it is exactly what a dying man experiences when his whole frame is burning with fever and parched up with thirst as a consequence especially of excessive loss of blood. Here one naturally calls to mind the "Sitio" of the crucifixion; and possibly here, in this psalm of "dereliction" it may stand for the intense craving on the part of Christ's human nature for the cooling streams of Divine solace. God really must come now; it is the crisis; "ad defensionem meam conspice"; my spirit is on the verge of ruin; soon all will be over; the last sure sign of yielding has already shown itself; another moment and I am lost; "Erue animam maam". There is no doubting the force of these short, but graphic descriptions of the soul's last struggles; yet the psalmist is not content; he must needs add another, "in pulverem mortis deduxisti me". Death is in reality a separation; the principle of life leaves the body; so that ready to hand is an almost exact parallel of what is happening in the "dereliction" of soul. We have a similar use of the figure in speaking of mortal sin, which is the "death" of the soul. It loses the grace of God, which is the very life of the soul, and so, in a certain sense, abandoned by God. And as we know of no separation which is so complete as that of body and soul in death, so we touch at least the fringe of this impenetrable mystery of Christ's abandonment on the cross. And as though to drive home still further the thought of God's withdrawal, the psalmist emphasizes the idea by speaking not merely of death, but the "dust of death." When life is extinct, as long as the body remains, there still remains the satisfaction sad and mournful though it is, of gazing yet once again on the face of the beloved; memories of what once was come crowding in; and the sense of

separation is not immediately realized to the full; but when all that is over and the years go by, and the cherished object of one's affection is in the "dust" of the grave the sense of nearness vanishes, and we become more fully conscious of the distance that separates the living from the dead. Thus does the psalmist analyze for us the great mystery enunciated in the first verse of this deeply elegiac psalm. "Deus ne elongeris a me \* \* \* cum defecerit virtus mea, ne derelinquas me \* \* \* erue a framea animam meam:—" Whatever violence may be done to the body, never let the sharp edge of thy wrath or of my grief sever me from thee. As to the body, the plenipotentiaries of evil have effected their purpose; there is nothing more they can do now; "they have dug my hands and my feet, they have numbered all my bones." In the ignominy of nakedness on the cross, "they have looked and stared upon Me; (consideraverunt, inspexerunt,); and when they had stripped Me "they parted My garments amongst them"; and upon My vesture they cast lots"; He could never possibly need them again; it was the final symbolic act of the tragedy.

The third strophe begins with the words "narrabo namen tuum"—the last verse of the second section in Prime. The Divine Sufferer begins to wend his way from the gloomiest regions of dismay into the realms of light and hope. The sequence of thought is clearly maintained. First he had submitted that it would seem quite out of keeping with God's recognized dealings with the "fathers" of old, that He should intend to forsake him; second, for God not to help him at present would be to forsake him; and now confident of his own deliverance, he beholds with prophetic vision the fruit of his Sacred Passion—the deliverance of the nations. "Anima mea illi vivet; et semen meum serviet ipsi." In the night of His abandonment God did indeed seem to be far away; prayer seemed almost unavailing; but now He can confess with a sense of joy combined with relief: "Cum clamarem ad eum, exaudivit me \* \* \* non sprexit neque despexit deprecationem pauperis \* \* \* nec avertit faciem suam a me." One cannot fail to note the intensely striking contrast between this part of the psalm and the two sections already dealt with. True in many of the psalms the contrast is suggested, and perhaps developed with different degrees of fulness. But there is nothing quite to compare with the richness of analysis that is to be found in the "Deus Deus meus" of both sides of the contrast. Already we have endeavored with the psalmist to trace the one; and now in a most melodious hymn of praise, he opens out the future before us with a marvellous wealth of detail. It is an enchanting color-scheme of the coming triumphs of the Church, which came forth from the side of Christ on the Cross. First and fore-

most, the old distinction between Jew and Gentile must go; nationalism in religion must be replaced by the establishment of a universal church to correspond with the universality of redemption, "*quoniam Domini est regnum, et ipse dominabitur gentium*;" secondly, at the Lord's table "the poor shall eat and be filled" v. 26, but there must be no distinction of rank or of circumstances, for "all the fat ones of the earth"—*pingues terrae*—the rich, princes, emperors, kings, will be present at the self-same feast; v. 29; and all this, the psalmist assures us, will continue to the end of time. He and his posterity should live thenceforth for God's glory alone; "The heavens shall show forth His justice to a people that shall be born"—*populi qui nascetur*. In the short space of nine verses we can almost visualise the life of the church beginning with a clear reference to the teaching of the Apostles; for St. Paul writes to the Hebrews (II.): "For which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren, saying: I will declare thy name to my brethren: in the midst of the church I will praise thee" v. 22 of our psalm. Then we have the picture of the first converts "*universum semen Jacob, glorificate eum; timeat eum omne semen Israel*;" i. e. not only ye who are children of the flesh, but ye who are children according to promise v. 24. Following on this comes the grand vision of the new sacrifice that was to replace the old; "I will pay my vows in the sight of them that fear him"—the force of the words "*vota mea reddam*" being the offering of a great sacrificial feast; this shall be offered through my ministers, the priests of the New Testament. "*Edent pauperes \* \* \* et pingues*" *et saturabuntur*; for he that shall eateth this bread shall live for ever: "*laudabunt eum*," their whole soul will vibrate with the sweet music of praise. The dereliction of the "only-begotten Son of God," His descent into the darkness was to find adequate compensation in the future exaltation of the sons of men. His gloom should dispel theirs. *Per crucem ad lucem*.

## TERCE.

The "Qui regis Israel" (79) might almost be described as a companion-psalm to the "Deus, Deus meus" of Prime. In the latter we had darkness and light contrasted for us, as they passed in successive stages over the soul of Christ in the very exercise of His redeeming office. Side by side with this, we now have almost a replica of the same experience, the same contrasts, in the mystical body of Christ; for, as we read in the descriptive summary of the psalm in the Douai version, it is "A prayer for the Church in tribulation, commemorating God's former favours." The actual period of history to which the psalm refers, is not certain; nor is there any particular need to know it; the main current of thought is easily



detected. The people may be in exile, or if not that, they have just experienced some great disaster and find themselves under the heel of the invader. As in the "Deus Deus meus, respice \* \* \*," so here, the inspired writer seems to be overwhelmed with a sense of abandonment. God has "turned away His face;" and there can be no hope of salvation until he "turns again" and looks upon His people—"Deus virtutum, convertere, respice de coelo, vide, visita." This is the fundamental note of the psalm; and its stirring pathos is strongly emphasized by a four-fold repetition in vv. 4, 8, 15, 20. "Deus, converte nos; et ostende faciem tuam, et salvi erimus." It is impossible to resist the force of this somewhat unusual repetition, accentuated as it is by arranging the names of the Deity in an ascending series: "Deus," "Deus virtutum," "Domine, Deus virtutum;" and unless the light of God's countenance shines again, all is lost—"Incensa igni, et suffosa ab increpatione vultus tui, peribunt;" things set on fire and dug down shall perish at the rebuke of Thy countenance. Even so, this vineyard of thine, almost consumed already, must perish if thou continue thy rebukes. It is a first essential, therefore, in the mind of the psalmist, that God should view their oppression and distress with eyes of mercy; that He should exercise the role of the Good Shepherd ("qui regis Israel"); and hasten to the rescue of the flock that finds itself on the verge of peril. "Intende \* \* \* excita potentiam \* \* \* veni \* \* \* qui deducis ovem." The nation's distress is described in graphic terms. First, the psalmist brings to mind the wondrous chapter in their history when the might of God led them forth from the house of bondage, a free people; when the pillar of fire was the visible token of God's personal guidance and of His nearness to them; when He "sat upon the Cherubim, and shone forth" before them all, especially "Ephraim, Benjamin and Manasses"—the three tribes that followed close upon the ark in the desert; but now darkness has come upon them:—"Thou hast made us to be a contradiction to our neighbours: and our enemies have scoffed at us \* \* \* how long wilt Thou feed us with the bread of tears: and give us for our drink tears in measure?" And then another picturesque image flashes across the psalmist's imagination:—"Thou hast brought a vineyard out of Egypt \* \* \* Thou plantedst the roots thereof, and it filled the land \* \* \* it stretched forth its branches unto the sea, and its boughs unto the river." And all that glorious work would seem to have come to nought; "Ut quid destruxisti maceriam ejus \* \* \* why hast thou broken down the hedge thereof: \* \* \* et vindemiantem omnes qui praetergrediuntur eam \* \* \* so that all they who pass by the way do pluck

it? \* \* \* Aper de silva, the boar out of the wood hath laid it waste: and a singular wild beast hath devoured it." Where are we to seek help? "Deus virtutum, respice de coelo \* \* \* et visita vineam istam."

The recognized mystical interpretation of the psalmist's lament will be found to be a great aid to devotion, embodying as it does, so many different thoughts. For St. Augustine remarking on the title "a testimony for Asaph," says: "This testimony doth confess both Christ and the vineyard; that is, Head and Body, King and people, Shepherd and flock, and the entire mystery of all Scriptures, Christ and the Church." Devotion, therefore, may legitimately conjure up the thought of Christ Himself, or of His mystical body. We may refer in this psalm, as in the last, to dwell still on the Sacred Passion, though the picture is painted in rather a different way. Exegesis justifies the setting up of a parallel between Israel of old, and the Son of God in the New Dispensation; as when for example, the prophet Osee says: "Because Israel was a child and I loved him: and I called my son out of Egypt;" xi., 1; and St. Matthew telling of the return from Egypt says: "That it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying: 'Out of Egypt, have I called my sons'." Even so, the mention of Israel and of Joseph in the first verse of our psalm—both of them types of the Messiah—will enable us at the very outset to turn our devotional thoughts to Christ Himself; the psalmist's unfolding of a nation's grief in captivity will take on a new significance in as much as it tells also, in prophetic imagery, of the Cross which led captivity captive.

Similarly in applying the psalm to the mystical body of Christ. The flock of Christ has been led out from bondage across the red sea of His Precious Blood; and on the words "Thou hast made us to be a contradiction to our neighbours" v. 7, St. Augustine comments: "Evidently this did come to pass; for out of Asaph (synagogue) were chosen they that should go to the Gentiles and preach Christ \* \* \* Him who was the subject of contradiction \* \* \* He was contradicted, but the contradictor was conquered \* \* \* There, however, was a great flame: the martyrs were fed with the 'bread of tears and given to drink in tears,' but 'in measure,' not more than they were able to bear." So also with the Church under the familiar figure of the "vineyard." "Thou wast the guide of its journey". \* \* \* "It stretched forth its branches unto the sea, and its boughs unto the river." It was planted by God Himself; yet it has passed through the fires of tribulation; like its Divine Founder, it has been subjected to the malice and violence of the persecutor: "Singularis ferus depastus est eam." Oftentimes in the

course of her history will the Church find reason to cry out with the psalmist, "How long wilt thou feed us with the bread of tears?" But God is at hand; He will hear our prayer. "We will call upon Thy name, O Lord God of Hosts, convert us, and show Thy face, and we shall be saved."

Following on this, comes Psalm 81, "Deus stetit," with which Terce finishes. The central thought throughout will be the wanton injustice of the trial and condemnation of Christ:—an appropriate subject for meditation at the Hour of Terce. The psalm is one of solemn rebuke to the recognized judges of the people. No earthly tribunal is contemplated; "Deus stetit"; God Himself is pictured as taking His stand in the midst of the nation, with rulers and magistrates arraigned before Him for their open and shameful perversion of justice. St. Augustine interprets the whole as applying to Christ; and we may note especially his treatment of vv. 3, 4, 5. "Judicate egeno, et pupillo; humilem et pauperem justifycate \* \* \* etc." \* \* \* "Not those who for their own sake are rich and proud, but Him who for your sake was humble and poor \* \* \* proclaim Him righteous \* \* \* "egenum manu peccatoris liberate." But they will envy Him, and will not at all spare Him, saying: "This is the heir, come let us kill Him, and the inheritance will be ours." \* \* \* Dumb dogs, they know not how to bark \* \* \* and if they are justly blamed and deservedly rebuked, who by their dissembling, suffered such a wicked deed to be committed \* \* \* how severely must they be condemned who did this of design and malice." On verse 5 the Saint continues in a very telling passage: "To all of them verily, what follows is most fitly suited; 'nescierunt, neque intellexerunt, in tenebras ambulant.' For if they had known they would never have crucified the Lord of Glory: (I. Cor. ii., 8.) and those others, if they had known, would never have consented to ask that Barrabas should be freed, and Christ should be crucified. But as the above-mentioned blindness happened in part unto Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles should come in, the blindness of the people having caused the crucifixion of Christ, all the foundations of the earth shall be moved (movebuntur omnia fundamenta tarrae, v. 5). So have they been moved, and shall they be moved, until the predestined fullness of the Gentiles shall come in. For at the actual death of Christ, the earth was moved and the rocks rent. \* \* \*

The two verses which follow serve to bring out still further the moral perverseness of these "judges." Ego dixi: dii estis, et filii Excelsi omnes. The EGO may be understood as God speaking, or as some think, the psalmist himself; but the same condemnation is implied in either case. "Ye are gods": the greatest honour had



been bestowed on them, in as much as they had been clothed for the time being with a little of that authority by which God Himself judges the sons of men; they were "sons of the Most High," indicating the intimate character of the relationship in which earthly judges stand to the Judge in heaven; so that their elevated station made their ignorance and misconduct all the more inexcusable. Hence the prophet's solemn reminder and accompanying denunciation: "Vos autem sicut homines moriemini: et sicut unus de principibus cadetis." It will be with you even as with the apostate Angels who fell from their exalted position in heaven: and well may it be said of you, as was said by one of the ancients, standing by Caesar's tomb: "Ubi nunc pulchritudo caesaris? Quo abiit magnificentia ejus?" And as St. Augustine concludes: "Though the days of your life are so few, that ye speedily die like men, this avails not to your correction: but like the devil, whose days are many in the world because he dies not in the flesh, ye are lifted up so that ye fall. For by devilish pride it came to pass that the perverse and blind rulers of the Jews envied the glory of Christ: by this will it come to pass, and still does, that the lowliness of Christ crucified unto death is lightly esteemed in the eyes of them who love the excellence of the world." With a holy impatience at the mere narration of all this injustice, coupled perhaps, with a clear prophetic vision of the final triumph of God's unerring judgment, the Psalmist exclaims: "Surge Deus, judica terram; quoniam tu hereditabis in omnibus gentibus;" "for the earth swelled high when it crucified Thee: rise from the dead and judge the earth." (St. Augustine in Ps. 81.)

(Sext and None of Friday, and all the Little Hours of Saturday, will be dealt with in the next number.

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Birmingham, England.

## TURKEY WITH DRESSING.

"In Puritan New England a year had passed away  
 Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English Mayflower lay,  
 When Bradford, the good Governor, sent fowlers forth to snare  
 The turkey and the wild-fowl to increase the scanty fare."

—Alice W. Brotherton (*The First Thanksgiving*).

THE historical version of this hunting preliminary to the First Thanksgiving causes one to wonder why Plymouth Colony need suffer from scanty fare, for according to Edward Winslow: "Our harvests being gathered in, our governor sent four men on a fowling, so that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They killed in one day as much fowl as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a week." Governor Bradford records that for the feast "Beside water-foule, there was great store of wild turkies."

This "little help besides" hinted by Edward Winslow, was evidently the dressing that went into the birds, and which, thanks to Priscilla's quick wits, was made most delicious, chestnuts being lacking, by her thought that acorns would do as well. Indeed, it must have been in itself cause for thanksgiving that the turkey, considered such a feast-bird in Europe, one too fine to appear except with dressing of all kinds on a banquet table, was to be found running wild in the New World, and to be had on any occasion at the word of a fowling-piece.

The bird is mentioned frequently in the records left by the early settlers. "Hares, Partidges, Turkies or Eggs, fat or lean, young or old, they devour all they can catch in their power," wrote Captain John Smith. The first letter describing the New Province of Maryland, written in 1634 and published in London, contains the sentence: "Daily the poor soules, (The Indians) are here in our houses, and take content to bee with us, bringing sometimes turkies." Thomas Morton, picturing "The New England Canaan" for his Old World friends, did not leave out this important item: "Turkies there are, which divers times in great flocks have sallied by our doores; and then a gunne (being commonly in redinesse) salutes them with such a courtesie as makes them take a turne in the Cooke room. They dance by the doore so well! Of these there hath bin killed, that have been weighed forty-eight pound a piece." Another reference to the bird, by S. Clark, in "Four Plantations in America," sketches a quaint word-picture: "The Turkey (in New England) is a long Fowl, of a black color, yet his flesh is white; he is much bigger than our English Turkey; He hath long Legges wherewith he can run as fast as a Dog and can fly as fast as a Goose."

Now the "English Turkey" even in the middle of the seventeenth century, was in reality a domesticated American bird. For the few species of turkey are strictly New World birds, and before the discovery of America were as unknown in Europe as the red man himself. But though exclusively an inhabitant of the Americas in its original wild state, it was introduced into the Old World in a domesticated state, as the Montezumas had made it a dooryard fowl centuries before the coming of the Spaniards.

Originally introduced into Europe from Mexico by the Spaniards, early in the sixteenth century, in a hundred years it had become so numerous as to be regarded as "Our English Turkey." Indeed, Shakespeare was so familiar with the bird that he took it for granted turkeys were English fowls of long standing, and in two of his historical plays has characters mention the bird at a period antedating the discovery of America:

"The turkeys in my pannier are quite starved."—King Henry IV.

"Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock."

—King Henry V.

"Oveido," says Prescott, in his "History of Mexico," "was the first naturalist to give an account of the bird, which he saw soon after the conquest of Mexico, in the West Indies, whither it had been, as he says, brought from New Spain." It was first illustrated in 1555, both by Belon, a French naturalist, and by Gesner, a Swiss. Charles Lucien Bonaparte, American ornithologist, says that the first turkey that garnished a feast in France was served at the wedding banquet of Charles IX., in 1570, soon after the general introduction of the bird into Europe. Some authorities claim it was first carried across the Atlantic by Cortez, in 1530, others give the credit to Cabot, in 1534, while an old rhyme states that

"Turkeys, carps, hoppes, pinaret and beere

Came into England all in one year,"

which is supposed to be 1524, however, rather than either of the other above dates.

The French named the bird *Poule d' Inde*, or "fowl of India," which involves no confusion, considering that long after the discovery of America the new continent was supposed to be a part of India. Europe soon forgot the bird's native land, or perhaps it was never generally known, as knowledge in those days was more a word-of-mouth matter than consult-authoritative-records—people talked far more than they read. Most philologists trace the bird's English name to that of Turkey in Asia, and state that the name is so derived because for some time after the bird's appearance in Europe it was commonly believed to have come from the Orient.



Edgar Richardson, however, says the name was not derived from Turkey in Asia, but from the Hebrew *tukki*, peacock, which seems reasonable to infer, since the Spanish called the bird *gallapavo*, or "peacock cock," from its resemblance to this already known fowl. Mr. Richardson strengthens his claim by the historical fact that the bird was carried to Spain as one of the curiosities of the New World; and he claims that the Jews traded in all such novelties, and when the *tukki* was shipped to England its Hebrew name was easily corrupted.

There is documentary evidence of the turkey's being in England in 1541, but there it is generally believed to have been introduced into England in the early part of the sixteenth century by William Strickland, the lieutenant to Sebastian Cabot in the voyages of discovery which he made under the patronage of Henry VII.

At any rate, when the early settlers began arriving on the Atlantic Coast, from Plymouth to Virginia, they were already familiar with the domesticated bird, had perhaps eaten its flesh at some Christmas feast. As it requires only about ten generations for the wild turkey to become thoroughly domesticated in flesh and habits, and as it thrives most successfully under care, even specimens of the wild bird could have been brought to England in the middle of the sixteenth century, and be common at the time of Shakespeare's birth, in 1564. And the great poet was very familiar with the bird, so familiar that with his usual carelessness in chronology, he mentions it in his two historical plays as a well-known English fowl eight decades before the discovery of America.

The bird is also mentioned in "Twelfth Night," when a servant of the Lady Olivia says of Malvolio, the pompous steward: "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!" But there is no quarrel with Shakespeare here, as, judging by Maria's remark that Malvolio "does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies," the time-setting is subsequent to the discovery of America, the "new map" being printed in England in 1598.

Benjamin Franklin once humorously suggested that the turkey be substituted for the bald eagle as the national bird of America, because, as he argued, it is a more respectable bird all around, and a true native of America, and courageous to the point of not hesitating to attack a grenadier of the British guards who should invade his grounds with a red coat on. He might have added that, like a true American, the bird is a thorough globe-trotter, and makes himself at home and thrives wherever he finds himself.

For, since the discovery of America, the bird has been acclimated

in most parts of the world, and wherever known its flesh is highly esteemed, by civilized and savage nations alike, as the most delicious of the poultry tribe. Says one authority: "Even the barbaric feasts of the South Sea Islanders in honor of distinguished strangers are often rendered semi-civilized by the presence of this bird." Not long ago, a returned missionary, the matron of a girl's mission school on the island of Kuisie, one of the Carolines, told me the following story which illustrates the bird's social distinction in that quarter of the globe:

"I have often described our customs as a part of the educational work, and one November was pleased to receive an invitation to take Thanksgiving dinner with one of my former graduates living on an adjoining island. In her invitation, she had taken care to specify that turkey would be on the bill of fare. When I read this invitation to my pupils, I noticed one of the girls appeared rather concerned. Upon being given permission to speak, she arose and said:

"'Miss Blank, it gives me great pleasure to think of your coming joy, though it also gives me great pain to think of losing our Mr. Turkey. I am acquainted with this bird you are to dine upon, I having been accustomed to seeing him on our island for many, many years now, he being the only resident turkey we have now left us, being the only one of the large flock the island once possessed. But if he must be eaten after his long and honorable life, I know of no greater honor that could come to him in his old age. I am sure Mr. Turkey would rather be eaten by you than by any other person.'

"I thought that under the circumstances, 'Mr. Turkey's' death would be a sad sacrifice on the altar of friendship, and sent word to my hostess that I preferred seeing him to eating him. So, as a part of the day's festivities, he was admitted to the banquet room, to strut up and down as we ate. He was still alive the next year to grace the Thanksgiving dinner and if in the meantime he has not been sacrificed for some unwarned guest's delectation, he is probably strutting about that little island this very moment."

In Franklin's time, wild turkeys were as common as blackbirds are now, and the trees about the new log cabin of the pioneer were full of the birds, saluting each other in the early morn'g as freely as roosters about the centuries-old cottages of the European farmer. As Southey describes their aubade, as "Madoc" heard them in the New World:

"on the top

Of yon magnolia, the loud turkey's voice  
Is heralding the dawn; from tree to tree  
Extends the wakening watch note, far and wide,  
Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry."

The Indians made use of the bird in other ways than as food. Indeed, it seems the universal custom of mankind to eat the flesh and use the other parts of the bird or beast as can be adapted. The pioneers made feather dusters, whose very inefficiency made them popular because they must be in constant use. The Indians had a better use for them:

"Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,  
And, returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled,  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers."

In the early days, wherever found, the birds were plentiful, since one family is large enough to form quite a little flock, numbering from a dozen to two dozen individuals. The Indians called October "the month of turkeys," because of the large numbers to be found feeding at that time:

"Deep murmurs from the trees, bending with brown  
And ripened mast, are interrupted oft  
By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily  
The turkey from the thicket comes,  
To batten on the autumn."—William D. Gallagher.

(Autumn in the West).

The canny intelligence of the bird enabled it to hold its own against its original enemies—Indians and wildcats. It has keen eyesight, long legs and strong wings, and knows how to use them, also an alert brain to advise them. Then, too, he has means of self-protection, such as the sentinel system:

### 3—Turkey With Dressing

"The turkey from the tallest trees  
Calls out the watchword to his train;  
Soon as the coming skiff he sees,  
And seeks the mountain's side again."

—Alexander Wilson (The Pilgrim).

As a game bird, the wild turkey has very few, if any, equals, and his partial extinction is as much due to the progress of agriculture which destroys his woodland hiding-places, as to wasteful hunting methods. According to an experienced sportsman, "he tests the craft and resource of the hunter when fairly tracked. A shy old gobbler is as hard to track as a deer, for he is very fleet of foot and can hide himself most cleverly. Turkey-hunting is not a simple,



careless, or easy sport, for they are most adroit, sagacious and elusive birds."

"This wandering, shy, secluded bird,  
This roamer of the forest ground,  
Through all the Western wilderness  
In dense, embowering haunt is found,  
So shy that scarce the hunter's gun  
May harm them, bursting on the wing;  
So fleet that scarce pursuing steed  
Its rider within shot may bring."

—Isaac McClellan (Wild Turkey).

Formerly the bird was found in the entire eastern, central and southern sections of the States, breeding throughout their range. Now they are not so plentiful, being found only in the most inaccessible places possible, mountains or swampy regions, and dense wooded districts far from the haunts of man. One authority states that in the seventies he found turkeys "very numerous on the headwaters of the Gila in Arizona, and as they probably never had been hunted they were almost as tame as barnyard fowls. One might easily have killed a wagon-load in a day." He also records that "As recently as the late eighties I knew of a flock that had ranged for at least ten years not far from the banks of the Potomac within sight of the Capitol dome." So there are doubtless many secluded places where

"The tall wild-turkey swiftly pass  
Light-footed through the dewy grass."

—Maurice Thompson.

"And through the thick umbrageous depths  
The shy wild-turkey leads her brood."

—Isaac McClellan.

But, being easily domesticated, the bird readily drops its acquired habits and resumes its primitive mode of life. It is noticeable in Hawaii, where the forests have been stocked with domesticated birds, which after a season or two became as wild as ever. "Gone the wild turkey!" bewails Hamlin Garland in his poem on "The Passing of the Buffalo." Yet the turkey's case is not as bad as that of some other native game, particularly if domesticated flocks can so easily return to an undomesticated condition. Just so "in coppice dense the stately turkey stalks," as Isaac McClellan found it many years ago in Florida, the hunter is not likely to care whether it be an originally wild or a relapsed domesticated bird.

"Resplendent through the grove the turkey roams,  
And lends a deeper grace to Christmas cheer."

—Duncan Anderson (Sport).

To be sure, America may well be proud of this king of all game birds, and attempt to prevent its total extinction in the wild form. We could well afford to grant it a long period of immunity from hunting, without our holiday feasts being bereft of their cheer, as long as every poultry yard contains

"The turkey, too, smoothing his plumes in your face,  
Then ruffling so proud as you bound from the place."

—A. B. Street (Fowling).

For if, "Grand were the strutting turkeys" of Cobbler Keesar's Vision, as related by Whittier, it is because, as Will Carlton states:

"When to their meals the gobblers strut,

In gastronomic mood,  
They little dream that they are but  
A food-devouring food."

Not that the turkey-farmer doesn't have his ups and downs. Turkeys are somewhat expensive to raise, as they require more stimulating food than other fowls, and more of it, to make them lay, and the young are easily killed by exposure to wet and extremes of heat and cold. So every year the housewife has her problems, and, to adapt a few lines from Lowell's "Fable for Critics"

"She sits in a chair (of home plan and make) rocking,  
Musing much, all the while, as she darns on a stocking,  
Whether turkeys will come pretty high next Thanksgiving."

In Northern Minnesota they have found one solution of raising fine turkeys with but little expense, and many a settler living on a homestead in cut-over lands, or perhaps it is his wife, cashes in a nice little sum by this means: as soon as the young are able to run about, the hen and poults are turned loose and allowed to forage for themselves until about a month before Thanksgiving, merely being rounded up at night with food in order to keep them nesting near the place; in October the birds are shut up and fattened for the coming holidays. One of the largest young turkeys I ever saw had been allowed to wander all summer long and browse on such fruit, grain, nuts, seeds and insects as he could find.

The turkey is an interesting fellow, particularly the highly conceited male. In season or out of season he goes strutting about, bubbling and sputtering, with no other apparent reason than because he enjoys it so immensely. Of course, in the spring, as James Thomson tells us in "The Seasons," "the turkey nigh, loud-threatening, reddens;" because the joyous season that sets other birds to singing sets him to bristling with the desire to fight, not to protect

his mate, or his flock of mates, but to expend some of his energy. And it's still the same story later in the year:

“The gobbler swells his shaggy coat,  
Portentous of a conquest sure,  
His houris pipe their treble note  
Round-shouldered and demure.”

—Anon (In Vacation).

He always reminds me of an after-dinner-speaker rising to respond, who, after much preliminary shaking of shoulders and blowing of nose, all of which gets him appropriately scarlet about the wattles, he bows his neck and begins to “gobble, gobble, gobble.”

“Gobble, gobble, Turkey-cock!  
Zany of the barnyard flock!  
When your scarlet ruff you don  
And you get your bustle on;  
And your dunce-cap red and queer  
Tilted over on one ear;  
Strutting up and strutting down,  
You're a funny, funny clown.”—Anon.

But no matter how ridiculous he may look, Turkey gives a sort of splendor to the barnyard flock, taking the place of that other member of the pheasant family whom he so much resembles, the peacock. There is nothing barnyard or common about him, this glorious creature sheathed in bronzy, glittering coat-of-mail and helmeted in scarlet:

“and there, in his feathered seraglio,  
Strutted the lordly turkey.”—Longfellow (Evangeline).

The turkey's advent into literature began immediately after the discovery of the New World, and every year finds several new rhymes written in his honor. But he does not appear often in the famous literature of the world because of the tendency to regard him as clownish. Skipper's Ireson, who was given such an unpleasant tarring and feathering by the women of Marblehead, took his ride in a very unusual costume:

“Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rain'd-on fowl.”—Whittier.

A certain Olivier Baseelin, writing a poem “To My Nose,” paid it this compliment: “The turkey-cock doth wear, resembling thee, his ‘wattles’”—a nose, evidently, that would not be much admired in these prohibition days. Browning, in a poem about “Muckle-Mouth Meg,” gave his heroine a mouth “that can swallow a bubbly-jock's egg”—one rather too large for beauty.



"And I thought I had never beheld such a face,  
Or so noble a turkey and chine."

—Thomas Hood (*Epicurean Reminiscences of a Sentimentalist*).

"Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—  
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon."

—Will Carlton (*Betsy and I Are Out*).

"There's a fowl of many a feather,  
There's a turkey-poult and hen,  
A moorcock off the heather,  
A mallard from the fen.  
A lash of teal, a thumping goose  
As heavy as a swan;  
He ought to wear his waistcoat loose  
Who dines with Gipsy John!"

—Whyte Melville (*Gipsy John*).

"I go, but I return.

The fiery furnace has no horrors for me.  
Mine is a race of martyrs. I can trace  
Ancestors by the score who laid their heads  
Upon the axman's block. It is a little way  
We have. Why should I care to flaunt  
My feathered beauty on a bare November bough?  
I shall appear again in a far richer dressing.  
In years to come, it will be said of me,  
As of my ancestors, that nothing in my life  
Shed so much glory as the leaving of it.  
Full many a little child that now  
Is prattling at its grandma's knee shall say  
In future years, that of all days it holds  
In the most sacred memory the one  
When it officiated at  
The funeral of this Turk. And now,  
Lest some one shall say I knew not how to die,  
Let the ax fall."—Anon (*The Turkey's Farewell*).

H. W.

## Book Reviews

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"The Deep Heart." By Isabel C. Clarke.

"Eunice." By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Two more charming stories by Miss Clarke. This author improves like old wine. There is a mellowness about her recent stories that adds very much to their charm. Always correct in her views, always very human, she introduces the spiritual into her books, sufficiently to make them true to nature. Modern fiction is so very much of the earth earthy. The men and women that move through the modern novel are mostly animals that walk on two legs instead of four. They prate about love and happiness, and do not know the meaning of either one. Their creed is: whatever is desirable is lawful, and pushing this canon to its logical conclusion, they give free rein to all the demands of sensuality, no matter what obstacle may stand in the way. The result is, of course, disastrous. God and His laws go by the board; the sanctity of the marriage tie is mocked; the rights of parents are denied; and the sacredness of the family has become a by-word.

And yet many—very many persons learn their theology from such teachers. Their views of life and its responsibilities are patterned on such models.

It is refreshing then to pick up a story in which the men and women are really rational animals such as God created, who believe in a Supreme Being to whom they must account, and a future life in which they must live either happy or miserable.

The stories before us resemble each other in so much as the scenes in each are laid in Italy and in England. The author excels in her description of scenes as well as in her depiction of character. She introduces us to nice people, as well as interesting. We feel that we would like to know more about them after they are presented to us. Their affairs interest us sufficiently to induce us to inquire what happened next. Those who have been following Miss Clarke will not be disappointed in her most recent productions.

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"Whom the Lord Loveth." Consoling Thoughts for Every Day in the Year. By Henrietta Eugenie Delamare. 12mo., pp. 119. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

A little book of consolation for those who are in trouble. The keynote may be found in the first quotation: "Come to Me, all you

that labor and are heavy burdened, and I will refresh you." Starting out with this invitation of Our Divine Lord, the author has gathered together from many sources similar words of consolation for the afflicted, and arranged them according to the days of the year. There is no special reason for this arrangement, except, perhaps, an old custom. Among the sources from which quotations have been made may be mentioned the Sacred Scriptures, the Imitation, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and Christian writers, ancient and modern, in prose and poetry. It is an excellent book for one that is in sorrow or trouble, because it bids him turn to God for consolation rather than to man.

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"The Things Immortal." *Spiritual Thoughts for Everyday Reading.* By Edward F. Garesche, S. J. 12mo., pp. 144. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is an additional volume to the series of devotional books which have been coming from the pen of Father Garesche for some time. Like the other contributions to the series, the present volume is not a connected treatise on any one subject, but a collection of short essays—sometimes hardly more than a page, dealing with many subjects, all having, of course, one end in view, the betterment of man. It is hard to find a comprehensive title for such a book, but the one which the author has chosen is certainly inclusive.

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"Facing Danger." By Father Finn, S. J.

"Held in the Everglades." By Father Spalding, S. J.

"Out to Win." By Father Conroy, S. J.

"The Finding of Tony." By Mary T. Waggaman. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Here is a group of excellent 12mo. juveniles by tried and true authors that appeal with special force to Catholic parents who must furnish wholesome and interesting reading for their children and protect them from the poisonous so-called literature of the day which is working such havoc, especially among young people whose immature minds are so easily impressed by what is attractively and authoritatively said, and who have not the strength of will to go against the tide of fashion. The all important question in matters of this kind is, what effect will the reading of the child have on its faith and morals? Will it help the child to know, love and serve God better? Will it bring the child nearer to God, nearer to heaven, nearer to eternal happiness?

The literature of the day, even juvenile literature, has no time for such questions. It either ignores them and sneers at them or it gives false answers to them. That is the great difference between Catholic literature and profane literature. The former deals with



man as a creature composed of body and soul, living in time, but destined for eternity, whose true happiness can be found only in heaven, and who must sacrifice all temporal happiness if necessary for the eternal. The latter treats man as a creature made for time only, whose happiness is made up of the things of this life, and who has a right to that happiness and to the means to attain it, in spite of all law, human or divine.. Any thinking man who prays and has had even a short experience of life can see the deadly consequences of such doctrines. The best antidote for the evil, especially where children are concerned, is to give them all that the enemy can offer them in the way of bright, attractive, interesting stories, without the false, pernicious doctrines which are shamelessly taught in the fiction of the hour, as well as on the stage and screen.

The group of juveniles before us are instruments of great good and may be placed in the hands of children without any hesitation whatever. Those who read them will be amused, instructed and bettered.

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"St. Joan of Arc, The Life Story of the Maid of Orleans." By Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. 12mo., pp. 348. Illustrated, New York: Benziger Brothers.

What a sad, sad story! Each time that we take it up we resolve never to glance at it again. It makes us sad, disgusts us with men and their ways, inclines us to mistrust every one, even those who sit in the seats of the mighty: perhaps we should say, especially those. We grow weary apologizing for the mistakes of history. Fortunately in the case of Joan of Arc, the transaction is closed in her canonization. We could wish that all the wretched story from the time of her capture until her death might be blotted out, at least that it might be relegated to the archives of history. We do hope, sincerely, that some one will publish a life of the Saintly Maid for young people, and especially for young girls, in which that dark period, with all its disgraceful details will be touched upon as briefly as possible. Of course history must be written, good as well as bad, but for the average reader, let us write unto edification as far as we may.

The present life is timely. The canonization of the Maid of Orleans draws the eyes of the whole world to her, as well as the hearts, and while we have already several admirable biographies of the saint from the pens of distinguished and able men, we have not had anything in keeping with the importance of the subject and occasion from a Catholic pen. This was desirable, because only a Catholic and ecclesiastic could write with a full understanding on this subject.

Father Lynch has approached the subject with this thought in

mind. He has been a diligent, painstaking student, and he is a fearless writer. The result of his labors is a complete and convincing history which does not leave much more to be desired.

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"Man's Great Concern, The Management of Life." By Ernest R. Hull, S. J. 12mo., pp. 177. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

This book may be said to be a catechism founded on reason only. The ordinary Catholic catechism is founded on reason, tradition and revelation.

If it is difficult to compile a catechism from all three sources, it is much more difficult to compile it from one only. If it be hard to convince men with the aid of reason, tradition and revelation, how much harder to convince them with the aid of reason only. And yet this is what Father Hull tries to do in this book. It is arranged in catechetical form and deals with man's eternal destiny, and tries to induce him to solve the great problem by the light of reason. It is divided into five parts. Part I. treats of Objective or Ontological Principles, Explaining the Destiny of Man and the Means and Conditions of Its Attainment. Part II. treats of Subjection or Psychological Principles, Explaining Self-Management, With the Powers and Activities of Man and Their Control. Part III. deals with Constitutional Principles, Self-Development or Making the Most of Ourselves. Part IV. is devoted to Duties to God, Ourselves and Other People. Part V. tells us of Various Occupations and States of Life.

There can be no question as to the value of a book of this kind. Man's great concern is each individual's great concern; its importance must be brought home to each one; it applies to the infidel as well as to the believer. It is easy to set the man thinking who believes in revealed religion, but to move the other class is exceedingly difficult.

But any reasonable man who reads Father Hull's book must think. It is impossible to escape from its simple, straight-forward, clear-cut logic. Those who study it will realize at once that the author has not written for amusement, or self-gratification, or even for the sake of conquest, but rather because he has a message to deliver of infinite import.

Every priest has felt the need of a book of this kind from time to time when he has come in contact with men for whom religion seemed to have no appeal. But no man can refuse the appeal to reason. To do so is to sacrifice the claim to manhood. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the book is written for unbelievers only. No better foundation could be laid for the study of

Christian Doctrine. If the orthodox believer will begin his studies with this appeal to reason, and finish them with the teachings of Divine revelation, he will be doubly armed.

The publishers have wisely prepared a paper covered edition for general distribution which will bring the book to the masses.

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"Preaching," By Rev. W. B. O'Dowd, Westminster Library. 12mo., pp. 235. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

We have much respect for the man who writes a book on preaching. There is so much difference of opinion about it that the author is apt to find himself dissected by the critics. Of course there are certain well-defined principles that should underlie all preaching, and they can be briefly stated. In regard to them there is no room for dispute. But as soon as we depart from them, we begin to get into troubled waters. We have been tempted to think sometimes that outside of these well established principles, it is better not to lay down any hard and fast rule. So much depends on the occasion, the time, the capacity and disposition of the audience, the ability and personality of the preacher, that it seems hardly wise to say positively that every preacher must follow the same method.

For instance, in the book before us the author quotes from two sermons on the sin of Judas and condemns one while approving of the other. It seems to us that the one condemned might do as much good as the other, and even more under certain circumstances. We mention this instance by way of illustration only, because Father O'Dowd's book is excellent in every respect. It is not a text-book in the strict sense nor a class book. It is rather a series of essays on preaching, all models of clearness and diction, enriched with an abundance of quotations from all approved sources. It can be used most profitably by the seminarian just entering on the study of homiletics, and only less profitably by the preacher of shorter or longer experience. It will prevent the former from falling into many errors and enable the latter to correct them.

The writer covers the whole ground, but does not till it all with equal success. His chapter on "Some Other Types of Sermons," including Controversy, Panegyrics, Funeral Sermons, Charity Sermons, and Sermons for Children, is rather brief, and will not be of much practical help to the preacher. The book is closed with four appendices, the first three containing the letters of Leo XIII. and Benedict XV. on Preaching, and the letter of Pius X. on Teaching Catechism. The fourth contains outlines or rather points for a Course of Sermons for Three Years. These points are accompanied by reference to certain approved sources very limited in number. Some preachers will find them very useful.



"The Acts of the Apostles, with a Practical, Critical Commentary." By Rev. Charles J. Callahan, O. P. 8vo., pp. 205. New York: Joseph L. Wagner.

Encouraged by the generous reception given to his previous work on the Four Gospels by priests and students generally, the author tells us that he has prepared and brought to completion this present and similar treatise on the Acts of the Apostles. His aim has been the same, namely, to give to ecclesiastical students and priests a clear, brief and for practical purposes a sufficiently thorough exposition of the meaning of the sacred text, with an explanation of the principal difficulties to be found in it. We hope that the author will be able to extend his circle of readers even further, for his commentaries on the Gospels as well as on the Acts ought to appeal to intelligent lay Catholics with a force only second to that with which they appeal to clerics. And this circle is ever widening. The number of graduates from our Catholic University, colleges and high schools, including convent schools, is increasing every year, and these should all be appreciative students of the Sacred Scriptures, under the proper direction. Many of them, perhaps most of them, confine their study of the Sacred Text to the Epistle and Gospel that are read and explained in the church on Sunday. But the Sundays of the year by no means exhaust the New Testament, nor do they draw the attention of the people to the acts of the Apostles except on a few occasions, and yet in this book we have practically the only history of the early Church, and certainly the best one. The Acts are a record of the continuation of Christ's work on earth and of the fulfillment of His last solemn promise to His disciples. Therefore the usefulness of this book and its necessity for the Church historian, the Christian apologist, the preacher and the people is beyond question.

Its interest is hardly second to its importance. It is all so clear, so simple, so consoling, so heroic, at times, that the reader might say with the disciples who met Christ on their way to Emmaus: "Was not our heart burning within us, while He spoke in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" He who takes up this book with Father Callan's Commentary at hand, will not lay it down again with any part of it unread, and he will rise from the reading a better man as well as a better-informed and stauncher Catholic.

It is impossible to read the history of the early Church and realize that it is the true Church of Christ, founded by Him on St. Peter for all time, which is enlightened and preserved from error by the Holy Ghost, and in which He Himself resides, without being encouraged to imitate those early Christians and walk in their footsteps. For their Church is our Church, their doctrine our doctrine, their practice our practice.















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